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THE LAND OF THE PROPHETS

BY

ALBERT H. HEUSSER

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THE LAND OF THE PROPHETS

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'HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE INDIANS'
'THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL CITY'
'RAILWAY TRAVEL IN EGYPT'
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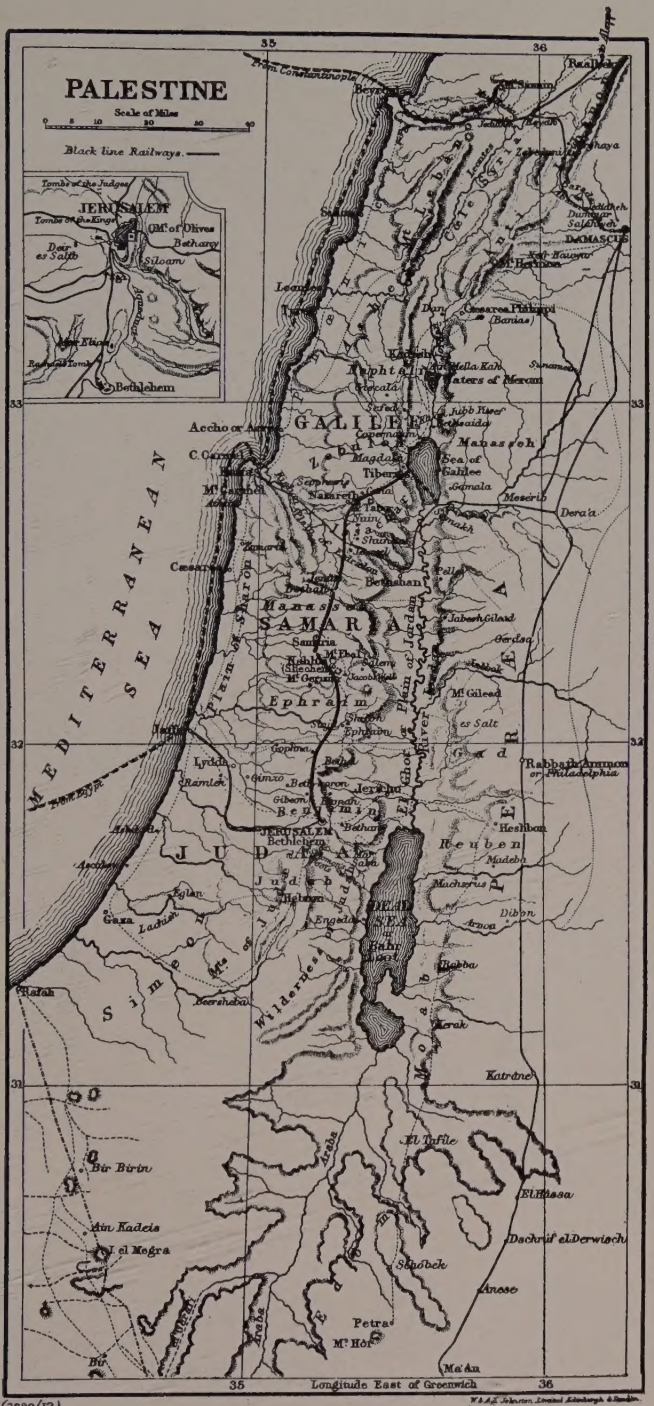

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FOREWORD.

"Does the Holy Land justify the expectations of the traveler ?", is the question often asked.

Yes, if you see EGYPT first.

Our own homeland is so attractive, with its beautiful natural scenery, fertile fields, abundant rainfall and agreeable climate, that Palestine suffers by comparison. The ofttimes barren hills of Judea and the somewhat scanty vegetation in certain regions seem rather disappointing, but visit Egypt first, and after the burning yellow sands of the Sudan, — coupled with the utter solitude of the desolate Libyan hills, — Syria and Judea will seem to you, as to the Israelites of old, a "goodly land, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole Earth".

It has been our privilege to spend some weeks in the Land of the Pharaohs. We have become surfeited with the pathetic grandeur of the Nile valley. The crumbling temples and eloquent monuments of Egypt have taught their never-to-be-forgotten lesson, — the vanity of human greatness; and it remains for Palestine, with its familiar figures, to teach us those other lessons, — the supremacy of character, exemplified in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and the constancy and industry by which the Jew is working out his own destiny.

A. H. H.

Avignon, France, August 24th, 1913.

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PORT SAID & BEYROUT

PORT SAID is the great "Marine Junction" or "Clearing House" of the Orient.

Here all vessels stop; great merchantmen bound for India, China or the East Coast of Africa, or the smaller accommodation steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, Russian and Khedevial lines, which convey the traveler, in twenty-four hours, to any of the ports of Palestine.

Port Said is confusion itself. The Suez Canal here broadens out into a wide basin or harbor, which is crowded with shipping and alive with small boats. In-coming steamers are instantly surrounded by a swarm of nondescript craft, — the gaily painted boats of the hotels and tourist agencies, in which stand frantic porters and guides, waving and howling at passengers in an effort to attract attention and patronage.

The porters persuasively grin and gesticulate, and the instant the officer will permit, scramble aboard like a crew

of pirates, ready at the slightest nod to drag out your baggage from the security of the stateroom and convey it, with your own sacred person as well, to the still greater confusion of the Turkish custom house.

We, however, have been through this experience before, and having come up from Cairo on the morning train, are eager to make connections with the Palestine boat.

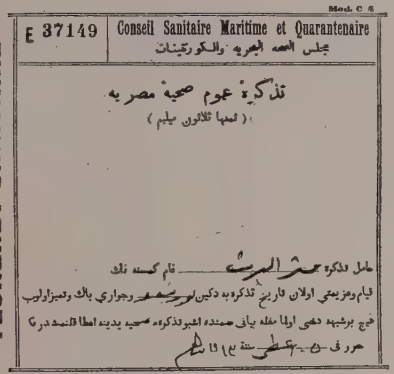
The custom house through which we pass is rather

COALING UP AT PORT SAID.

primitive, it is rat-infested, and its floor is the hard packed earth. We congratulate ourselves that on leaving the country we need not submit to another examination, but wait — the majesty of the Khedive must be upheld, and an additional tax exacted for the good cause. We unbuckle straps and open suit cases, resulting in an assessment of a few piastres by the "Sanitaire" Department, because we are carrying out of the port a soiled shirt and a couple of wilted collars !

No sooner had we set foot aboard the "Elektra" than we realized that another epoch in our travel experiences had begun. I know of no better vantage point for a student of economics or psychology than the after portion of the upper deck, from which he can look down upon the third class passengers, who merely pay for deck room, and pass the hours of the short Mediterranean voyage huddled together like cattle in the stern of the ship, provided with their own eatables and blankets, and supplied by the company with transportation only.

Here, for the first time, we see the typical Palestine Jews, with long patriarchal beards and orthodox curls before the ears, clad in sombre black. With their fuzzy broad-brimmed hats, and shambling gait, they present the very pictures of crafty old Shylock or the cringing Isaac of Ivanhoe.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مجلس الصحه البحريه والكورنتينات
تذكرة عوم صحية مصريه
(ثمنها ثلاثون بارة)
TEZKEREY SANITAIRE

OUR "SANITAIRE" TAX RECEIPT.

Although apparently feeble and tottering, they are capable of the most vehement protests when the lemonade venders or sellers of fruit attempt an overcharge.

There are, of course, the inevitable Syrians, Nubians, Copts and Greeks, with an occasional picturesque Bedouin, whose face wears beneath its turban of snowy whiteness, a scowl, dark and sinister by comparison. All travelers are attracted by the beauty of the dark eyed Syrian girls and young women, whose lovliness, however, is sadly marred by their untidiness of dress and person.

Among the crowd in the "pit" below are the two gaudily dressed retainers of some official. Their striking uniforms

follow closely those of the old time Turkish soldier, with Zouave trousers of red, and short gold-embroidered jacket; while the long dangling sabres which they carry strike against their heels at every step. Later we learn that these

SMALL BOATS WAITING TO TAKE US ASHORE.

men form the "body-guard," as it were, for the French consul at Jaffa.

But the strangest group of all that cosmopolitan aggregation of humankind are squatting apart in a corner.

Are they Chinese ? Of a Mongolian cast of features, to be sure, and wearing the familiar round cap of the East. Are they Afghans, Tartars or Cossacks ? The heavy boots they wear suggest the Russian snows. Whither bound ? we wonder, as we glance curiously at their painted metal trunks, and packs of coarsest hide. There are nine men in the group, and the faces of any of them would well suit a Genghis Khan or a Tamerlane ! Here is something to puzzle us. Devoured by curiosity, we hunt up the Austrian steward,

and from him we learn that the group are Kurds, bound for Trebizond on the Black Sea, and he is of the opinion that they have been to Mecca on a pilgrimage, although all Kurds are not orthodox Mohammedans.

What a marvelous religious fabric is that of El Islam ! Into its web and woof are woven so many curious and heterogeneous strands ! Moor and Mongol, Turk and Arabian, Persian and Indian; all followers of that inspired camel driver, seer and philosopher, — Mohammed the conqueror !

Do you tire of the squalor of the steerage ? The chatter of the women, the crying of the infants, the hoarse arguments of the men ? If so, turn again toward the shore.

We are anchored alongside the big Peninsular and Ori-

PORT SAID FROM THE CANAL.

ent liner Persia, in from Bombay this morning, and she will sail in a few hours for Marseilles and Plymouth. Coal is being taken aboard. Two barges of soft English bituminous have tied up to her side, and a multitude of black and grimy

Sudanese in chain gang fashion are passing in and out of the hold with baskets of coal upon their heads. Like sooty gnomes from the inferno they look, and one wonders how existence for these poor wretches is even tolerable; sweltering under a semi-tropical sun for a few piastres a day, while idle tourists, well fed and care-free, stare curiously at their drudgery in white flanneled elegance !

"Equality," you say? Is there such a thing as equality? Can it be possible that these poor felaheen are just as human as we; — with their loves, their ambitions and their trials ? I fear they have a maximum of the latter, but have long since had crushed out of their souls the God-given ambition which makes work a delight ! And this gives us something else to think about!

STEAM DREDGE AT CANAL MOUTH.

There is only one Port Said. As to the town itself, it is as flat as a prairie, only a few feet above sea level, sandy and barren. The place sprang up like one of our Western towns; literally in a night, the product of the canal.

The ever-present suggestion is that of the "Midway" at one of our Atlantic Coast resorts.

Here are the attractive bazars, the peddlers innumerable, the Cabarets and "movie" shows. Even as we lie

anchored in the canal, waiting for the hour of departure, the strains of the once familiar "Merry Widow" waltz come wafted from some noisy hand organ !

The period of waiting is profitably utilized by the native population. Boatloads of musicians come alongside. These singers and players upon mandolin and guitar do their best to entertain the passengers lined up at the rail, holding up inverted umbrellas to catch the coveted coins, thrown more out of pity than from appreciation.

In contrast to this swarm of parasites, the noisy motor launches of the canal company or customs officials dart by from time to time, with the red and white flag of Turkey everywhere in evidence.

Steamers, in passing through the canal, reduce speed to five miles an hour, but these official launches seem to know no speed limit.

THE SUEZ CANAL, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, was formally opened on Nov. 16th, 1869, with imposing ceremonies. The canal is 100 miles in length from sea to sea, but for a third of its length natural lakes and swampy areas have been deepened and utilized. It is certain that the rulers of antiquity dreamed of this project — and that Darius the Persian did actually complete such a water-way — following in part a course parallel to the present canal, then diverging to the West through the delta region, and connecting with one of the mouths of the Nile. Probably existing in the days of the Ptolemies, the canal system fell into disrepair during the first Christian Century, and Trajan seems to have restored it. After the Arabian conquest, the Calif Omar succeeded in utilizing the ancient ditch, but after the 8th century the canal became again unserviceable. Futile plans were made by the Venetians, Louis XIV, and Bonaparte, but it remained for our own age to produce the necessary genius and capital required for the stupendous undertaking.

In 1836 Ferdinand de Lesseps came to Cairo as a young consular assistant. In the years which followed he became acquainted with others as enthusiastic as himself and, in 1854, having matured his plan, he laid it before Said Pasha, then viceroy of Egypt, by whose support the work was made possible. Having secured additional British and French capital the work was begun in earnest in 1859, and ten years of patient labor, with an expenditure of upward of $100,000,000.00 were required to complete the undertaking. De Lessep's fame and fortune were, it seemed, secure, until a few years later he undertook the still greater task of cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, which resulted in utter financial failure for the French company — although the work accomplished was the basis of our own successful completion.

About the middle of the afternoon our lines are cast ashore, and slowly we pull out into the channel, headed again for the Mediterranean.

Protected from the encroaching sands by a two-mile breakwater upon the West, the canal joins the open sea. Despite the great causeway and its companion wall opposite, almost a mile in length, dredges are constantly at work keeping

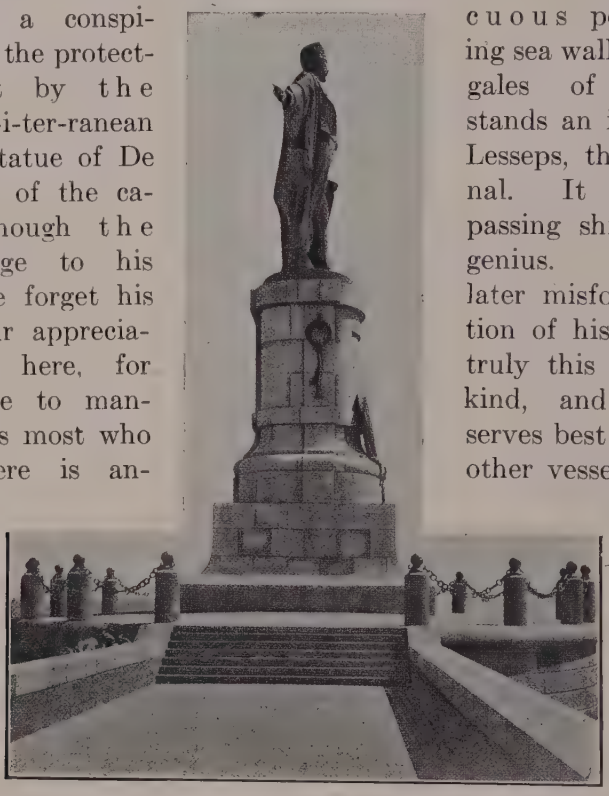
the channel open. Several of these are seen in operation as we pass, sending out clouds of smoke and cinders, accompanied by a great grinding and squeaking as the mud is scooped up from the bottom and deposited in a lighter alongside.

So shallow is the water in and near the canal mouth that frequently a hasty reversal of the propellers will churn the water in the ship's wake into a muddy foam.

In a conspicuous position upon the protecting sea wall, wind-swept by the gales of the Mediterranean stands an imposing statue of De Lesseps, the "father" of the canal. It seems as though the passing ships do homage to his genius.

We forget his later misfortunes in our appreciation of his great work here, for truly this was a service to mankind, and "He profits most who serves best!"

There is another vessel like-



MONUMENT TO DE LESSEPS.

wise bound for the North, and her departure is by no means a quiet affair. Her decks are crowded with soldiers, and the military band aboard is creating a fearful din, which no one unacquainted with Moslem "harmony" can appreciate. To

our Occidental ears it is like unto a banging of tin pans, tom-tom drums, cymbals and wheezy horns.

Perhaps it is "inspirational," and verily the soldiers need it, for they are enroute from Yemen in Arabia to join their Turkish compatriots in the Balkan hostilities.

Although short, the passage to the ports of Palestine is rather rough, even in the best of weather, and after the luxuries of trans-Atlantic travel, the little steamers of the Orient seem very unattractive.

Some "mix-up" in the accommodations secured at Cairo results in our being without a stateroom, and we are compelled to pass the night lying upon a seat in the dining saloon, with our Gladstone bag for a pillow.

In effect, however, it is unlike the stone upon which Jacob laid his head at Bethel, for we dream not of ange's descending upon ladders of moonbeams, but are kept awake half the night by the wailing of an infant upon the open deck above, where lie the motley throng of human freight, enduring sea-sickness, a chilly night, and the absence of all comforts.

We have a dis-ting-uished passenger aboard the "Elektra", and the warm, sun-lit deck amidships tempts him, next morning, to leave the seclusion of his cabin.

TURKISH MILITARY TRANSPORT.

It is none other than Mulai- el- Hafid,

the ex-Sultan of Morocco. We have seen his royal highness before, for he put up at Shepheard's famous hostelry at Cairo, during our sojourn in that historic inn, but we little expected this further opportunity of studying royalty at close range.

With the Sultan are several of the women of his harem, and a retinue of twenty-two servants, each of whom has his peculiar function to perform. One young man has entire charge of the boots and slippers of the entourage. Another looks after the luggage, while still another appears to be the purser, for he it is who dispenses the gratuities, and he is, without doubt, the most popular member of the party.

As to the Sultan himself, he is a man of striking appearance, a typical tribal chieftain. Still a young man, he is tall, but rather inclined to portliness; his bulk being increased by the flowing robes of finest white silk which envelope him from head to foot, leaving little exposed save his amorous face and a pair of yellow slippered feet beneath, usually minus stockings.

MULAI EL-HAFID.

"Rather cruel", one would say of his swarthy face, perhaps because we know he has been the ruler of five million restless fanatics, with whom cruelty is a most potent factor; yet he can smile graciously as he extends his soft fat hand for the kiss of some stranger who has craved the honor of an introduction.

The Sultan is making a pilgrimage to Mecca, as all

MULAI-EL-HAFID came to the throne of Morocco as the result of a sucessful revolt which he waged against his brother, Abd-el-Aziz in 1907 and 1908, appealing to his people as a leader of their anti-European sentiments. The "nobility" of Morocco are the powerful tribal leaders, still independent and only nominal supporters of the government — the chief seat of which is at Fez. The reigning princes have come from the Shareefian dynasty — being the most powerful leaders, and to this house both Abd-el-Aziz and Mulai belonged.

In December, 1908, the powers of Europe recognized Mulai-el-Hafid as Sultan, although France and Spain had preserved a strict neutrality during his efforts to secure the throne, maintaining their African garrisons only to protect their national interests, as had been arranged by treaty years before.

Upon being established on the throne, however, Mulai-el-Hafid found it to his interests to have further European support — and despite his antagonistic attitude of earlier years, gladly welcomed the advances of French diplomacy and capital. When, in January, 1911, a counter revolution broke out, and Mulai was besieged in Fez, his capital, he appealed openly for French military aid. This was promptly forthcoming, and the French expedition came to his relief in May, 1911, causing the revolutionists under their chieftains to retire. Mulai-el-Hafid now signified his desire of abdicating in favor of his younger brother Mulai Yusef, feeling his own position untenable and the future precarious. On August 11th, 1912, after still further entrusting his country to the businesslike protectorate of the French, he turned over the throne to Yusef — being allowed by the French a cash payment equivalent to $80,000.00 and the promise of an annuity of seventy thousand dollars for the remainder of his days. The position of France in Morocco is now similar to that of England in Egypt.

good Mussulmen should, but from the reputation he bears in some quarters all his devotions will scarce suffice to atone for his transgressions.

The Lord, however, is no respecter of persons, and the elements toss about whom they will !

Despite his wealth and station, I sincerely pitied poor Mulai, as he sat huddled in the depths of a steamer chair, looking decidedly uncomfortable as the "Elektra" rocked and rolled; and the far-away look in his sensual eyes told only too plainly that he wished himself back in his dear old Morocco, beneath the shade of some sheltering grove of date palms, or riding his white charger thru the streets of Fez.

We have still another passenger of note; the Patriarch of Alexandria, a high dignitary of the Greek church. If a short description of this worthy cleric were required, I should liken him to a rag picker in gorgeous petticoats ! His grimy and untrimmed beard is a disgrace to behold, while the condition of his hair betokens a modern "Nazarite" who has adhered religiously to his vows.

About his somewhat scant figure a black frock is closely buttoned, lined and trimmed with cherry pink silk, while

from his neck is suspended an immense cross of gold, richly jeweled.

What a singular character study he presents as he ascends to the upper deck, with a long cheap cigar tightly gripped between two rows of discolored teeth. And just then a bit of breeze sets the tails of his frock fluttering, displaying for our edification a pair of brilliant red stockings !

Could any combination be more ludicrous ?

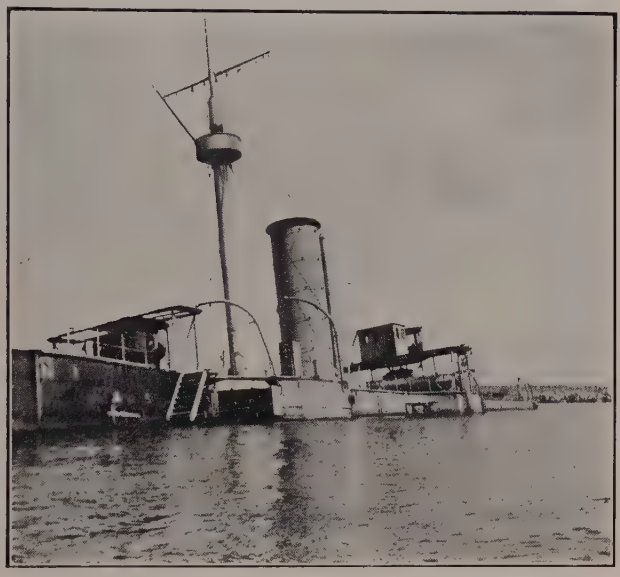
HARBOR OF BEYROUT.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we are cheered by the sight of the coast of Syria. It is a hilly coastline too, this first bit of the Holy Land to meet our eyes — hills as far as we can see, and away back in the interior, rising above the lesser hills, is the majestic summit of Mount Hermon, the highest point of the Lebanon range.

The favorable situation of Beyrout well befits the chief seaport of Palestine. A rocky promintory juts out into the

Mediterranean, behind which lies the town and harbor. For a European country the harbor might appear insignificant, but in comparison with the miserable facilities of Jaffa and Haifa, we find in Beyrout much to please us.

Seen from the sea, Beyrout presents a decidedly attractive appearance.



SUNKEN TURKISH GUNBOAT.

The new cream colored houses with red tile roofs, thickly grouped upon the hill side, the extensive buildings of the several colleges and hospitals here located, with spires of churches and convents, almost persuade us that we are in some port of the Riviera.

Anchored in the harbor are several merchant vessels, and the entire place possesses an air of hospitality and prosperity which at once sets at ease some of our preconceived notions of Oriental squalor.

The interest of the tourist, however, is at once attracted by two sunken vessels lying in the roadstead, reminding an American of the ill-fated Maine at Havana. These two hulks are the Turkish gunboats sunk by the Italians in 1912. Through the funnel of the larger wreck is seen a jagged hole, attesting to the marksmanship of the enemy.

Our fellow passengers are preparing to disembark, and

all is hustle and bustle aboard the "Elektra", when presently a puffing tug comes out from behind the mole, headed our way, with whistle tooting merrily. Just as our anchor is run out the tug comes alongside, and we learn the reason for the demonstration. It is all in honor of the Sultan. In the stern of the tug a gorgeous rug has been spread, and a cushion covered divan improvised, — all is in readiness to convey the potentate to shore. The French consul and the Turkish dignitaries of the Port come aboard and pay their respects to the Sultan, who has now completely recovered from his "mal-de-mere", and with becoming dignity receives their greetings. After final felicitations with our officers, and a parting bestowal of eagerly awaited "bakshish", he descends into the waiting tender, and is conveyed ashore in regal fashion.

After a short interval a second barge comes for his baggage and retinue. An astonishing number of trunks and boxes are lowered, but my companion explains that Moulai has been shopping in Cairo and Alexandria, and is carrying his purchases with him on his journey.

But presently the final act of the comedy is perpetrated. Last of all the royal party, after baggage and servants have

BEYROUT or Beirut is a place of great antiquity, usually identified with the Berytus referred to in the *Tell el-'Amarna* letters. It is probable that by the end of the 15th century B. C., this portion of Syria was governed by tributary princes depending largely upon the Egyptian Pharaohs, yet under the influence of Babylonian culture. For a time, at least, Beyrout was under the supremacy of Sidon. It is not named in the history of the campaigns of Alexander. Destroyed by Trypho, the Syrian usurper, about 140 B. C., it was restored by the elder Agrippa about 41 A. D., raised to the rank of a Roman colony, and adorned with an amphitheatre and various splendid buildings. In the middle of the 3rd century, a Roman school of law, which afterward became very celebrated, began to flourish here. During the reign of Justinian, in fact, Beyrout, was the only place in the empire, except Rome and Constantinople, where law was permitted to be taught. The city early became famous for its silk manufacture, which was thence carried to Greece, and afterward from Greece to Sicily. In the sixth century an earthquake destroyed the town, and in 635 it was taken by the Moslems.

During the crusades Beyrout again rose into importance, and was captured by Baldwin I in 1111, after a two month's siege. For one hundred and eighty years thereafter, with one or two brief intervening periods of Moslem occupancy — it was in the possession of the Crusaders.

Early in the 17th Century it became a chief seat of the Druses, and was the favorite residence of Fakhreddin, who succeeded in founding an independent kingdom for himself in alliance with the Venetians — the natural enemies of the Turks. He favored the native Christians and promoted trade. Becoming once more a possession of the Turks in 1763 — it was bombarded and plundered by a Russian fleet in 1772, and in 1840 it was nearly destroyed by the attack of the English, under Admiral Stopford.

After the massacres of the Chris-

tians in 1860, France, as the guardian of Roman Catholic interests sent a body of troops to protect the Christians in Syria. After that intervention, the Lebanon district was formed into an independent Liwa, the governor of which was appointed for five years with the consent of the Great European Powers, and was required to profess the Christian religion.

In February, 1912, the Italians bombarded the harbor, destroying two Turkish war-ships.

Numerous Christians have settled at Beyrout, and the place has of late been steadily growing in extent and commercial importance.

been taken ashore, comes the time for the departure of the women. A third barge is in waiting, and down the swaying gang-way the ladies are escorted. Like animated bundles of silk they look, as they step gingerly down the unsteady stairs, with now and then a stiffled scream. Closely veiled as they are, we get but a glimpse of dark eyes and dusky faces.

In fact, one of these Moroccan concubines is positively ebony in hue, but what matters *color* where royalty is concerned ?

This little incident, however, is typical of Oriental chivalry; man first, then baggage, then wives ! What a contrast to conditions at home, where no man, poor and unlettered though he be, would dream of such neglect and unconcern !

It is late in the afternoon before we get ashore, and take our places in the long line at the "Douane" or Custom House. To our surprise, the Sultan's ladies are waiting as well, although Mulai is well taken care of, without a doubt.

A score of rickety victorias wait outside to convey the traveler to his hotel, but the porters who importune you are much more interesting. Without hesitation they will undertake to carry preposterously heavy burdens, utilizing straps or long bands of cloth which they pass over the trunks and bags upon their backs and bind across their foreheads as a further means of support.

Over the cobble-paved streets of the lower town we followed our heavily laden

guide, bending low beneath his load; then up through narrow bazars and still narrower lanes, where

SHIP BUILDING SCENE.

the few dimly burning lamps barely saved us, half a dozen times, from "falling up-stairs". I use this term because many of Beyrout's lanes are not lanes in reality, but stairways, — similar in many respects to portions of Naples and other old-world cities, although quite uncommon in our own land.

It is the Germans to whom thanks must be given for the good hotels of Palestine. In Egypt we had found British influence everywhere supreme, but in Palestine we soon discover that it is German capital and German brains which have taken advantage of every opportunity, and improved conditions in a manner which is truly surprising.

Sitting down, at last, to an appetizing dinner upon the roof of a well equipped hotel, with German and French spoken at every table, it is impossible to realize that we are indeed in Asia Minor, and that the lustrous moon shining benignantly down upon us is, at the same instant, shedding its rays over Jerusalem and Baghdad, Cairo and Antioch, Cyprus and Tarsus !

The faculty of quickly "sizing up" a town and "getting the lay of the land" becomes a habit with the traveler. He usually makes his way at the start to the "public square", if

such it may be called, and most towns have some sort of a pivotal point, from which all roads radiate, and where the visitor may get his bearings.

In the Place de l'Union we find Beyrout's centre of activity, from which four lines of tram cars, varying in color, provide agreeable means of conveyance to the suburbs; to the Light House at Ras Beyrout

PLACE DE L' UNION.

on the promintory, or the "pines" on the Damascus Road.

In Beyrout the picturesque old time life and the dreamy dullness of the Orient have been disturbed by the commercialism of the Occident, and here we find a curious combination; electric cars and camels, mosques and "cinema" shows, coffee houses and beer gardens !

There are many tumble-down houses in Beyrout, and the marvel of it is the fact that they have remained so long in this state of dilapidation. Upon the principal thoroughfare are entire rows of houses whose stone fronts have fallen half a century ago, — some of them mementos of the bom-

bardment of 1840. The ground floor bazars are, of course, occupied, but in many cases the upper floors seem to have been given over to utter desolation.

A few of the buildings damaged in 1912 have been repaired with crude wooden fronts, yet these "temporary" fa-

OLD HOUSES.

cades will in all probability remain undisturbed for years. To an American this seems incomprehensible. At home we pull down obsolete structures to make room for the "up-to-date", but in the Ottoman East dry rot and disrepair seem to be the order of the day.

Yet Beyrout is a vast improvement over a purely Oriental town in many respects. Here the Syrians, Armenians and Greeks who outnumber the Mohammedans, attend to their own affairs, and you are not pestered continually by officious guides or peddlers, while a European or an American passes through the streets without attracting the slightest attention.

The streets of Beyrout are thronged with hundreds of ap-

parently famished dogs of the "yellow-cur" type. They are the scavengers of all Oriental towns, ready alike to eat the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table or to lick the sores of Lazarus. Here in Beyrout they have both opportunities. Absolutely ownerless, they run about at large, picking up a precarious living in alleys and gutters, yet one may see them sleeping peacefully under sheds and carts, thin and gaunt, but perhaps a great deal happier than the chained and blanketed pets of society.

A CORNER OF BEYROUT.

We cannot get away from America ! Passing between the busy shops which almost choke the narrow thoroughfares, we hear the piercing sound of a phonograph, while familiar signs frequently attract us. For instance, a "Fels-Naptha Soap" placard adorns the crowded window of a Syrian delicatessen; while in the principal street a Remington

HOUSE TOPS OF BEYROUT.

Typewriter Agency and a "Walk-Over" shoe store bring back memories of home. As if to forcibly impress said memories upon us, we are, a little later, almost run down by a rattling wagon laden with "Borden's Anglo-Swiss Milk". These household words and names help make the 'whole world kin'.

Even as I sat one evening writing up my diary for transmission by the morning post, I heard below my window the shrill notes of an amateur fifer. And the air he played was America ! But wait, — perhaps it was "God Save the King" ! At any rate, the tune is familiar, and the little fellow, for only a *boy* could produce such an effect, has one appreciative listener.

An institution of learning always lends to a town the atmosphere of culture, and Beyrout possesses a certain distinction from the location here of the world famous Syrian Protestant College, more frequently referred to as the "American College", founded in 1866.

This splendid group of buildings is situated to the West of the town, overlooking beautiful St. George's bay. A walk of a mile, or a short trolley ride, brings the visitor to the entrance gate.

AMERICAN COLLEGE FROM ROADWAY.

No sooner do we pass the portal and enter the campus, than we feel the "college influence"; that same inspiration which comes to us at Princeton when standing before old ivy-covered "Nassau Hall."

THE CAMPUS.

Here are attractive study halls and dormitory buildings; the

hospital, the chapel, the athletic field; all set in a lovely park upon the hillside. The yellow tinted limestone of the buildings seems to create a natural harmony with the surrounding cypress or sycamore trees, to which an occasional palm gives the added charm of the tropics.

Here many native Syrians are educated along professional lines, while other students come from all parts of the Mediterranean's border lands. The college is non-sectarian, and its labors are entirely along educational, social and commercial lines

COLUMN AND CHAPEL.

Beyrout, however, is the home of scores of other religious schools, and from this coast town a constant stream of teachers, preachers and physicians flows out to heal, comfort and cultivate these classic lands. The time of our visit was summer, and a period of vacation; therefore we found most of the college buildings deserted.

In our wanderings through the well kept grounds, we paused with interest before a solitary column near the chapel. It is a relic of ancient Roman days, found near the shore of the bay, and here mounted on a pedestal. Beyrout contains few objects of antiquity, and the lonely column consequently presents an instant appeal.

The "Serai" is the Oriental name for the municipal

building and police headquarters. In our own country there has been a great prison reform movement in recent years, and as we visited the Beyrout jail in the Place de l'Union it seemed an exceedingly *"Osbornian"* institution.

The building encloses a quadrangular courtyard, upon which open several barred doorways. Here the prisoners

A MORNING VISITOR.

converse with relatives or friends; cigarettes and eatables are passed in between the gratings, and a general air of sociability prevails. The shady side of the courtyard is always thronged with visitors, whereas the sunny side is well nigh deserted. The prisoners on this side of the building are forced to wait until afternoon before their friends come. My picture, taken in the morning hours, shows but one woman standing there. Above is seen the stairway leading to the courtrooms, where justice is dispensed to-day in much the same fashion as by the old time "Cadi" of the Arabian Nights.

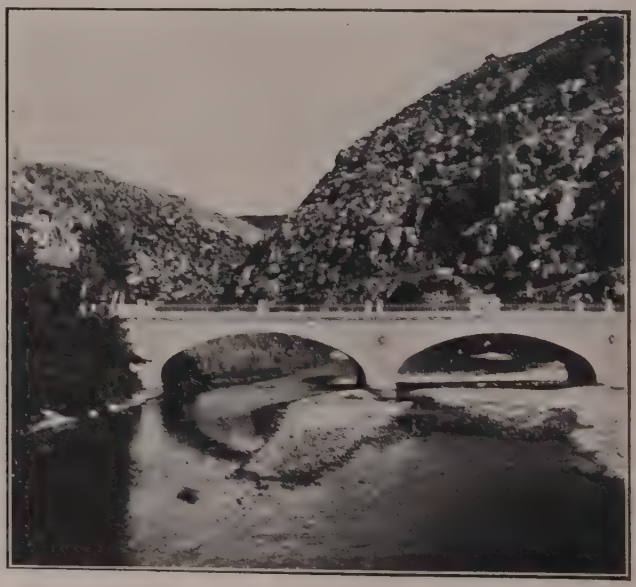
Games of chance delight the idlers of Beyrout. I have seen groups of young men sit for hours at a backgammon board, or squat upon some paved courtyard around a chalk-drawn square, maneuvering black and white beans. Needless to say, a quiet game of dice throwing is a source of never failing interest to the youthful boot-blacks. These Syrian boys are everywhere in evidence, most of them attractive little fellows, with eyes set well apart and fringed with heavy lashes, and ever ready with a grin of gratitude in appreciation of your generosity. They have no union, and no scale of prices; a shine is yours for a thin and battered "metallik" or a silver five piastre piece. As to clothes, — well, anything goes! They wear shirts so plentifully patched that nothing is left of the original garment. But this is a matter of no concern; more patches will yet be added: the garment being continually renewed, but alas — infrequently washed! Mark Twain would, I suppose, refer to these shirts as "family heirlooms!"

A most charming excursion is afforded by the trip to Dog River, a few miles from Beyrout.

A little rivulet empties into the Bay through a picturesque mountain defile.

The spot is historic.

Through this gap in the hills have passed



DOG RIVER.

the hosts of Egypt and Assyria, Roman legionaries and Crusading knights; for along this ravine a road has existed from earliest times. Above the railway bridge an attractive modern viaduct spans the stream, at each end of which is a refreshment pavilion.

But the interest centers not in the river itself; or the valley through which it flows, but on the cliffs facing the

TWO OF THE INSCRIPTIONS.

sea, upon the rugged faces of which have been carved a series of wonderfully fascinating inscriptions, memorials of the conquerors of antiquity who have passed this way, and, in passing, have stopped to leave the indelible stamp of their achievements.

What an illustration is here given us of the march of centuries! We see again the familiar and unmistakable hieroglyphics of Egypt, in panels deeply cut into the rock, commemorating the exploits of Sesostris, the mighty Rameses the second. Mighty indeed he seemed when first we saw his

wealth of monuments in Egypt, and now he appears even more impressive as again we come face to face with indubitable proof of his campaign in this region, twelve centuries before the birth of Christ !

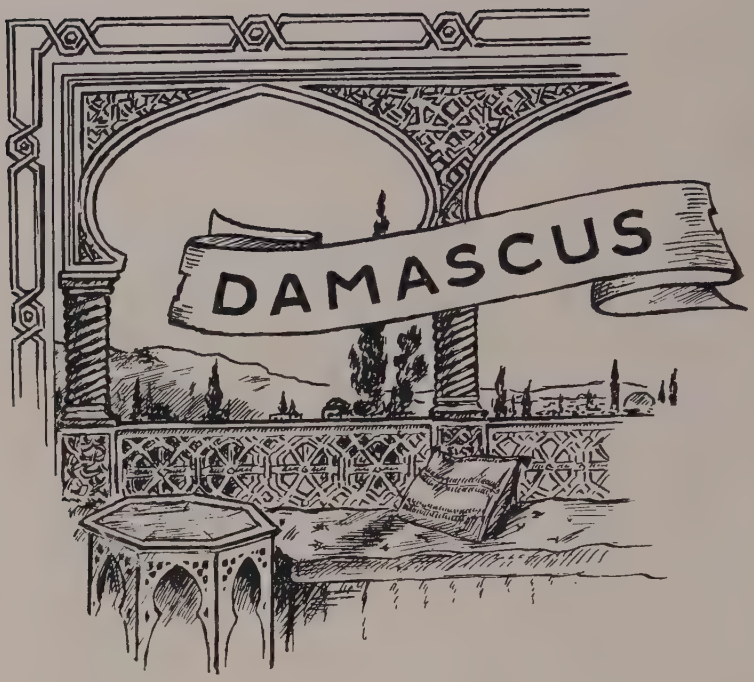
Yet we have looked upon the face of this self same Pharaoh with feelings of most profound pity; as we pondered over his withered mummy in the silent halls of the Cairo museum. Oh, vanity of human greatness ! The eyes which flashed defiance to the world are closed and sunken; the head which wore the double crown now possesses no adornment save a few whitened locks, turned to yellow by the fluid of the embalmers; while the hand which ruled the greatest nation of antiquity, now deprived of its sceptre, seems raised in impotent protest; while throngs of curious tourists, dirty natives and unsympathetic aliens lean upon the protecting case, and gaze upon his tenantless earthly chrysalis !

There are upward of a dozen inscriptions here, one or two in Latin and Greek, but the majority commemorating the valor of the Assyrian monarchs, among whom are Shalmaneser II and Tiglath-Pileser III. Singularly enough, beside the finest of Rameses' Egyptian panels, there was added about 670 B. C. that of the Assyrian King Esarhaddon, represented in cap and curly beard : he it was who in turn conquered a portion of Egypt ! Side by side, graven upon the hard basaltic cliff, they have looked out over the same restless sea for almost three millenniums, — mid Springtime and harvest, dawn and sunset, storm and calm !

Yet the slow passing centuries have exacted their due. In many instances, while the general outlines are very apparent, the cuneiform characters of Babylon and the hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs are now scarce discernible.

As for myself, the Dog River promontory can never be forgotten ! Not even at the Pyramids or beside the Colosseum did I so deeply realize my own insignificance; and this, I think, must have been the conviction of the

thousands of others who like myself, have come hither, and wondered and speculated, and then passed on, never to return; like the swift fleeting clouds, which, ere I said farewell, had passed before the setting sun !



THE actual distance from Beyrout to Damascus is less than sixty miles, yet from nine to eleven hours are consumed by the railway journey over the Lebanon mountains.

Two through-trains in each direction are operated over the road, which covers almost a hundred miles with its windings in and out among the hills.

We left the harbor station at Beyrout late in the evening. Into our compartment we were hastily bundled, finding our traveling companions for the night already in their places. There were two French gentlemen, merchants enroute for Damascus, both exceedingly affable and accommodating, and a good natured German woman, who, as we learned later, was the proprietress of a hotel at Baalbek.

Ere the train got into motion, a four cornered conversation in more or less grammatical German was in progress,

TRAIN WAITING AT STATION IN LEBANON MOUNTAINS

and we felt sure that so far as sociability was concerned we should not lack. And in railway coaches of this sort companionable neighbors are appreciated, for the entire train is composed of old-time discarded European cars, the compartments of which are closed and locked, and therefore become your little world between stations. Fortunately these stations occur at frequent intervals, affording the weary and cramped passenger an opportunity to get out and stretch his legs, or get a bite to eat if so inclined. Stops are usually prolonged, and frequent whistles and rings precede the resumption of the journey, so a traveler must be deliberately negligent to be left behind.

It is mid-August, yet the mountain atmosphere becomes uncomfortably chilly as we ascend the pass and cross the first ridge. In the small hours of the morning a stop is made at Reyak, the junction point for Aleppo and Baalbek. Here our kindly "frau" takes leave of us, with a most cordial invitation to come on to Baalbek before leaving Damascus.

Just about this time, the idea of luncheon seems attractive. One of my French friends leaves the car for a moment, returning presently with a mysterious something which appears to be a portion of cream cheese wrapped in paper.

This delicacy, to which is added our individual lunches, is spread upon the now vacant seat opposite, and we "fall to". Presently, to my consternation, M. Blanc, tearing off a section of the "paper" in which his newly purchased cheese is wrapped, proceeds to eat it with evident relish ! But to my horrified inquiries he answers reassuringly that it is not paper, but bread ! And then I also must needs sample this "bread", resembling a calf-skin drumhead, which I find to be rather tough, but never-the-less palatable. It seems that the mountaineers hereabouts are very partial to these thin slices of the "staff of life". They plaster their dough upon the outside of an iron oven, quickly baking the sheets after the manner of griddle cakes. Some travelers refer to this dainty as "leather bread".

With the break of day we are entering the "Anti Libanus", the secondary or inland range of hills. It is a region of great beauty and fertility, and as we proceed the view from the windows of the train increases in lovliness. On all sides are groves of fig trees, carefully cultivated, while grapes, apples, pomegranites and plums here attain perfection. At every station stop crowds of venders offer us refreshments, and certainly a bunch of luscious grapes or a tiny basket of plums makes an appetizing dessert.

THE ABANA — "RIVER OF DAMASCUS"

The scenery becomes more and more im-

pressive, the mountains again close in upon us, and we traverse a deep gorge. A little stream hurries along between the green trees and gardens in the valley below. It is none other than the Abana, the "river of Damascus", referred to in the Old Testament account of the healing of Naaman the Syrian !

We are indeed nearing Damascus, and the approach to the oldest city in the world is most charming, for as we descend into the green tableland, we obtain a delightful panorama of domes, minarets, and flat roofed houses, clustered in a valley of emerald. Truly the old Arab poets were not extravagant in their praises of Damascus, for it must indeed have seemed to them a bit of paradise here below, a veritable "Garden of Allah", situated as it is in a well watered plain, yet only a few miles distant from the edge of the great desert, which, traversed by the age-old caravan route, stretches Eastward toward the land of Iran !

We pull into the Beramkeh station; two antiquated cabs are requisitioned for the three

The History of DAMASCUS is practically that of the Eastern world. It has been asserted that Damascus is the oldest city in the world, from the fact of its having maintained a continuous existence for nearly five thousand years.

Founded away back in the misty days of antiquity by "Uz, son of Aram," according to Josephus, we find it mentioned several times in the Biblical Old Testament. "Eliezer of Damascus" was a steward of Abraham, according to the Genesis, and we find in the later historical books numerous references to the city and its rulers; sometimes in alliance with the Jews, but more frequently opposing them or ravaging their territory, — as when Hazael devasted the East Jordan region and forced the king of Judah to purchase the immunity of Jerusalem. (2 Kings XII, 17-18.)

In the second half of the eighth century B. C., Ahaz, king of Judah, obtained the aid of the Assyrian monarch Tiglath-pileser III against his Damascene enemies, thereby weakening his own prestige, however, and paving the way for a general Babylonian conquest of all Palestine.

Alexander found Damascus thoroughly Assyrian, rich with the treasures of Darius, and, having annexed it to his great Macedonian empire in 333 B. C., it fell at his death into the possession of the Seleucidae.

In the first century B. C. Damascus figured prominently in the feuds between Parthian and Armenian monarchs. Tigranes I, probably the most interesting and ambitious figure of the period, maintained his hold over this portion of Syria for a time; but after its capture by Pompey and his Romans in 64 B. C. he entered into a discretionary peace with the victors.

Damascus remained in Roman hands for centuries thereafter, although it appears, from a reference in 2 Cor. XI, 32, that Aretas, an Arabian prince, held sway there at the time of Paul's conversion. History is rather obscure in this regard, with some discrepancies as to the exact chronology, but it is usually conceded that Aretas, taking advantage of disturbed affairs at Rome following the death of Tiberias, pushed up from the Arabian peninsula and held the city for a short interval.

Under Trajan, 98—117 A. D., Damascus became firmly established as a Roman provincial city of importance, and later an important outpost of the Byzantines.

Christianity early gained a strong footing here, perhaps owing to the earnest preaching of Paul and his followers. Theodosius and Justinian embellished the city with church-

es, but it again suffered severely in the course of the conflicts with the Persians in the early years of the seventh century.

With the rise of Mohammedanism, Damascus entered upon the most brilliant epoch in her eventful history. Always frequented by Arabs, it was natural that the conquering Moslems should almost immediately seek to make Damascus a seat of religious as well as political supremacy. The decisive battle between the Christian Greeks and the Moslems was fought in the valley of the Yarmuk leading up to the tableland from the South, and the siege and capture of the city were inevitable. (635 A. D.)

Moslem factions alternately fought and wrangled over Damascus or adorned and beautified her. The Omaiyades, Abbasides, Tulunides and Fatimites successively ruled here, while in 1705-6 the city fell into the hands of the Seljuks.

In 1126, and again in 1148 and 1177 the city was threatened and even besieged by the Crusaders, but always managed to beat off the Frankish hosts or to purchase its immunity. Here Saladin for a time maintained his headquarters, and here he died in 1193.

Toward the end of the thirteenth century the Mongols under Hulagu took the city, only to lose it again to the Egyptian Mamelukes.

In 1399 or 1401 Tamerlane (Timur) the greatest of all the Tartar pillagers, appeared before the city. An enormous sum of gold was demanded of and paid by the citizens. Some historians say that Timur violated his agreement and devasted the city notwithstanding; but it is certain that he carried away to his own dominions the most skillful artisans and craftsmen, and there established them.

The year 1516 marks the beginning of purely Ottoman rule, when Sultan Selim annexed Damascus to his empire.

The temporary occupancy of the city in 1832 by the dashing Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, fighting against his co-religionists the Turks, opened up the place to the representatives of the European powers. For a score of years thereafter the foreign merchants and tradesmen freely settled here, and schools and missions were established. Then came the last great tragedy, the massacre of 1860, when the Moslem fanatics, with the evident connivance of the authorities, set upon the inhabitants of the Christian quarter and at least 6000 perished from fire, sword and privation.

The churches and dwellings have, however, been long since rebuilt, and the foreign element rests secure, with influence and efforts for community betterment ever on the increase.

of us, plus baggage, and in a trice we whirl out of the station enclosure, rattle through the adjacant cemetery, cross the Abana, and are deposited before the door of our hotel with scarce an opportunity for enjoying the looked-for "first impressions" of the city.

The initial thrill, I think, came to me as I was ushered into my chamber at the Palace Hotel. The day was sultry, but a delightful coolness and quiet pervaded the house. I say *quiet*, advisedly, for this is not the traveling season, and scarcely half a dozen guests are lodged in the building. The heavy wooden blinds at the windows of my room were, for my further comfort, opened from the bottom, awning-like, — and up from the street below came the familiar babel of the city, delightfully near at hand, yet dream-like in its unobtrusiveness.

But it was the draperies, couch coverings and window hangings which caught my eye immediately. The picturesque patterns of the Orient, — stripes of dark reds and blues, with an occasional thread of silver, were blended

with exquisite taste, and my first and incontrollable desire was to sally forth at once, and purchase yards and yards of this beautiful stuff with which to bedeck my little "cozy corner" at home. To see a bit of Damascus goods in Damascus — or a Persian rug in Teheran — seems a lot more interesting than buying the same article in New York's Fifth Avenue.

THE "SOUK EL KHARRATIN".

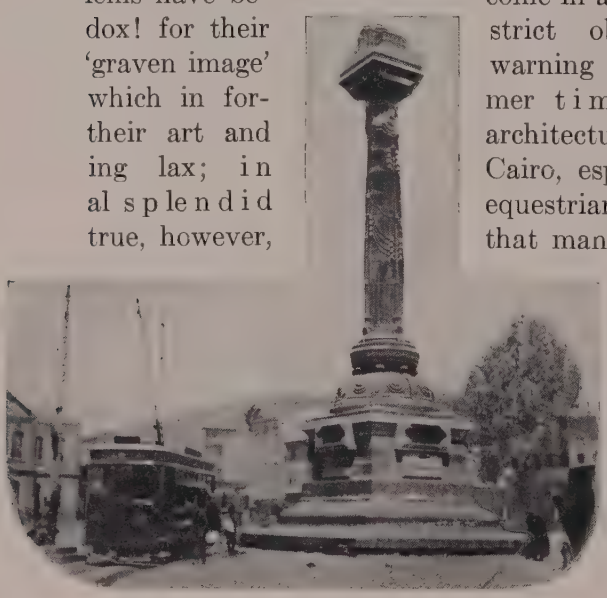
Damascus has for thousands of years been preeminently a city of commerce. As a station of the great overland caravan trade with the East, the city has occupied a position of unusual importance from remotest times. In Roman days wealth literally flowed into her coffers, while in the golden age of Moslem conquest, califs and sultans wrangled for her possession.

The merchants of Venice knew Damascus better than London, and even to-day, despite lost prestige, her unique

products are universally esteemed. Had not the Portugese navigators "rounded the Horn" and diverted her commerce, Damascus might have been the richest city in the world, at least until quite recent times.

The population of Damascus is usually placed at 300,000. The Damascenes are very fond of their city, being at the same time proud and ignorant, and, of course, notoriously fanatic; yet it seems to the visitor that the old time spirit of "trafficking" is in the very air of Damascus. The people seem to do naught else but buy and sell, and the stranger from the Occident takes away the impression that half the population are shop-keepers. There are miles and miles of bazars, and one scarcely sees a building which is not devoted to the purposes of either store or shop.

The one modern monument in Damascus to attract the curiousity of all is that in the Place du Serai commemorating the completion of the telegraph line to Mecca. Even Moslems have become in a measure unorthodox! for their strict obedience to the 'graven image' warning in the decalogue, which in former times circumscribed their art and architecture, is now becoming lax; in Cairo, especially, are several splendid equestrian statues. It is true, however, that many of the followers of the prophet look with abhorrence upon these "innovations."

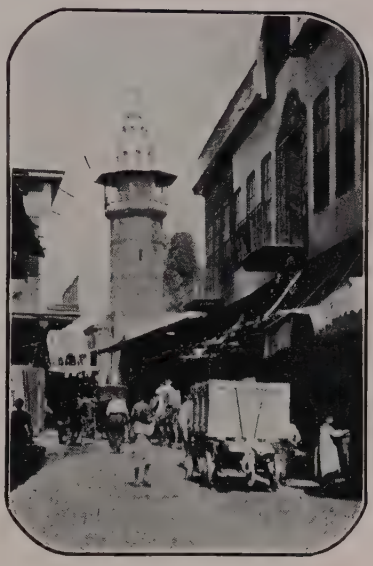


THE TELEGRAPH MONUMENT.

Damascus has one tramway line, — the little brown cars traversing the city from end

to end, from the Southern suburb of the Meidan to the foothills of the Jebel Kasyun.

There are over two hundred mosques in Damascus; at the turn of every corner one may see within a short distance some tapering minaret with its lofty railed balcony, upon which the muezzin stands and proclaims the hour of prayer. With "cuckoo clock" regularity these loud voiced intoners of devotion perform their office and vanish in almost comic fashion, and the spectator is apt to laugh to himself. Yet to the thoughtful mind there is a sublimity and pathos in this weird call to prayer floating over the turmoil of an Orient city like unto that which comes with the ringing of the Angelus over the fields of Brittany or the evening "bells of Shandon !"



A TYPICAL MOSQUE.

The river Abana — the modern Barada — which we saw among the mountains, flows peacefully enough through Damascus, spanned by several substantial bridges of steel; scarcely wider than a canal and in Summer very shallow. After watering, with its tributaries, the fertile plain of Damascus, rich in orchards and vineyards, it loses itself in the so-called "Meadow Lakes" about eighteen miles to the East of the city.

As I opened up my little kodak to take a snap-shot of the native sifting gravel in the bed of the stream, it seemed impossible that this insignificant little creek had been the center of a civilization extending for a period of nearly five thousand years !

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, bet-

ter than all the rivers of Israel" ? queried Naaman the Syrian. To us who have seen the majestic Hudson or the swift-flowing Mississippi, they all appear as mere brooks; but if history enhances the value of a rivulet — then the shallow Abana counts for more than the mighty Amazon.

THE ABANA — MORE HISTORIC THAN BEAUTIFUL.

No one can lay claim to a thorough knowledge of humanity until he has visited the East, and of all the diverting experiences which fall to the lot of the traveler, none are more enlightening than a walk through the native bazars.

At Gibraltar most of us have gotten a touch of the spectacular in merchandizing. In Cairo the visitor usually says to himself, "This is the East — in truth there can be nothing more unique !" But I think Damascus has just a bit more of the "outlandish"; fewer Europeans are en-

countered, and the added infusion of that Asiatic *something*, makes of Damascus one strange, tempting bargain counter. Here you may forget yourself and rummage around among curios and antiquities, textiles and trinkets to your heart's content. It is said that the ways of living and of doing business in and around Damascus have never changed, so a walk through Damascus is like being taken out of your twentieth century self and carried back under some magic spell to one of your "previous existences." This you can ponder over if you lean to the Oriental reincarnation ideas — but if, on the contrary, you are a practical, matter-of-fact American, you'll have a delightful time just the same.

A SHOEMAKER.

The red "fez", or tarboosh, is as common in the East as the derby in our own land. All Turkish business men of the better class wear them. These hats of red felt are blocked out on heated forms of brass, varying in style, and then lined with a soft woven grass. In Damascus, therefore, I discarded my cork helmet and decided to purchase a tarboosh, thinking to pass for a Syrian and thereby escape the importunities of beggars and native tradesmen. But my reckoning was sadly at fault : I had no mustache or

beard ! No self-respecting Syrian or Moslem would go clean shaven, so I was, of course, marked as a foreigner. The American idea of "keeping young as long as possible" is incomprehensible to the Oriental mind. Boys of fifteen usually have a mustache; at twenty-five a beard, if by good fortune they can raise one, — and at *thirty-five* they are amusing their grandchildren !

Life in Damascus goes on amid a babel of noise. Peddlers and venders of lemonade and licorice-water continually and loudly extol the merits of their beverages, while donkeys, camels and dogs crowd the streets and add to the general confusion. No one keeps to the sidewalks; perhaps because most of the streets have none; and to elbow, push and dodge is the order of the day. Everyone is busy. It may be that the life of the East is slow, but it is not *idle* in Damascus. When a merchant is at leisure he sometimes reads the Koran, repeats his prayers, hires a nargileh from one of the itinerant smoke purveyors, or chats amicably with his neighbor.

A COFFEE SELLER.

Apparently there is no jealousy between rival venders of similar wares. The Moslems are almost fatalistic in their philosophy. "Allah", they say, "has sent a good customer to my neighbor; he will, in due time, send me one also."

All of the streets of Damascus are narrow, and as the shop-keeper's awnings are not limited as to size, the streets are shady. More comfortable still, although I should imagine less sanitary, are the "covered-over" streets, which are

A SWORD MAKER.

entirely given over to bazars like the more pretentious "arcades" in some of the leading cities of Europe and America.

A native shop is seldom more than a hole in the wall, and it veritably seems that the counters on which the goods are displayed and the space occupied by the owner, often sitting cross-legged on his bench, fill the little stall completely. Hence, where the proprietor is engaged in manu-

facturing his wares, all his work is done in view of the passer-by, and here again is the charm of novelty. Our own workrooms are usually guarded by "No Admission", and it is intensely interesting to study the primitive yet skillful industry of the Damascene artisans.

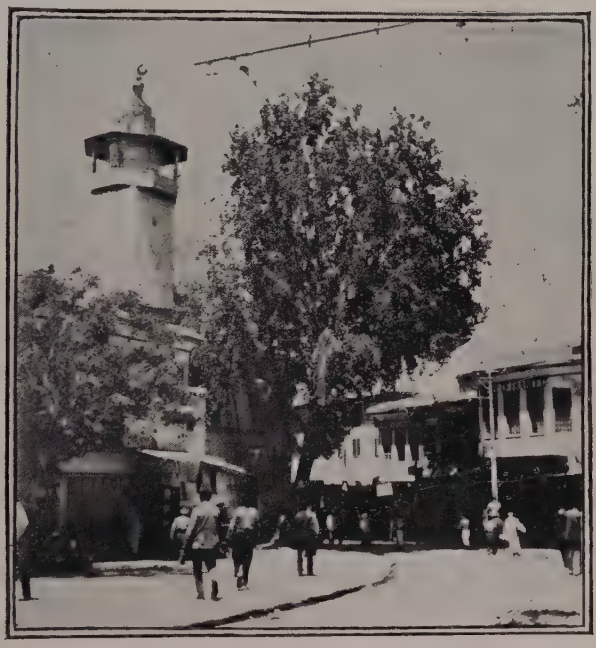
The little wooden tabarets and boxes, inlaid with bits of mother-of-pearl in patterns of mosaic and parquetry, are charmingly wrought, while the makers of seals are past-masters of the art of engraving. The granter of a deed in the East completes it by adding his seal and not his signature, and the signet engraver is a person of consequent importance.

The sword-making industry is a thing of the past. A few workmen still ply their trade in Damascus, but most of the famous artisans who fashioned the keen blades of the days of chivalry were taken into the hill country of Asia Minor, where it is said a remnant of the craft still flourishes. While we watch our "sword-maker" fashioning an elaborate hilt let us not be deceived — it is more than probable that his "Damascus blade" was "Made in Germany".

Continuing our walk, we pass a noisy shop where workmen are busily engaged in hammering out brass and copper vessels, from small finger bowls to immense trays richly adorned with filigree work and inscriptions. Still larger trays, sometimes six feet in diameter, are displayed. These, however, are not destined to be balanced upon the head of some dexterous waiter in the Moulin Rouge, but are merely dining tables, frequently used by the Bedouin peasants, supported on low stools, and symbolic of their hospitality.

There may be a great deal of distressing poverty in the East, but if a Moslem has any means whatever, he will cater to his stomach. Hence the baker's shops and booths of the pastry cooks and confectioners are well patronized. The "berazik" is thin wheaten bread, spread with butter and grape syrup, and sprinkled with sesame. This is an exceedingly popular delicacy.

The "soda fountain" has its counterpart, of course, for the religion of Mohammed prohibits alcoholic drinks, and "soft drinks" of wondrous taste and doubtful composition are displayed. Yes, *displayed* is the right word, for large jars filled with liquors of brightest green, orange and violet tempt the thirsty like the colored globes of the village drug store at home.



A CORNER OF DAMASCUS.

Drinkables are carried about in goat skins by street purveyors. Frequently when a person of wealth is desirous of performing an act of charity, he pays one of these peddlers for his entire supply, and bids him refresh all comers without money and without price. Instantly a crowd gathers, and, nothing loath, the multitude avail themselves of the proffered bounty.

The barbers of the Orient shave *heads,* not chins, which

operation always makes a profound impression upon the tourist with a bald pate. This custom, although it spoils the looks of many a handsome boy, has its redeeming features. I have seen dirty urchins squatting upon the ground while a hard working barber performed his good offices, exemplifying, without a doubt, the famous commercial slogan "there's a reason".

A WOOD TURNER.

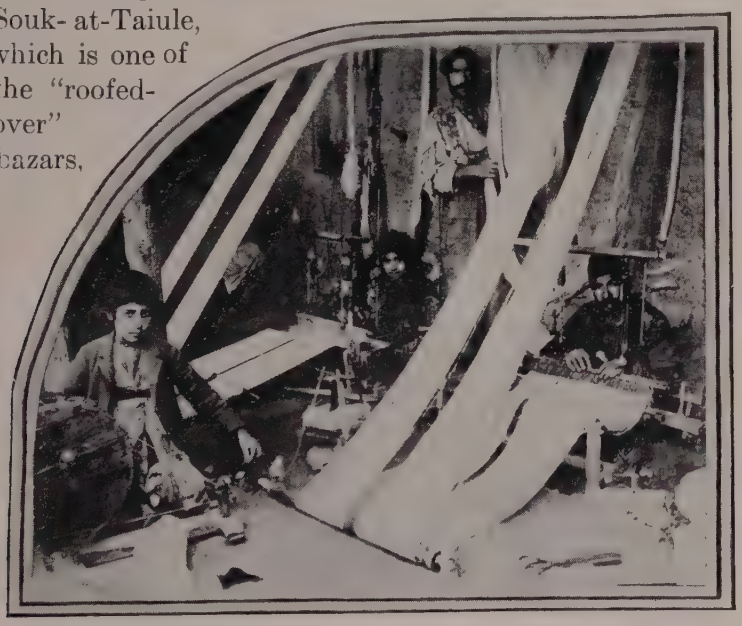
The methods employed by the wood turners have little changed since the days of Mohammed. The workman causes his lathe to revolve by pulling a string in alternate directions, while he industriously applies his chisel. Usually the feet as well as the hands are employed in this operation.

How similar are the ways of humanity, after all ! While wending my way among the bazars my attention was attracted to a jostling crowd completely blocking the thoroughfare. Joining myself unto the select company, I saw

that some sort of "side show" was in progress within a decrepit looking building. Upon a raised platform before the door was the cause of the excitement, an object well calculated to attract the attention of the passer-by. A horribly painted Bedouin, his face and body streaked with green and yellow paint, was exhorting the throng, presumably upon the merits of the "greatest show on earth", while he fondled a wriggling snake entwined about his neck and shoulders !

The love for amusement is as old as the world, and is by no means confined to any particular race or clime. Yet, to my surprise, I find that the world's latest form of amusement, the ever-popular "movies" has penetrated even to Damascus. Posters displayed on conspicuous corners tell of a blood-curdling drama illustrated by most alluring pictures, and the pictures are, moreover, the product of the "American Cinematograph Company" !

Turning into the Souk-at-Taiule, which is one of the "roofed-over" bazars,



ORIENTAL WEAVER AT WORK.

we again find ourselves surrounded by a confusing maze of shops and stores. Veiled women, shuffling natives, prosperous looking merchants and gaudily attired desert tribesmen mingle with the tourists in charming contrast, examining and haggling over rugs and shawls. To my mind the most tempting and picturesque stalls are those of the dealers in silks and tapestries, particularly those in which we can see for ourselves the primitive hand looms in operation. The traveler never tires of watching the native weaver at work, with the shuttle thrown across the opening and closing warp by a dexterous movement of the hand, while thread by thread the eccentric pattern takes shape.

STRAIGHT STREET AND THE EAST GATE

It would at first appear that textiles so laboriously woven would be expensive, but such is not the case, and a few yards of the beautiful fabric thus made before your eyes affords a most pleasing and inexpensive souvenir of Damascus.

In making purchases in Egypt and Palestine the coinage of almost all the nations of Europe may be used. French, German and English gold are everywhere current, while the large silver five-franc pieces of Napoleon III and even of Louis Philippe are occasionally met with.

It is well known that tradesmen are ever ready to take advantage of a foreigner, and are particularly eager to "mulct" the proverbially extravagant American — so be on

your guard : a little bargaining will usually bring down the price to a small fraction of that at first demanded.

Fruit of all kinds is displayed in Damascus, tempting save for the omnipresent fly, whose everlasting buzz does not appeal to the fastidious Yankee. We look in vain for the familiar banana of our own stands, but here will be found an abundance of grapes, plums, pomegranites and melons, with delicious figs, dates, pistachio nuts and the inevitable "prickly pear", which is the staple article of diet for the native housewife. In shape it reminds one of a thorn covered cucumber, while its taste, when cooked, is not unlike that of the prosaic cabbage.

The maps of all Oriental cities call to mind the fabled labyrinth of mythology, with streets crooked and distorted, "blind alleys" and devious highways and by-ways. Most of the latter are paths only, with no paving save the earth, and lead the visitor into extremely ill-smelling haunts of squalor, whose surly denizens regard the intruder with no friendly eye, and from which he is glad to beat a hasty retreat.

But Damascus has the unique distinction of possessing one "Straight Street", the Rue Droite. This fact being so unusual, coupled with the Biblical reference to such a thoroughfare, has given general credence to the tradition that Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, while lodged in the "house of Judas" somewhere upon this street, was visited by the devout Ananias, who brought to the persecuter a message of deliverance, and restoring his sight, caused him to see the vision of a great world-field of evangelistic possibilities.

The street itself is by no means noteworthy, save for its new metal roof which we saw in process of erection. At the end of an adjoining alley near the Christian quarter of the city is shown the house of Ananias, above the door of which has been placed a Latin inscription and an ornate iron lamp. It is scarcely probable that after nineteen cen-

turies the humble habitation of Paul's benefactor should be preserved, and we examine the old stone house with decided unbelief. For us, it is enough to know that we are near the locality where occurred one of the world's great transformations, and from which went out a life destined to spread the gospel of the Nazarine to the remotest parts of Rome's world empire !

STRAIGHT STREET AND ITS NEW ROOF.

Christianity in Damascus has flourished all through the ages, the early Church known for its bishops and learned men, and in more recent years as a factor along missionary and educational lines. In 1860, however, the Christian quarter was almost entirely wiped out, the crushing blow being dealt by the Kurds and Moslems, whose pent up hatred vented itself over the entire Lebanon district.

One heroic figure stands out in connection with this ter-

rible affair; it is that of 'Abd el-Kader, the Algerian ex-chief. Himself a follower of Mohammed, living here in exile, he was nevertheless instrumental in saving the lives of thousands of endangered Christians.

THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS.

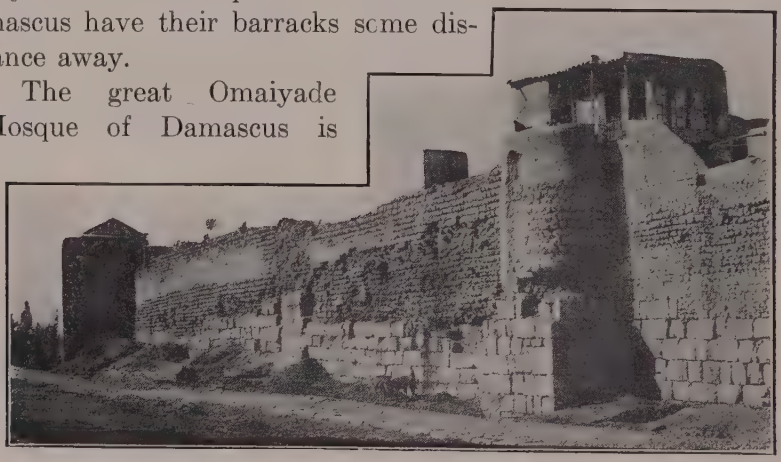
Twenty years before, 'Abd el-Kader had been desperately fighting the French in Algeria. A "Saladin of the nineteenth century", he was one of the brightest and most chivalrous warriors of his race. Overwhelming numbers had triumphed, and despite his bravery and the stout resistence of his desert followers, he was forced to capitulate and was conveyed a prisoner to France. After five years of confinement he was released by Napoleon III on condition of his never returning to his native land. Surrounded by a numerous retinue and many of his old Bedouins he had taken up his residence in Damascus, and it was he, who of all men might be reckoned as having a just cause for grievance against the Christians, who interposed in their behalf, and at the risk of his own life penetrated with his faithful Algerines into the burning Christian quarter and extended to the wretched fugitives the sanctuary of his own spacious house. And, further, when the mob threatened his own gates, he buckled on his sword, mounted his horse, and with his old time bodyguard at his heels, defied the hordes of furious fanatics and plead for his Christian brothers ! His moral courage saved the day. And

the name of 'Abd el-Kader must ever stand out on the golden pages of history as one who knew not only how to fight, but, more noble still, how to forgive !

Just without the East gate, a section of the wall is pointed out to credulous tourists as being the identical place from which St. Paul was lowered in a basket, thereby escaping from those who sought his life. Now, it is quite evident that the modern walls of Damascus follow for the most part the lines of the old Roman defenses, but only the foundation stones and, in places, the first two or three courses of masonry give evidence of antiquity; the superstructures dating only from Saracenic times, with still later Turkish restorations : so here again imagination must suffice.

Despite its great age, Damascus boasts of few genuine relics of the past. Unlike Cairo, she possesses no towering Citadel dominating the region round about. True, Damascus has a so-called Citadel, a weather beaten mass of old Arabian walls situated in the center of the town, to which tourists are not admitted, but it is about as effective from a military standpoint as one of the Armories in an American city. Even the troops stationed in Damascus have their barracks some distance away.

The great Omaiyade Mosque of Damascus is



THE WALLS OF DAMASCUS.

perhaps the most celebrated structure in the city, but it is so confined and hemmed in by other buildings that it is absolutely impossible to obtain an idea of its extent from without, and although it ranks second only to the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem as to size and historical importance, it fails to impress the visitor as it ought.

THE GREAT MOSQUE.

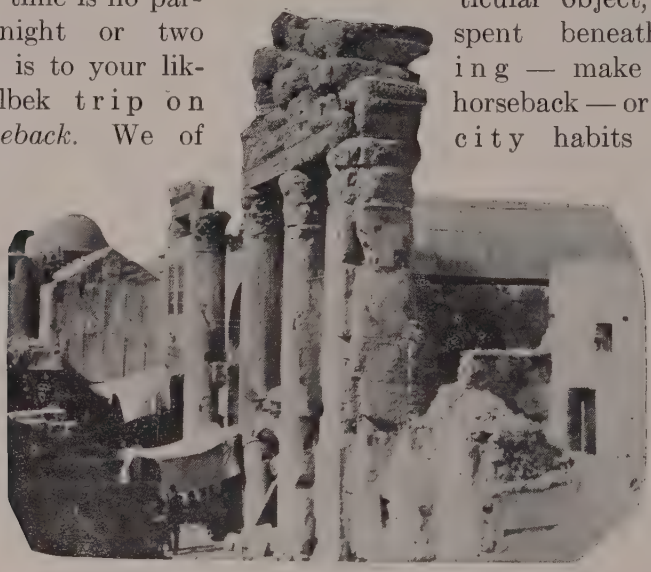
Occupying the site of an original Roman temple and several Christian churches, it was in the early years of the eighth century completely taken over by the Moslems and magnificently rebuilt as a mosque. Even to this day, so it is said, the severed head of John the Baptist, long treasured by the early Christians, is somewhere secreted in the recesses of this building. Here too is kept the sacred tent used in the annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

There is just one satisfying bit of old Rome left in Damascus, and that is a battered triumphal arch or temple

portico, rising white and beautiful still from the maze of squalid dung colored modern houses and dirty streets near the booksellers' bazar. This arch, it is affirmed, was once a portion of the approach to the temple, the site of which is now occupied by the great mosque. At the time of my visit several miserable hovels were in process of demolition opposite the arch, and I was enabled to get a fairly good photograph of the classic columns and architrave.

The lover of Roman ruins, however, should under no circumstance neglect the excursion to Baalbek, forty miles or so to the North of Damascus. It was at Reyak, on our way from Beyrout, that we had received a most urgent invitation to make this attractive side trip but had postponed it until later.

If time is no particular object, and a night or two spent beneath a tent is to your liking — make the Baalbek trip on horseback — or even *muleback*. We of city habits are



STILL IMPOSING AFTER TWENTY CENTURIES.

prone to laugh at the thought of straddling a donkey, but be assured that it is no hardship. Most of the beasts of the East are sturdy, well broken and tractable, and "know their

business." They neither kick, bite or balk as a rule, and put to shame their obstinate brethren on this side of the world whom we have learned to ridicule and stigmatize as embodying all that is contrary.

THE RUINS OF BAALBEK.

The Acropolis of Baalbek rising to the Northwest of the little town, is most satisfying in its completeness. Unlike many groups of ruins, it has not become a part of the village or been built upon and then but partially excavated, but it is surrounded by charming gardens and approached by a flight of wooden stairs between luxuriant trees.

The several temples comprising the group seem almost a part of Rome itself. Memorials and inscriptions of Antoninus Pius and Caracalla tell of the wealth and labor lavished upon the structures by the emperors who dwelt upon the Palatine, and later by the Byzantines.

The six huge peristyle columns of the great temple of Jupiter are visible to the traveler long before he reaches Baalbek, while the smaller temple of Bacchus is perhaps the most beautiful antique building in all Syria.

While the major portion of the Baalbek ruins are of Roman construction, it seems evident that other than Roman hands first builded here. And the most perplexing and

interesting work at Baalbek is not that of the temples, imposing though they may be, but that of the substructions; huge masses of masonry which were added to complete the symmetry and to more fully build up the natural elevations of the temple hill.

CYCLOPEAN WALL, BAALBEK.

The lower courses of the outer wall reveal blocks of stone of extraordinary size. Upon the west side are three huge monoliths forming a part of the wall each of which is at least sixty feet in length, ten feet thick and thirteen feet high !

There are travelers who believe that these foundation blocks date from the time of Solomon, and even go so far as to identify them with portions of a temple built to heathen dieties by the great Jewish monarch to humor his wives — some of whom worshipped "strange gods" in "high places"

and groves among the hills. This, at least, is food for thought and plausible in a measure.

A STREET FOUNTAIN.

History is silent; the great stones tell no tales. But the closely fitting joints of masonry where evidently no mortar was used — the similarity between these blocks and the remaining foundation stones of the west wall of the temple at Jerusalem, to say nothing of the suggestion of Egyptian workmanship (and 'tis said Solomon was infatuated with a woman of Egypt) — all these things cause us to wonder and to speculate !

There are, without doubt, many great discoveries yet awaiting the diligence of the archaeologist. Mariette said that a thousand years of research would fail to exhaust the treasures and mysteries hidden beneath the sands of Egypt. Dr. Schliemann merely scratched the classic soil of Greece. Prof. Saville has given the best years of his life to South America, yet he realizes that he is merely opening up a field of wonderful promise. All the years spent in Mesopotamia by our University expeditions have given us but fragmentary glimpses of the wonders of Babylonia, while in the Far East such work has never been systematically attempted. In the interior of Borneo and Java are ruined Hindu temples almost inaccessible by reason of thick jungle, and

even South Africa gives promise of undreamed-of discoveries !

We of the twentieth century are wise, 'tis true, but much remains shrouded in mystery. There is a fascination in delving into the past, and Palestine and Syria are rich in possibilities. "Finds" of interest, great and small, are constantly being made. I am informed on good authority that in the neighborhood of Antioch coins and odds and ends of bygone days are exposed after every freshet of rain !

INTERIOR OF A PRIVATE MANSION.

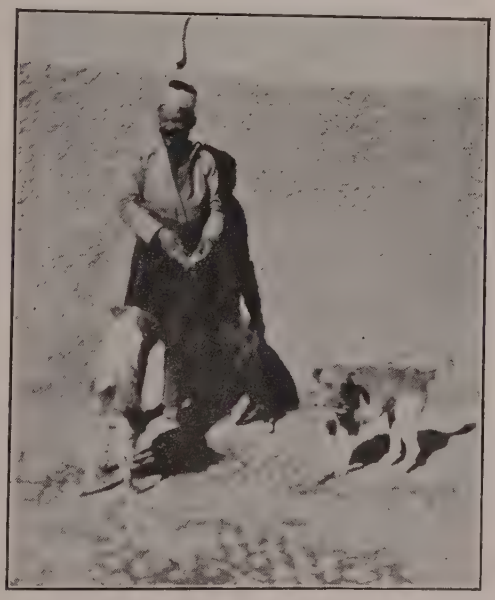
And so we return to Damascus; from our contemplation of a dead past to a newer realization of the struggles, joys and whimsicalites of the present.

To the traveler from the new world it seems as though the people of every other race save his own *were* whimsical. Here is an example : Turkish bath establishments abound, yet the average citizen of Damascus looks as though he had never bathed. Yet so far as hands and feet are concerned, the Damascenes are most fastidious. Before every mosque

or in its courtyard is a fountain, usually surrounded by a crowd of worshippers faithfully performing their ablutions before going to prayer.

As noted elsewhere, the city is bounteously supplied with water, and the houses of the wealthy, although presenting a forlorn exterior are palatial within, and usually provided with bubbling fountains and an interior court, decorated with a profusion of flowers and exotic plants, which is the center of the life and activities of that particular household; as completely isolated and different from the city as though many miles beyond its confines.

Being desirous of photographing a group of the mongrel dogs which haunt the streets, I accosted a surley looking butcher who presided over the ill-smelling shop opposite our hotel, and for about three cents purchased a heap of bones, which I requested him, by means of elaborate pantomime, to offer to the dogs who were sniffing longingly about his stall. He distributed the bones and I secured my picture of dogs and butcher as well; the old Mussulman looking at me all the while as if he thought me bereft of my reason. As I left him with a "salaam" I saw him turn with a grin and a comment to his next-door neighbor; I should have enjoyed hearing his opinion of me.



FEEDING THE DOGS.

On the day of my

departure from Damascus, I had occasion to bless the proverbial slowness of the Orient. In anticipation of taking the morning train for the South, breakfast at the hotel had been hurried down, and my watch inadvertently left lying on the table. My cab lumbered leisurely through the town toward the outskirts, where is located the Meidan station and nearby the Kadem terminus of the newer Hejaz railway, leading to Mecca, with a connecting line to Galilee.

With great deliberation I examined and photographed the huge modern engine, — made, by the way, in Bonn, Germany, — and then ambled back to my compartment where I settled down for a quiet cigar and waited for the hour of departure.

"At least five minutes yet," I said to myself, feeling for the watch, when, to my consternation, I discovered my loss. Hastily summoning one of the boys who hung around the station, I dispatched him post haste to the hotel — a distance of considerably over a mile — scarcely hoping that he would be able to return with the timepiece before we started, although I knew that train schedules are very inaccurate in the Sultan's dominions.

"MADE IN GERMANY".

The five minutes passed; I was in a state of greatest suspense; to get off and miss my train meant another day's delay which would completely disarrange my schedule, so I simply waited.

Ten minutes

more passed, and who should come running up ? Not my messenger, but a breathless porter from the hotel, holding outstretched in one hand my watch, which he had found beside my plate, and mopping his streaming brow ! Here, for once, was bakshish honestly earned and willingly given.

And yet the train moved not ! In another five minutes *my* errand boy returned, having of course been on a wild goose chase, but he too had certainly earned his day's wages.

Half an hour late, the train finally got into motion, and began its long journey across the plateau toward the valley

MOUNT HERMON.

of the Yarmuk. The reduced speed of our train was a matter of necessity, for the railway traverses a flat pastoral country, and immense droves of cattle, sheep and camels are incessantly crossing the rails; in fact so numerous are the flocks that the country for four or five miles to the south of Damascus resembles a great stock farm, dotted with small villages and Bedouin encampments.

Caravans of heavily laden dromedaries stalk majestically across the plain; and among the flocks grazing upon the close cropped vegetation we occasionally see a cunning little "suckling" camel, frightened by the puffing engine, and cuddling close beside its dignified parent, who regards all things, new and old, with undisturbed serenity.

Damascus is soon left behind, but old Mt. Hermon never leaves us, and, in the West, lifts its towering height of nine thousand feet; the first of Lebanon seen from the sea, and the last to say farewell as we continue our journey into Galilee !

GALILEE

THERE are certain "milestones" which stand out prominently in our memory after every journey. The Sea of Galilee and its environs is dear to the hearts of all travelers in Palestine. Although much has been written concerning this historic region, no two travelers bring away quite the same impressions. To some, historic Gennesaret is a disappointment, while others go into raptures over its expanse of azure blue nestling among the hills.

One fact, however, is certain : from the moment of leaving Damascus on the Southward journey we look forward expectantly to the first sight of this little inland sea, famous in song and story.

In some respects we may criticise the railways of Palestine, but too much praise cannot be given to the service afforded by this, the Hejaz Railway, which is far superior to the French line operated between Damascus and Beyrout,

THE HEJAZ RAILWAY is the result of a strange combination, viz., Moslem devotion and German brains and capital.

In 1901, Sultan 'Abdul Hamid II authorized its construction, chiefly to facilitate the annual pilgrimages to Mecca, the Holy City of the Moslem world, which had heretofore required a long and tedious over-land journey.

From every point in the territory of Islam came voluntary contributions to further the pious undertaking. Special taxes were levied and Turkish soldiers assigned to assist in the work. German loans and German engineers were, moreover, behind the project, thus contributing greatly to its fulfillment.

By 1908, the line, traversing the East Jordan region, had reached Medina, distant 823 miles from Damascus; and in 1913 had been pushed some miles further into the wilderness. Between Medina and Mecca nearly three hundred miles of desert intervene : the projected course of the line was South-westward toward the Red Sea, to a point near Sherm Rabigh and thence following the shore line for a distance before ascending inland again to Mecca.

The advent of the Young Turk party to power at Constantinople, the Balkan war, and the European embroglio have put a stop to the work for the present.

Non-Moslems are not encouraged to patronize the road beyond El Ma'an near the ruins of Petra; in fact to do so requires special permission from the government.

another section of which runs Southward parallel with this line, a few miles distant.

Our coach is equal to the best compartment carriages in Europe; apparently new, with the convenient side aisle running the entire length of the car, and the seats lavishly upholstered in buff corduroy.

Only three trains a week are operated in each direction over the road, yet the service is excellent, and has done much to facilitate the progress of the lone and inexperienced tourist, as well as the "personally conducted" sight-seer.

After an hour or so we leave the flat table land and enter a barren and rugged country. We are about to descend from the lofty elevations of the Hauran to the valley of the Jordan several hundred feet below sea level, and it is a descent occupying six hours.

The first half of the journey is the least interesting. Thirty miles beyond Damascus we skirt a desolate and rocky region with lava formations frequently in evidence, reminding us of a far-distant period when even the hills of Syria evinced volcanic activity.

Regions of considerable fertility enliven and intersperse the barren spurs of the mountains, with ancient villages and crowds of avaricious looking natives waiting the arrival of the train, which, as may be imagined, is a most noteworthy event. Every mountain hamlet receives its quota of goods, and we in turn take aboard consignments of food stuffs and

fodder, sacks of which are piled high on the station platforms.

At Derat we branch off to the West and leave the Mecca line. In the station at this place there is a tolerable railway restaurant. Here a prolonged stop is made : so long, in fact, that we wonder whether the engineer has abandoned us and gone off on a love tryst with one of his village "affinities". Patience is indeed a necessary virtue in the East, and

A STATION IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

the traveler, be he ever so irritable, gradually acquires a measure of stoicism.

But we do finally get started, and now for the picturesque stage of the journey. Our puffing engine enters a magnificent canyon, where the tracks cling closely to the sides of the lofty limestone cliffs. Far below us, hemmed in by the rugged walls, we see a narrow yellow stream. It is the river Yarmuk, one of the sources of the Jordan. After cen-

turies of erosion it has eaten away its tortuous channel, and now tumbles wildly along the bottom of the gulley.

We follow the natural curves of the hills. Here and there a splendid bridge spans the chasm as we cross from side to side, and ever and anon we plunge into a gloomy tunnel, — then dash out again into the light. The view is magnificent reminding an American of the canyons of our own Southwest on a small scale.

THE VALLEY OF THE YARMUK.

As we rumble along we find a singular pleasure in poking our heads out of the windows and surveying the cars of

our long train rounding the abrupt but graceful curves. And our train, by the way, is a fearful and wonderful combination. The several classes of passenger coaches are followed by half a dozen heavily laden freight cars, the van of the Turkish "Poste," one or two "flats," and the lumbering caboose. I have even seen a "Prison Van" car on an Oriental railroad, behind the barred windows of which a glimpse was obtained of some unhappy rogue, traveling at the expense of the state.

In the descent of the valley of the Yarmuk, the engineers found it necessary to "double up on the trail" in the downward glide, and across the chasm we see the track which we shall presently traverse in the opposite direction, but ever proceeding lower and lower.

It would seem to the passenger that such rugged regions must be sparsely populated, for we are apparently on the very outskirts of civilization; yet the fact remains that many of the desolate looking towns scattered along the valley possess Roman ruins and traces of by-gone importance which are truly surprising, and which tell us that the region was in the old days of infinitely more importance than at present.

Many little streams join the muddy Yarmuk and debouch from rugged ravines on both sides of the valley, tumbling in pretty waterfalls and cascades into the ever-descending channel. The upper hills are almost devoid of verdure, but in places where the bottom of the valley widens out there are more fruitful sections, — even an occasional palm is seen as we approach the tropic level; or perhaps a flock of goats pasturing with a Bedouin tent nearby, — or a native farmer proceeding leisurely with his work.

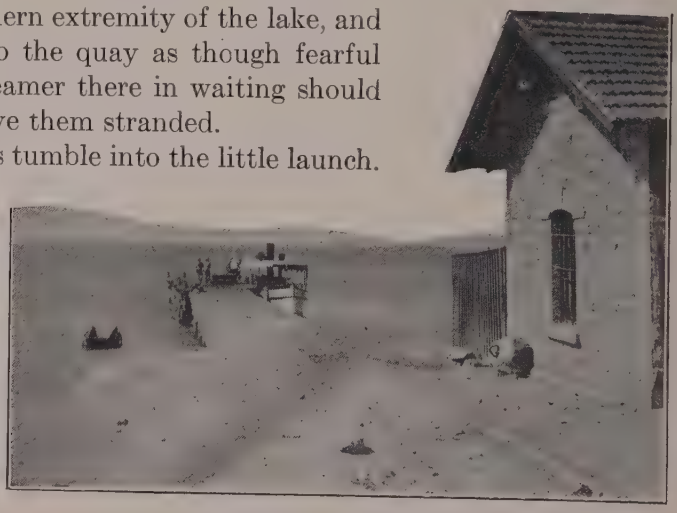
At El-Hammi are the renowned hot baths of Gadara, as famous in classic days as the Baden-Baden of to-day, yet few tourists tarry to bath in the sulphurous water, repelled I imagine by the begrimed appearance of the native population, with whom familiarity has "bred contempt".

Every turn in the road now seems to say to the weary traveler, "beyond lies Galilee", — and it will indeed be refreshing to come upon a sheet of water after a fortnight in the hill country. But a score of windings yet intervene; beyond one bluff looms another and yet again our hope is deferred. Then gradually the hills seem to melt away, and easily and naturally there is spread before us a little lake of bluest turquois in a harmonious setting of brown. It seems as though we had seen it often before, — in fact it looks familiar, like an old friend. Some travelers have said that Galilee is *not* blue; perhaps atmospheric conditions affect its color; but for me, I can attest, the lake wore its most attractive hue.

An inland lake, thirteen miles in length by perhaps half that distance across, would seem strangely misnamed if called a "sea" in any other land, — in South America or Canada perhaps; but here again it is a matter of history; there is a sea of history before us, and Gennesaret, call it lake or sea, bears upon its bosom tales that stir the heart.

Like a picnic party off for a Summer day's excursion the passengers flock out at Samakh, the little station at the Southern extremity of the lake, and scamper down to the quay as though fearful lest the little steamer there in waiting should start off and leave them stranded.

A score of us tumble into the little launch. Most of the crowd are Americans, too; a party of school teachers being "personally conducted" by a leather-lunged Syrian and an



THE WHARF AT SAMAKH.

anæmic looking clergyman, who, I understand, comes over every year with just such an aggregation. At first I marveled that his demeanor did not betoken more delight in his task. Surely, I thought, this is a rare privilege, this annual Palestine trip. But after a few moments spent in careful observation I changed my verdict to one of profound pity. After hearing some of the senseless questions propounded to him, to say nothing of the solicitous inquiries of nine tenths of the party about this and that miserable piece of baggage, or ticket, or what not, — I ceased to wonder at his listlessness, and heartily congratulated myself that I was unincumbered either by useless luggage or uncongenial companions.

TIBERIAS FROM THE LAKE.

I must say, with regret, that this particular group of tourists had been rather "clannish" on the train. I, on my part, resented their exclusiveness; so peacefully and alone I looked after myself, selected a vantage point well forward in the boat, and sniffed the exhilarating breezes of Galilee with unbounded delight.

Our little launch makes the short run between Samakh and Tabariya, (the ancient Tiberias) in something like half an hour. The sea is "choppy" and I haven't the slightest doubt as to its ability to do some wonderful "stunts" when

a squall of wind breaks upon it from the hills. Galilee is notoriously treacherous, and bad weather comes on with great suddenness; it must be exceedingly foolhardy to attempt the crossing in a small boat.

All the world is familiar with the scriptural account of the storm raging on Galilee and the Master asleep in the stern of the boat : it seems that even old and experienced fishermen were at their wit's end to regain the shore in that instance, and it remained for the Christ to still the troubled waters.

THE BEST, AND ONLY HOTEL IN TIBERIAS.

From the boat we gain a general idea of the configuration of the lake. Oval in shape, its shimmering waters well nigh deserted, the sea of Galilee is hemmed in by hills of moderate height. The town of Tiberias, whither we are bound, lies upon the Western shore, while nearer the head of the lake is the village of Magdala and the ruins of Capernaum. There are a few other straggling clusters of houses, and numerous bits of unidentified ruin, yet it is believed that the shores of the lake were lined with populous and prosperous villages at the time of Christ. The unpretentious hills moreover possess a peculiar charm, for here Jesus taught; into their fastnesses he retired to pray, and somewhere here-

abouts, it is affirmed, was delivered the matchless "Sermon on the Mount". If you are looking for exact locations, you

THE CASTLE.

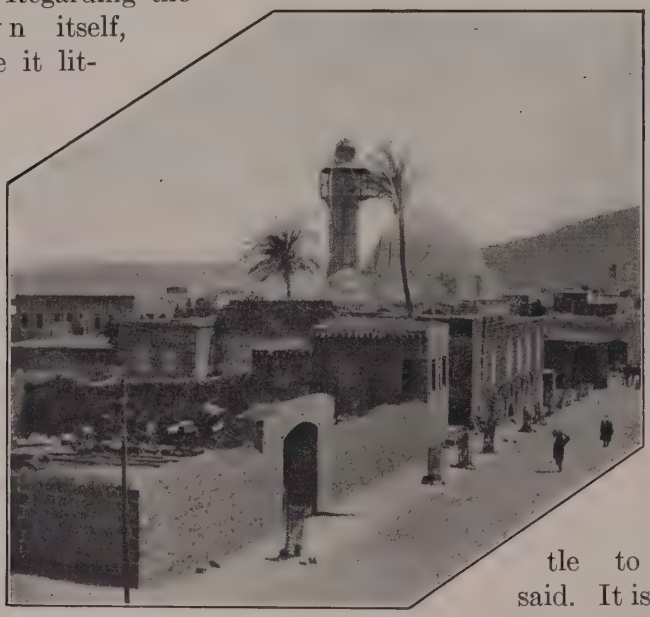
may even have pointed out to you the place where the five thousand were fed, but don't be too anxious for precise sites. All Galilee is sacred, but foolish people who focus their attention on a few spots of peculiar sanctity miss the wider and more inspiring vision.

Very satisfactory accommodations are secured in Tiberias at the Hotel Grossman, kept, as may be inferred, by a German. The building is comparatively new, built of the black, lava-like stone which has been used in building construction hereabouts for centuries. The dark hue of the stones, with their wide joints of white mortar, give the structures the appearance of being 'in mourning" as one of the visitors put it.

In the spacious dining room hang pictures of the Kaiser and the German Empress, and by the window overlooking the lake there is an old fashioned parlor organ and a "Moody and Sankey" hymn book. You can make up your mind that when a crowd of "church going" Americans determine to hold a little song service they go at it with a vim and gusto, for all the world like a Methodist prayer meeting !

To many who shall read these pages 'Memories of Galilee' is a well known selection, yet I venture to say that never could it appeal so strongly as when sung in the Holy Land, and with the real Galilee glistening in the sun just beyond the vine-covered portico. It is one of those perfectly appropriate happenings which are usually few and far between.

Regarding the town itself, there it little to be said. It is like a hundred other modern Moslem towns, save that here the Jewish element of the population predominates. Tiberias has always been popular



TIBERIAS FROM THE HOTEL VERANDA.

with the Hebrews, and during recent years their numbers have been greatly augmented by the colonists from Poland.

Still keeping watch and ward over the town are the remains of the ruined Herodian castle, occupying the site and probably embracing some of the old foundation stones of the splendid structure built by Herod Antipas during the early years of the first Christian century. Like all the other "castles" in this region it is in a forlorn state, its lower chambers used as stables or granaries for the neighbors, while its upper walls appear to be making a desperate effort to hold themselves together.

My venturesome desire to get a panoramic view of the town led me to the top of the escarpment. The scene presented below me was attractive, but the stones immediately beneath my feet were evidently held togther with mud. The section of the wall upon which I was standing gave a preliminary shiver, and I had barely time to step back ere a fragment weighing perhaps a ton crumbled away and crashed to the ground below with a fearful thud, rousing the community and sending them scurrying out of doors like disturbed hornets. Without investigating further into the merits of the case, I hastily decamped.

Most visitors to Tiberias make the trip across the lake to the site of Capernaum, the modern Tell Hum. There is little left of this once extensive town save foundation stones. What little there is remaining is well taken care of by the Franciscans, who are always courteous and kind to visitors. Whether we are visiting the catacombs of Rome or some little out-of-the-way and sleepy old ruin, these religious custodians invariably warm our hearts by their genuine sincerity and interest.

The German Oriental Society has done some digging here, and brought to light the lower portions of a building which was evidently a synagogue in Greco-Roman times. One bit of this ruin — the entrance steps — has a strange fascination far above all the rest. The steps are practically

intact. Now, as the structure whose ruins we behold was of Roman design, it has been suggested that the edifice was that given to the Jews of Capernaum by the benevolent centurion to whom reference is made in Luke 7 : 5. If so, it was standing in Christ's time. If we accept this purely circumstantial evidence, it is almost positive that the Master must have worshiped and taught in this same synagogue, and His

STEPS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

feet trodden upon the very stones before us ! No other spot in Palestine can be thus designated.

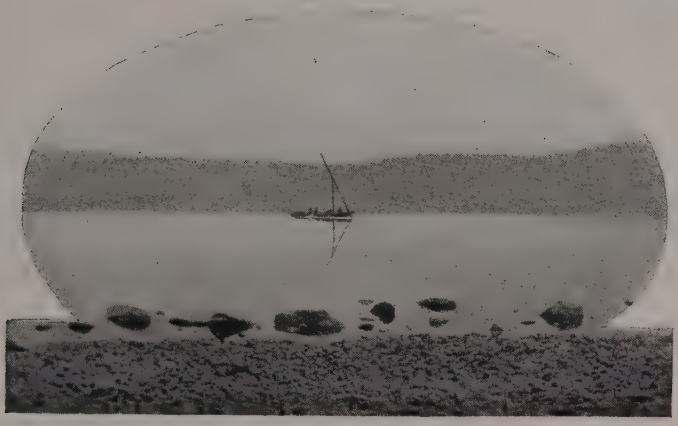
There are some spots in this old world which have been consecrated by the presence of the great and the good. Under the old elm in Cambridge, Washington took command of the Continental army; the spot is dear to every American heart. It is an inspiration to stand where stood the "Father of his Country". As Lowell put it, "Here, where we stand, stood he — the purely great !"

Before Independence Hall in Philadelphia there is set in the pavement an inscription telling that upon this site Lincoln raised a flag in the days when the dark clouds of war

From painting by Hoffman.

CHRIST PREACHING BY THE SEA.

hovered over our beloved land. And I, standing there after a lapse of fifty years, felt the message of Lincoln grip my



NEAR CAPERNAUM.

heart : ".....with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in".....

But now to stand beside the shore of Galilee, before a few worn steps of discolored marble, with naught but silence around and the limitless Summer sky above, and have the thought strike home : "Here stood the world's greatest Teacher and man's most loving Friend, the *Father* of Christendom and the *Emancipator* of millions of lives from the chains of sin and self !"

It is just about enough to make this one day stand out forever memorable among the rich experiences of life.

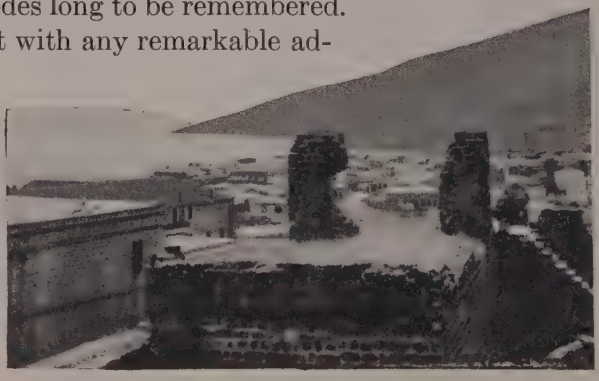
In some respects the *Land* of Christ is lonesome; a great sad page of the long ago — and widely different from the *Kingdom* of Christ, — an uncounted multitude of devoted hearts scattered over all the world. But at the Hotel Tiberias there are usually several parties of tourists, and the disciples of the *Kingdom* do much to brighten up the *Land !* Truly "it is good for us to be here". We are on no Mount of Transfiguration, but we all have something in common, and

we who are lacking, perhaps, in conscious righteousness, are possessed of a compensating amount of reverence.

THE CASTLE'S CRUMBLING WALLS.

That night we go upstairs to bed candle in hand, for the inn boasteth not of gas or electricity. In the dining saloon the greater degree of illumination is produced by oil lamps. So with the lighted tapers dimly flickering in our chamber, we wash off the travel stains and dust of the day's journeyings and "turn in", to dream of dear ones at home.

A Sunday morning walk by the Sea of Galilee is another of the episodes long to be remembered. Not that we meet with any remarkable adventures or even witness any unusual sights, — it is merely the association of ideas.



TIBERIAS FROM THE CASTLE.

Nowhere in all Palestine does one come

THE SHORES OF GALILEE.

so near to the Holy Land of his early conceptions as in the region of Galilee. In Damascus the busy commercial life attracts us, in Jerusalem there is a wealth of history to confront us, but here, along the quiet shores of the lake, we may shut out the activities of the present and open our hearts to the voices of the past.

As we set out from Tiberias in the early morning with the monastery bells of the town solemnly pealing out that universal Sabbath reminder that this is a day of rest, we realize that never before have we come so near to knowing the personal Christ.

The sun has scarcely risen, and the hills on the opposite shore are still partly obscured by the mists which hover low over the water. Upon just such a scene Christ must often have looked, for Galilee is not far distant from Nazareth, and hither we are told He was wont to resort. The Galilean fishermen were His dearest companions; among these humble village folk were His friends of early manhood, and from them most of His disciples were chosen.

On our side of the lake the hills approach the water's edge in a gentle slope, the intervening fields rich with wav-

ing grain. We walk along the stony beach. From over the crest of the rugged hills a peasant group has descended and they are now coming toward us along the shore, journeying to the town.

"AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM" — *from painting by J. R. Wehle.*

But our thoughts are not on things of the present; we are living in the atmosphere of the past.

As we walk along in reverie, the mists of the lake envelop us for a moment, so it seems, — and in that brief instant we have bridged the centuries ! We are living in the days of the Master's life among men, and the approaching company, at first seen like distant apparitions, resolve themselves into a group of familiar figures. They are engaged in earnest conversation as they draw near.

Who is he who is walking a pace or two in advance, beside that other aged figure ? A form strangely familiar, at sight of which we halt instinctively. It is none other than the central Character of all the ages ! In dress an humble

wayfarer, in manner unassuming, yet possessing, withal, that strange *something* which marks Him out at once as Prophet, Priest and King ! It is the Christ of Galilee; Him whom we have not seen, yet have known from childhood, — that face and form indelibly stamped upon the minds of men by crucifix and wayside shrine throughout the world !

"And they followed Him" and marveled at His teaching, and "reasoned among themselves" concerning the words He spake. John, the youthful and loved disciple, walks alone, as if resentful that the elder Peter should occupy the place of honor by the side of the beloved leader. James and Andrew follow, with Thomas and Matthew and "the others of the twelve".

Nearer they come; we can even hear their conversation. Tense with interest, we dare not breath. And then the Master speaks : the quiet yet eloquent voice is just as we had fancied it. And the words which He speaks are familiar words : "I am the vine and ye are the branches; a branch cannot bear fruit of itself : except ye abide in Me ye cannot....."

The vision fades away; centuries again roll between, and we step aside to let the modern Galileans pass on into the city. But we have seen the Christ and felt His presence! And so it must ever be along the shores of this consecrated sea. There is only one Life, only one Message. Elsewhere in the Holy Land history crowds in upon us, memories of kings and

WASHED BY THE WAVES OF NINETEEN CENTURIES.

conquerors and present day degredation : but at Galilee only one Figure is ever-present; the One through whom Galilee is known, and because of whose sojourn it will ever be beloved by the children of men !

The beach is strewn with stones, great and small. Near the water's edge, and up along the hillside, crumbling ruins speak eloquently of a population and importance gone forever. We recall the accounts of the splendor of Tiberias in the days of Herod, yet all that now remains of the palatial villas of the Roman epoch are a few worn and weather-beaten foundation stones, washed by the waves for nineteen centuries. The waters of the lake have now subsided below the normal shore line, for it is mid-Summer and a time of drought. Upon the green and water-lined stones we see ample evidence of ages of erosion. Here indeed are the wrecks of time. Every stone trodden thoughtlessly under foot or rounded into pebbles by the action of the sea was once a part of an attractive community; — from the descriptions of historians we may infer that it must have been the "Luna Park" of Palestine. Against these walls were moored

FLOCKS DRINKING ON THE BEACH.

the pleasure craft of the luxurious Roman colony, and the purple-sailed galleys of the Idumæan court. Gone forever from these shores is the splendor of this golden age; if pros-

perity comes once more to Galilee it will be the prosperity born of industry and not the lavishness of the oppressor.

OXEN THRESHING.

From the neighboring fields large flocks of sheep and goats and droves of cattle come down to drink; the sturdy black and white oxen standing up to their shoulders in the cooling water, perfect pictures of bovine placidity. Later in the day some of these same oxen must do their part in the daily routine of the peasant's work, and be driven round and round upon heaps of golden grain, threshing the chaff from the kernel.

We see several of these primitive grist mills in operation, even though it is early in the day, and we pause for a moment to watch with interest the age-old process, the same as that employed by the children of Abraham.

We see the hard-working oxen bend occasionally beneath the yoke and nibble at the grain under foot, calling to mind with pleasing directness the old Mosaic injunction "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn". It is like picking cherries on the profit-sharing system, two for the pail and one for the boy in the tree.

A white-domed structure a mile or so beyond the outskirts of Tiberias is the synagogue of the Sephardim, and

nearby are the graves of several learned Talmudists. To the North of the town are other historic Jewish tombs, among them that of the celebrated Rabbi Ben Akiba. After the fall of Jerusalem, Tiberias and its environs became a sort of intellectual capital for the Jewish nation and the seat of the Sanhedrim. The learning of the schools, much of which had been handed down by oral tradition only, was committed to writing, and between the third and sixth centuries A. D. the Talmud and the Mishna came into existence.

A TOMB ON THE HILLSIDE.

Yet there is little of the atmosphere of culture apparent in this region to-day. While it is claimed that the study of the Talmud still flourishes here, the bright minds of Jewish thinkers and teachers have become indispensable parts of every great nation in the world. Sometimes we speak of the Jews as the "scattered nation", yet to how great an extent is the world indebted to the Jews ! This very scattering process has enriched the entire globe. We call to mind

the names of the foremost scholars, physicians and scientists of Europe and America, and it is truly astonishing to discover how important has been the part taken by the Jews in the uplift and development of the lands of their adoption; contributing knowledge and service, devotion and patriotism, healing and inspiration! Repaying good for evil, the Jew has made all mankind his debtor.

The hills of Palestine are honeycombed with caves, and these caves have been utilized from the dawn of history, and before, as shelters for the living and sepulchers for the dead. Every mountainside presents yawning caverns to arouse our curiosity. Like the limestone formations in France, these caves are naturally adapted to human habitation, and it is a safe conjecture to surmise that buried deep in the hard packed earthen floors of many of these recesses are still to be found the prehistoric flint implements of the neolithic age. It has been my privilege to explore many of the aboriginal rock shelters of Northern New Jersey and to experience the fascination of bringing to light primitive artifacts which have not seen the light of day for centuries; hence every cave of Palestine seems especially tempting. Happy the lot of him whom time and means will permit to "scratch around" in the rich soil of mother earth, — the "culture levels" of ages, — and see for himself the footprints and the traces of those who have gone before, and realize the slow and primitive steps by which man, age by age, has risen to his present dominant position.

Many of the rock tombs of Galilee are again in use, the modern Jewish colonists burying their dead in the tombs of their fathers, whose dust has long since mingled with the earth. I found one old Roman tomb freshly whitewashed within and without. I saw upon its walls new inscriptions in Hebrew. Reverently I lingered for a moment in the presence of the dead, then turned again toward the domain of the living, to see blue Galilee, dancing in the sunlight, appearing more beautiful than ever, when framed by the portal

of the sepulcher. In this vicinity are the celebrated hot springs, whose waters possess highly medicinal properties, so it is said. Some of them, unutilized, bubble out of the ground and make their way down to the lake, leaving a greenish deposit on the stones. There are several bath houses. Some of them are old and dirty, with general bath-rooms, presided over by vicious looking natives. The new bath house, with private accommodations, is scarcely more pretentious. If, however, you are a courageous man, you may "take a chance" and experience a sulphurous boiling, which may or may not heal your "rheumatics" or cutaneous diseases, if you are so afflicted. These baths have been famous in history, and many a gouty old Roman epicurean has, without a doubt, expiated his crimes at this Galilean Karlsbad.

Late in the afternoon, on that most interesting Sabbath, I walked alone along the lakeside toward Magdala. One or two fishing boats, skimming across the lake, gave to the water a touch of life, while nearer the shore two fishermen, waist deep in water, fussed over a tattered net, as though preparing for the night's work. We wonder what luck they will have.

A CORNER OF THE CITY WALL.

These are not the days of miracles, alas, and if they return in the morning "having toiled all night and caught nothing" no superhuman power will bid them recast their net and draw in again with unheard-of success. More probably an unwelcome reception will await them in yonder village at the hands of some irate termagant !

Ere we retraced our steps to Tiberias the sun had sunk low over the hills. A cooling breeze from across the lake tempted me to linger on the shore, and seating myself upon a fluted section of a prostrate column lying at the very edge of the lapping waves, I studied with interest the tiny, white, crab-like creatures, hundreds of which had taken refuge beneath the stones. Whether they are edible or not I cannot say, but I recollect that I gathered a hat-full with childish acquisitiveness, and then wondered what to do with them.

A "PASSER-BY."

The shadows fall apace, and evening, that borderland of mystery, silently spreads its soothing mantle over the land and over the sea. All is quiet now, save for the occasional bark of a dog in the distant town. It is the end of a perfect day.

I have been "reading Mark Twain" with great interest

of late, and somehow I am learning to appreciate more and more the strange yet fascinating style of America's greatest satirist. His "Innocents Abroad" will never become "out-of-date" as is the case with so many travel books, and his descriptions and reflections voice our own thoughts as we follow in his steps through Palestine, and linger thoughtfully by the sea.

Setting at naught all conventionalities, he hesitates not in the least to shatter our illusions of Galilee's lovliness by day. He ridicules saint and sinner alike; then philosophizes a bit; then breaks once more into the strain of humor as if to put away an obtrusive solemnity which was not to his liking. Yet I am convinced that Clemens was possessed of a profoundly religious nature, — never once does he refer to the truly sacred with even a suggestion of levity, and his most caustic arraignment of accepted tradition gives way to a sublime tribute to the Christ as he contemplates the Sea of Galilee beneath the starry dome of night.

The Holy Land is a ren-

The TIBERIAS of Bible times is the modern TABARIYA, a little town on the Western shore of Gennesaret, which for nineteen hundred years has been the center of a little Galilean world.

The shores of the lake have been dotted with villages from the dawn of history; the tribes of Asher, Zebulon and Issachar dwelt here. But it was in the Roman period that the charms of the region were most appreciated. Galilee then formed a separate province and was densely peopled.

The town of Tiberias, founded by Herod Antipas, is believed to have been built about 17—25 A. D., and was named in honor of his patron, the Roman emperor Tiberius. At the time of Christ's ministry, therefore, it was quite a new place, and undoubtedly a popular and refined community, a center of Greco-Roman culture, and rich in beautiful public buildings as well as palatial villas.

While Christ frequented the Galilean villages and chose His disciples from among the fishermen dwelling in the region roundabout, but one mention is made of the town in the account of His ministry, and only two other references to the name as applied to the lake. The latter of these passages tells us that, after His resurrection, the Master came again to Galilee, as if once more to enjoy the beauties of the lake and the fellowship of His earthly companions before going from them forever.

During the Jewish war of independence, when Josephus became commander-in-chief, he fortified Tiberias, but the inhabitants voluntarily surrendered to Vespasian and were permitted to remain in peace. After the fall of Jerusalem, Tiberias became the chief seat of the Jewish nation, and here for centuries Jewish literature flourished. At the time of Constantine a Christian church was here established, and it was at Tiberias that St. Jerome learned Hebrew.

The Arabs took Tiberias in 637. It was restored to Christendom by Tancred, but yielded to Saladin in 1187 after the battle of Hattin. From 1240 to 1247 it was again in Christian hands.

About the middle of the 18th century it was again fortified by Zahir el-'Omar, who for many years defied the Turkish power.

The walls of the town and the castle on the North were in great part ruined by an earthquake in 1837, when half the population perished.

The surface of the lake and the lower portion of the town is 660-680 feet below the level of the Mediter-

ranean, occasioning an almost tropical climate, pleasantly tempered by the breezes from the lake. The banks of the lake form a veritable paradise in Spring. Aside from the fever which is prevalent after the first rains of Autumn, Tiberias is not unhealthy.

The present day population of perhaps 8500 comprises fully 7000 Jews, many of them Polish immigrants, among whom German is almost universally spoken.

dezvous for preachers : they love to write about its features from a religious and even dogmatic standpoint. Beecher, forty years ago, gave us sublime impressions of Palestine, with sermons convincing and logical as well. But oratory and preaching was the business of Beecher and those who followed him, and we expect from them nothing else than spiritual deductions.

The purely archæological writers go to the other extreme, for, as they say, "Science knows no Religion". Their impressions often leave us doubting and skeptical, and shatter our time worn convictions without supplying anything to take their place.

The professional traveler and lecturer talks and writes to please, and most of us who boast of that distinction are irresponsible dreamers or idealists: we tinge our descriptions with our favorite hobbies, and then try to compile our "ravings" into an attractive unit.

That which impresses me above all else is the involuntary expression of an inborn reverence on the part of the man who styles himself "irreligious", and the heart-longings in our own souls for the pure and the good, only satisfied by the teachings and the memory of Jesus. It convinces me that our faith, be it ever so feeble, is not in vain, — it obliterates the doubts born of too keen research, and the petty bit of knowledge thus acquired.

But I have become side-tracked. Returning to the subject of Mark Twain, let me say that his descriptions of Palestine are for the most part applicable to-day. Recent years have brought few changes, and save for the improved facilities for travel and the advent of the European colonists, little is new in Bible lands. No two travelers see through the same eyes, however, and it is this diversity of vision

which constantly permits additions to the myriad of books already written on the subject.

At dinner that evening we discover that a second party of tourists have arrived at the hotel, bound Northward for Damascus. There is usually plenty of excitement when two expeditions "cross wires" in this fashion.

To our delight, there are some friends from home, and a party of folks from Pittsburg whom last we saw entering the great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh !

FRIENDS FROM HOME.

At this stage of the journey I am traveling alone. Hungry for someone to "chum with", I join the boys. At once it is proposed to make up a group and go for a swim. The fellows gleefully scurry from room to room, confiscating all available towels, and in a few minutes we are on our way through the dark streets of the lower town, and outside the gates, tramping over the bowlder-strewn beach to a spot recommended by the villagers. It now transpires that the ladies too have caught the spirit of the occasion and are off for a lark on their own account, with headquarters a short distance down the shore.

And so we splash and chatter away in happy abandon. The air is warm and the water "just fine", and, if the stones on the bottom do not offend your tender feet, perfect bliss reigns supreme. For almost a quarter of a mile one may walk away from the shore with the water scarcely up to his shoulders. So all are satisfied; "sink or swim" no danger lies in wait.

We have arranged to start early the next morning on the journey "overland" to Jerusalem. Three days will be required for the trip, and here, for the first time, we must depend upon a carriage.

Luckily it happens that a vehicle has come up from Judea but yesterday, and we are informed that the driver

will wait, if possible, for a "fare" before undertaking the homeward journey. We ferret out the owner of the rig and strike a bargain : for three pounds, — British gold, — I am to have the carriage all to myself.

The amount is not excessive and I gladly acquiesce, when to my surprise my prospective charioteer tenders me a French five franc piece to bind the bargain ! This is, of course, to be returned to him when I make my final reckoning, but the custom is pleasing, and quite different from our "cash in advance" no-confidence methods.

OUR ROYAL CHARIOT.

The hired outfit turns out to be a "coach and three", the coach of course being an antiquated victoria, with cushions and top linings of light blue. The third horse is hitched on the outside of the team, and I later learn that the position of the animals is shifted at the halting places.

The idea of three horses to convey one lightweight traveler with but three pieces of baggage appears absurd, but it seems they brought up a heavy load from Jerusalem, and the horses deserve the relief. Yet the idea of one's own private equipage is decidedly luxurious, and I suppose I assumed an air and attitude of becoming dignity as we rolled out of Tiberias.

We had planned to make an early start, but it was past mid-day when we left the town and began the slow ascent

of the hills. Up we wind at a snail's pace : the road is much worse than I had anticipated, turning and twisting among

MOUNT TABOR.

the hillocks above the town in serpentine fashion, and often strewn with bowlders.

For an hour we remain in sight of Galilee; the plan of the region is now spread out like a map far below, with Tiberias and Magdala but tiny groups of white houses by the water's edge. Then it is lost behind the hills.

Our driver now whips his horses into a trot and we rattle along at a more satisfactory pace. Despite the fact that the springs of our vehicle have long since lost their "springiness" and the constant anxiety lest one of our suit cases shake loose from its moorings and tumble down on our shins, it is

decidedly a pleasant mode of travel. Rather lonesome, to be sure, this journeying alone like a solitary nabob, but there are times when one's thoughts make very tolerable companions, and he who is not solaced by entertaining thoughts when touring a region so rich in history is greatly to be pitied; — it must be a case of mental vacuity.

A few miles to the Southward is Mount Tabor, a remarkably formed hill, whose perfectly rounded summit seems almost artificial in its egg-like symmetry. Under the afternoon sun and a sky of cloudless blue it is the dominating feature of a landscape of perfect peace. Few spots in this old world, however, have witnessed such a succession of stirring events.

MOUNT TABOR, rising about thirteen hundred feet above the plain, is a mountain whose history is more eventful and thrilling than that of any other mountain in the world, and, perhaps, of any other place—hill or plain. Mt. Tabor is the gigantic exclamation point of nature in a little country where almost every foot of ground is the tomb of a tragedy. In the earliest times in the history of the Jews we find that this huge mound of earth and stone was a pivotal point in the wars of tribes, of countries, and of nations. Issachar built a city upon it; great armies have again and again fought around its base. Sisera and his hordes were swept out of existence under its shadow. Gideon's armies more than once tented at its foot, and Romans and Jews fought tigerishly along its slopes. The Crusaders built churches on its summit, and Napoleon the Great, in 1799, made modern warfare memorable by Kleber's fight with an almost overwhelming body of Syrians. It would take volumes in which to narrate the history of events of which Mt. Tabor has been either the center or the immediate background. The summit is crested with the ruins of churches and roughened with the relics of forgotten towns and fortresses. From its top, where a small chapel now affords shelter to travelers, the eyes take in Gilboa, the Sea of Galilee, the Mount of Beatitudes, Safed, the Mediterranean, and the lovely plain of Esdraelon and Galilee. Until recent years Tabor was considered as the Mount of Transfiguration, but severe scholastic research has failed, as yet, to positively satisfy us on this point.

Nestled among the Galilean valleys and orchards are a few old villages, brightened by the presence of a French or a Russian monastery or convent school. But most attractive of all are the settlements of the "colonists", in which all Christendom as well as every Jew is interested.

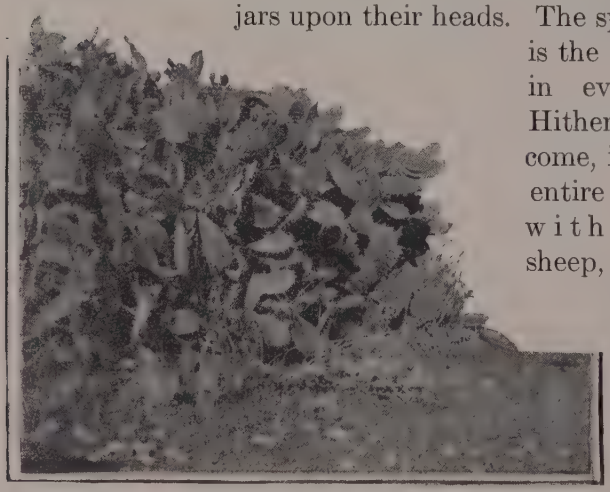
No portion of the world needs "colonizing" more than the Holy Land, and the advent of hundreds of Jews from unfavorable environments in Europe, and a few Christians as well, who have migrated from time to time back to these old, old valleys, is like the infusion of young blood into the withered veins of a patriarch.

Years of neglect and abuse have devastated much of Palestine, yet under the careful cultivation of the colonists the wasted valleys are beginning to bloom once more; vine and orchard again breath out an atmospere of sweetness and hospitality; which proves beyond a doubt that a country as well as an individual may "come back". Given a century of peace and a steady influx of thrifty farmers, Palestine will again justify words of praise such as filled the hearts of her proud and prosperous people when Israel gloried in her God-given heritage !

Well on in the afternoon we approach the village of Kafr Kenna. On either side of the roadway are impenetrable hedges of the "prickly pear", which is in reality a species of the cactus, and aside from its edible fruit, surely serves as an effective stockade.

Kafr Kenna is probably identical with the Cana of the New Testament, where Christ is reputed to have performed His first miracle, and turned the water into wine.

The village is most attractive, and, as if to illustrate the scriptural story, we pass scores of women and children coming from the spring with stone water jars upon their heads. The spring or well is the center of life in every village. Hither, at evening, come, it seems, the entire population, with droves of sheep, goats and cattle from all the country round. The spring at Cana is a pictur-



THE "PRICKLY PEAR"

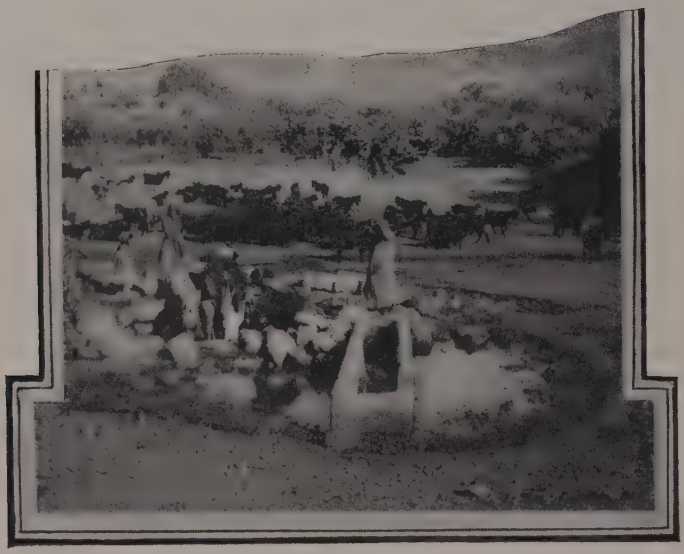
esque spot, where our thirsty horses regale themselves from an ancient stone sarcophagus. My solemn visaged driver proceeds to carefully sponge out their nostrils, after which he washes his own feet and lies down beneath a tree by the road-side for a ten-minute "snooze" before proceeding on the journey, while I improve the opportunity to secure a few snapshots of those who come

RETURNING FROM THE WELL.

to draw water. The traveler watching the constant "line up" of cattle at the drinking trough can easily understand old Jacob's strategy at the watering place of his father-in-law Laban; when by placing "streaked rods" before the cattle, he influenced thereby the color of the "increase".

Of course Kafr Kenna has a church; two or three of them in fact, and all basing their claims to distinction upon the miracle at the wedding feast. But there is little to interest the visitor at either of them. For me the spring itself was amply sufficient. Here the water was drawn, with-

out a doubt. The spot was familiar to Christ. Nazareth, we know, is but a few miles distant, and here he must often have stopped in the eager days of His boyhood or the tired days of His ministry.



THE SPRING AT CANA.

Slowly we drove away. I thought of the miracles of the Bible, so strange and hard to accept. In these matter-of-fact times, I suppose a miracle, even if performed, would scarcely be credited. We would be apt to say — "There's some deception" just as we do when witnessing a clever performance of a Keller or a Thurston.

Or, if the miracle was one of healing, our advanced knowledge of medicine would get the credit. Is *Faith* a lost art ?

A little brown lizard scurried across the road, and took refuge in the chinks of a crumbling wall. But the frightened reptile, dust covered and blinking in the sun, had answered my doubts.

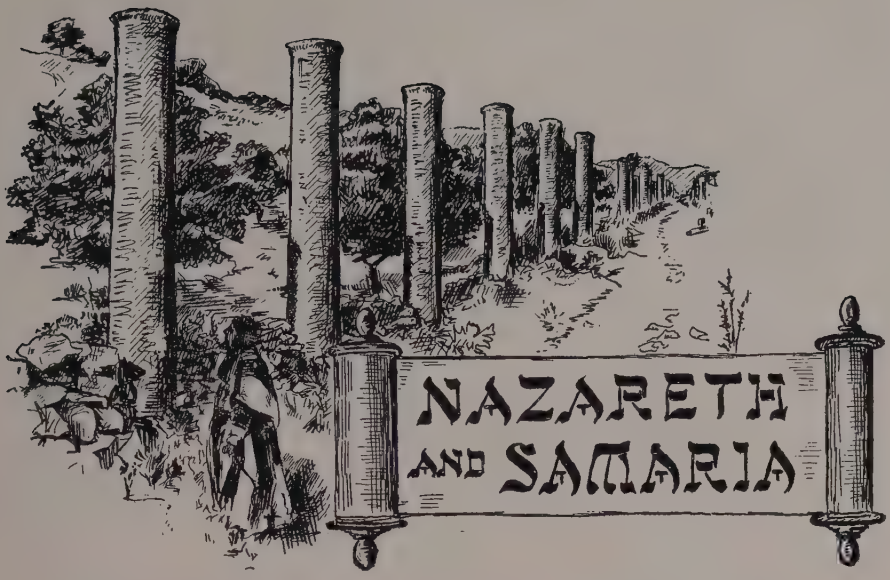
All nature is a miracle, — a perpetual miracle. Every

flower, every tree, every creature of fur and feathers is a miracle !

Day and night, seed time and harvest, and you and I, with our poor, doubting personalities, are evidences of an all-powerful and all-provident Deity !

From the summit of the next hill we shall see Nazareth.

NOT BEAUTIFUL, BUT USEFUL



IN the old days Nazareth was a "no account town". It was off the line of the great Roman highway through Galilee and was but litte frequented by visitors from the outside world. The circling belt of vine covered hills served to isolate the community, and the Nazarines concerned themselves but little with the doings of the rest of humanity. They in turn were looked down upon as ignorant and benighted villagers, even by the scarcely more fortunate dwellers in other parts of Judea and Galilee, and to be called a Nazarine was by no means to one's credit. In this beautifully situated yet unlettered community the boy Jesus grew to manhood, humbly following the conventional ways of his kinsfolk until the time arrived for the beginning of His life's work. He lived, and ministered and died, and then as generations passed, men measured His worth. The early Christians consequently resorted to the town of His birth, and here erected churches. Nazareth became second only to Jerusalem in sanctity, and as the centuries passed, the Crusaders strove for its possession with equal zeal. And we of to-day, the "Camera Crusaders" as Dwight Elmendorf puts it, must under no circumstances omit a visit to this now famous town.

NAZARETH, in modern Arabic En-Nasira, has a population of about 15,000, of whom 5000 are Moslems — the remainder Christians, chiefly Orthodox Greeks and Latins. The town enjoys a measure of prosperity; farming, gardening, cattle raising and the manufacture of agricultural implements being the principal sources of employment. It is surrounded on all sides by the pleasantest landscapes of Canaan, nestling in a hollow on the South slope of the hills which bound the plain of Esdraelon on the North, beautiful in olive groves and green meadows. Though it had a synagogue and is called in the Gospels a city, Nazareth must have been an obscure place in the time of Jesus. It has no Old Testament history. Eusebius and Jerome are positive in its identification, however, as the place of Christ's early life. For years its population consisted entirely of Samaritan Jews. In the 6th century there were two Christian churches here, one of them undoubtedly the work of the Empress Helena, and standing over the supposed Grotto of the Annunciation.

In consequence of the Moslem conquests Nazareth dwindled down again to a mere village. In 970 it was taken by the Greek emperor Zimisces. The place was most flourishing in the time of the Crusaders, who transferred to it the bishopric of Scythopolis. In 1229, the Emperor Frederick II, one of the most remarkable historic figures of the middle ages, while King of Jerusalem, rebuilt the town; and in 1250 it was visited by Louis IX (Saint Louis) of France. When the Franks were finally driven out, Nazareth again lost its importance, and after the Turkish conquest in 1517 the Christians were compelled to leave the place. The Franciscans, under the protection of Fakhreddin, established themselves again in 1620. Like Tiberias, the town was benefited by the Arab Sheikh Zahir, who in the middle of the 18th century had made himself master of Central Palestine and resided at Acre. Like all the rest of Palestine, Nazareth is indebted to the colonists of the last generation, and the generous Europeans who have endowed and supported its present numerous schools and hospitals, of which there are over a dozen — and all doing magnificent work. The hill above the town commands one of the finest views in Galilee, from Hermon to Mount Carmel.

We had expected little of Nazareth : perhaps a collection of dirty houses and filthy streets — like Damascus without its commerce or Tiberias without its Galilee. When therefore we had crossed the brow of the last intervening hill and saw the Nazareth of to-day spread out before us in all its attractive beauty, we experienced a most pleasant surprise. The "new comers" of the last decade have wrought the transformation. Again it is the same story of new buildings. Private cottages and public institutions dot the slopes of the green amphitheatre, in the arena of which a remnant of old Nazareth still lies dormant. Yet were it not for the old town we should never have journeyed these five thousand miles to see the new, and when all is said and done we confess that the ruinous reminders of the past are but enhanced by their modern surroundings, like an "old master" of the Renaissance in a frame of burnished gold.

The sunset light still lingered in the valley as we descended between rows of stately poplars. No picture town of Northern Italy ever appeared more lovely than Nazareth

PANORAMA OF NAZARETH.

at the close of day. The town has grown to a considerable size and our hotel lies at the further extremity of the village. Again it proved to be a German institution, with good European cooking and roast beef as the stellar attraction on the dinner menu. Three German professors were there — archaeologists, I think — (had it been a few months later I should have suspected a political mission.) They were decidedly uncommunicative and self-centered and positively refused to fraternize. But to atone for their graceless behavior, the other guest turned out to be a minister from Minnesota, a jovial Irishman by name and ancestry, but a true American in deed and spirit. We had a little smoke together and a pleasant chat about the things which all travelers have in common, and before we parted I had the pleasure of loaning him my Italian guide book, for thither he was bound before embarking on the homeward journey.

"MAID OF NAZARETH".

Lord Byron went into raptures over his "Maid of Athens." For me, however, a little dark-eyed "maid of Nazareth" will linger forever in the picture gallery of memory. She was my guide at Nazareth, and never have I been equally fortunate in securing a guide so competent and a companion so interesting at the same time.

As a general rule, guides are a nuisance. I had one very unpleasant experience in Egypt with a thick skulled Arab

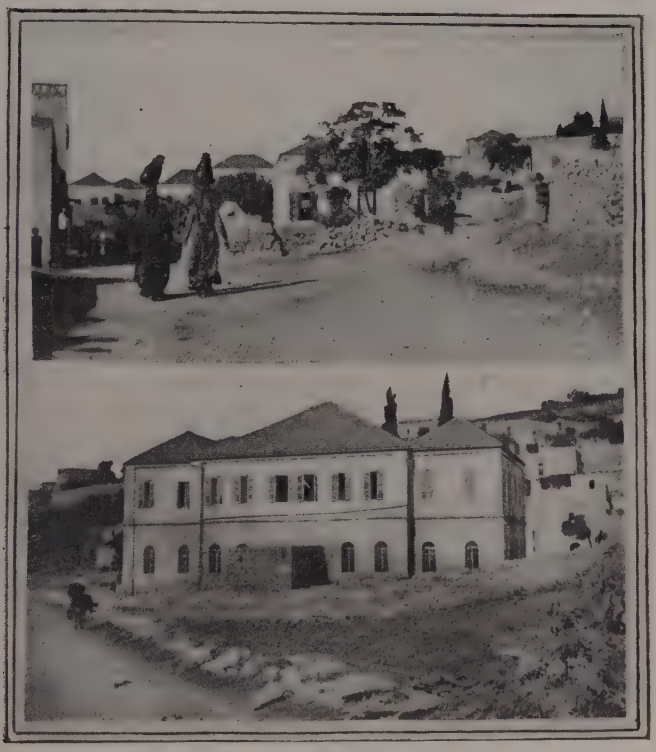
who conducted me through the Tomb of Ti at Sakkara. All that Hassan could do, (and they all seem to be called Hassan) was to point his henna-dyed finger at the wall carvings and prate about the "sacred fish", the "sacred eye", the "sacred duck", and the "cartouche of Rameses II."

But the Nazareth romance happened "thusly" : Outside the door of the hotel as we sallied forth after breakfast was a multitude of women of all ages, offering trinkets and lace for sale. My little "Pocahontas" pushed her way into the animated circle and in good English began to expatiate upon the merits and beauty of her hand made lace collarettes. Now I am a bachelor and have little use for such lingerie, but "because she troubled me continually" I invested in a couple of handkerchiefs. The cash tendered in payment produced a charming smile, and of a sudden I realized that she was really pretty — a charming character study. So for a few minutes I "studied character" assiduously while she offered her wares to the reverend gentleman from Minnesota. But business was not rushing for the damsels of Nazareth that day. Two poor American tourists were inadequate to fill the pockets of the multitude, and, as the clergyman took compassion on another crippled woman, poor little sister returned to the attack with another yarn about the lace collarettes.

But just then I had an inspiration; why not employ her to conduct me through the town ? I hadn't seen much of girls since leaving the Princess Irene at Naples; she appeared to be fairly intelligent and evidently knew the town, — so we struck a bargain. She proved indeed a charming little companion, and would certainly have made a "premiere cicerone". She told me her age was fourteen, yet she talked and acted like an American girl of seventeen.

A fellow always enjoys the society of a girl who can chat in an entertaining manner. My new friend had acquired just enough English to make her conversation interesting; the rudiments from one of the convent schools and

the rest "picked up" from tourists. She explained that during the season when visitors were plentiful her laces found a ready sale, but in Summer the income was exceedingly meagre. Her aged mother and herself supported themselves



NAZARETH STREET SCENE AND MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL.

by making and selling the lace to travelers, but they were living in hopes that a brother in far off Venezuela would eventually "make good" and provide a home for them in America. It seems that the Syrians share the view of the peasant class the world over; namely, — the prevalent illusion that our land is a sort of Golconda — a place of continual prosperity, where everyone is rich and want is unknown. They have absolutely no idea of the vast extent of the "new

world", in fact even my radiant little chatter-box thought New York must be somewhere near the whereabouts of her brother.

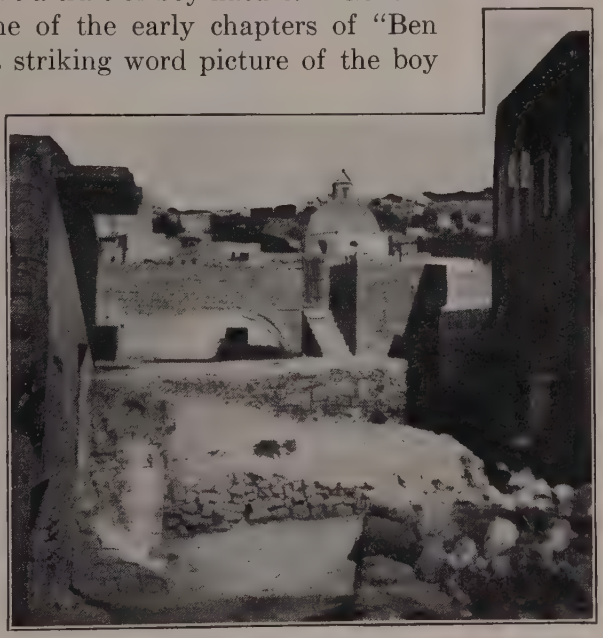
The miserable Mohammedan boys school at Nazareth looks deserted. In fact it is "good for nothing save to be cast into the oven". Its influence is nil, and its teachings are valueless. It is the Christian and Jewish schools which are of benefit to the community, and happily the Syrian children are not slow to avail themselves of their refining influences. My companion was a shining example of that refinement. What a transformation a little education can accomplish !

THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN.

There is only one well authenticated site in Nazareth. It is the so-called Virgin's fountain, and like all the wells and springs throughout Palestine, forms the living link between the past and the present. To-day the water pours into the stone basin through a series of iron pipes, and an arch of masonry has been erected over it. Springs, however, seldom change their position, and as this is the only fountain in the old town we may safely assume that to this well came Mary and the Christ-child year after year; first the young mother with her toddling infant, then the thoughtful woman of maturer years and the sturdy young village car-

penter. There is always a group at the well curb, its familiar outlines are pictured in every travel book, and we have no room for doubt as to its genuineness. Save for this one location, all else in Nazareth is tradition. But tradition is everywhere. The so called "Synagogue", now a United Greek Church, is said to occupy the site of that which Christ attended. Another chapel has for years stood upon the reputed foundation of the "Workshop of Joseph". There is little of interest in the sanctuary itself beside a picture over the altar. But that picture is the most beautiful work of art in Nazareth. The boy Jesus is portrayed at the work bench, with Joseph in the foreground and Mary sitting thoughtfully at the foot of the stairs. It is a modern painting, and worthy of reproduction.

No more pleasing conception of idealized boyhood was ever given to the world. It is difficult to imagine Christ as a boy, just as it is hard to imagine a boy of to-day being Christ-like, for it isn't a trait of boy nature. General Lew Wallace, in one of the early chapters of "Ben Hur" has painted a striking word picture of the boy Jesus, in which we find the lad stopping to assist a stranger on the highway. And if we are to think of Christ as a boy at all, let it be as one who was ever ready to help a boy less fortunate. And if we are to find a boy to-day who has any of the Christ-like virtues, it will not



THE SYNAGOGUE.

be an effeminate boy with Sabbath School lesson memorized to perfection and faultlessly knotted tie; but it will be the manly little fellow who thinks of others, — a true Boy Scout, ready with his *"good turn every day"*.

They are building a new church on this spot, and it will be an impressive building, too, when completed, — beautiful in its cream colored limestone. Out of curiosity I crawled

"THE WORKSHOP OF JOSEPH".

under the protecting fence and essayed to photograph the building in process of construction. But the sharp eyes of the master mason had spied me. Instead, however, of ordering me out of the enclosure, he courteously lined up his "gang", apprentices and all, and posed them in real style before my camera. The resulting film was one of the gems of my collection. Some weeks later I mailed a print to the obliging Syrian. The faces of every one comprising this picturesque yet motley group express the keenest enjoy-

ment. Each one of the force has his implement of toil, while the boys have brought into action the popular cigarette, with that universal "show off" demeanor which is common to the budding youth of the "genus homo". The ample and baggy trousers are, as will be noted, of the latest and most approved Nazareth cut. In point of popularity and comfort it is an even toss between the "pajamas" or the "nighties"' with the peasants of the East, although European pantaloons and coats are frequently worn.

THE MASTER MASON AND HIS "CREW".

In the Southern part of Nazareth is located the Latin monastery and the Church of the Annunciation . A sleepy looking monk admitted us to the sacred precincts. Beneath the church are several grottoes which tradition has invested with great sanctity. Here we are shown the spot where Mary and Gabriel stood during that strangely mystic interview when the divine message was delivered to the virgin,

and she, who was to be "highly favored among women" heard with trembling heart the scarce comprehended words of the spiritual visitor. And after the lapse of all these centuries we still do not comprehend; but rather, with as much faith as we can muster up, we try to accept that which is beyond our ken.

It would be useless to speculate as to the genuineness of the spot. It seems certain that a church was erected here in the fourth century by Helena, the mother of Constantine, and she, of all persons, must have had access to trustworthy information. We accept the authenticity of the New Tes-

NEW CHURCH — SITE OF JOSEPH'S WORKSHOP.

tament scriptures upon no more convincing argument. We know, however, that the early Christians were rooted and grounded in their allegiance to Christ and the scenes connected with His life and death; they, at least, would have no reason for deception. So let us not be too wise or too skeptical, but rather be contented with the testimony of those

who have gone before as regards localities; eliminating, if we will, the fanciful additions and elaborations of later days.

In the courtyard of the monastery broken columns and

"FRAGMENTS OF THE CENTURIES".

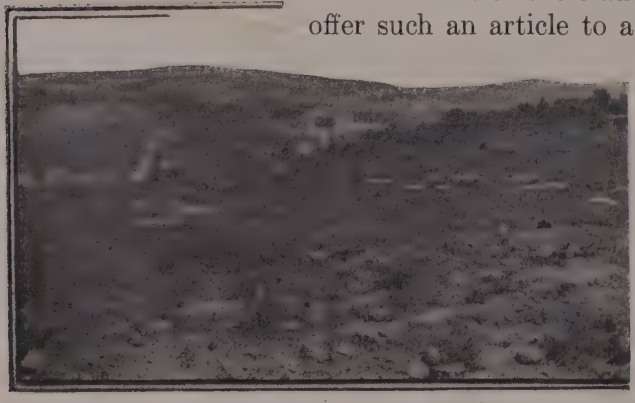
fragments of old masonry remind us of the several edifices which have here been erected and then fallen a prey to the ravages of time. Here are the wrecks of centuries. Beside a broken column of the earliest basilica are bits of the Crusaders church; and in the center of the enclosure the old cistern with its antique iron crane, around which only God knows how many memories cluster.

If only the spirits of the departed could congregate once more between these old walls, and we of the present secrete ourselves in a corner apart and revel in the reunion ! Where now indolent monks shuffle about in sandaled feet, noble hearted men took counsel in the days when it meant

death to bear the name of the Nazarine. Here mail-clad knights clasped hands gauntleted in steel and pledged themselves to fight to the last the Saracenic hosts even then encamped upon the Northern hills. This narrow stone paved court, rich in reminiscent ruin, is without doubt the spot of greatest inspiration in Nazareth of Galilee.

A long day's journey lies between Nazareth and Nabulus, where we calculate to put up for the following evening. Invariably an early start is made. The roads moreover are said to be scandalously bad, but this is nothing new. Nevertheless my driver appears before the hotel at an early hour, and after purchasing a few trinkets of olive wood and one or two photographs, I bid goodbye to the beautiful little city of the valley.

As I write I have before me one of the olive-wood souvenirs to which I have just referred. It is supposed to be a ruler, but the edge which ought to be "straight as a die" is like the weapon of the playful sword fish. Olive wood is like that of the apple tree, with grain gnarled and knotted, and most of the curios of that material offered in the miserable bazar were deplorably imperfect, and appeared to have been whittled with a jack knife. This ruler was the worst obtainable, but it is interesting by reason of its crudity, and the assurance of the tradesman willing to offer such an article to a customer. But we are now leaving Nazareth behind. From the crest of the last elevation we turn for a farewell look. Only two days ahead is Jerusalem, the goal of our



FAREWELL TO NAZARETH.

journey, yet we say farewell to Nazareth sadly, — it is hard to say "goodbye" when we may never meet again. And then I wondered, just as every other traveler wonders, what emotions filled the mind of Christ as for the last time He looked upon the old home town. He too was bound for Jerusalem, there to fulfill His mission. These surrounding hills had been the boundaries of His early years, every little dell and glade must have known His presence and witnessed the unfolding life. In other words, Christ's matchless character was developed in yonder sunny valley. Here in Nazareth, for thirty years, that character was in the making.

THE VILLAGE SPRING, — JENIN.

I am no theologian, and I yield to every one his right to individually weigh the words of the sacred book and interpret its message. Temperament, environment and our own experiences guide us in shaping our personal creeds, which must be as diverse in detail as are our personalities. But the world ever pays homage to character, and none can

deny that the study and emulation of Christ's *character* fully as much as His message, have more than all else affected the course of history and controlled the lives of men.

BENEATH THE OLIVE TREE.

If then, there be aught of power and inspiration still lingering in quiet Nazareth or its circling belt of hills, may it be that those who linger here shall be enriched thereby !

The second day of our carriage journey proves as enjoyable as the first. As prophesied, the road soon becomes perilously rough, due in part to the "wash outs" of the preceding Winter. Unlike Egypt, portions of Palestine have an abundant rainfall and at certain seasons the water courses and gulleys, now dry and stony, are transformed into raging torrents, and then "Jordan overfloweth all his banks" as the scriptures put it, — for it is into the valley of the Jordan that most of these mountain streams eventually flow.

At the village of Jenin a noonday halt is made. Here the clear crystal water of the village spring is conducted directly through the town, and at the watering place runs through a long stone trough. The girls and women fill their pitchers at the head of the sluiceway, and the water after passing them by has to run the gauntlet of the thirsty flocks

lined up at the lower end of the conduit. The water supply is the life of the community : on it everything depends. It is scarcely to be wondered that scriptural reference is so often made to the 'water of life'. No simile could be more readily understood.

The modern Jenin is supposed to be identical with the "Engannim" or "Garden Spring" of Joshua 19 : 21, within the territory of Issachar. Truly everything in this wonderful land has centuries of tradition behind it.

We rest for an hour and a half, during which time our lunches are disposed of, while our trusty steeds contentedly munch their mess of beans beneath a roadside tree.

No matter at what village the carriage stops, a curious group is sure to surround the traveler. Curious eyes take you in from head to foot, as if measuring your capacity for dispensing alms. Mere curiousity is not in itself distasteful to the stranger; one rather enjoys being the cynosure of all eyes — so long as he can feel that it is *himself* and not the Sultan's good copper in his wallet which is the object of all this scrutiny and solicitation. But one may as well reconcile himself to the inevitable, and have an unlimited store of small change ever ready to appease the multitude. The 'loaves and fishes' will ever collect a throng, whether it be at a country auction sale in Bucks county or in a forgotten corner of Samaria.

We are now indeed in Samaria, the country which all "must needs pass through" in journeying to the Holy City from the North.

One acquaintance I made at Jenin; a little Syrian boy with whom I talked for a few minutes and then persuaded to pose for me beneath an olive tree. Little did either of us think at the time that his picture would adorn the page of a "travelogue", but here it is. He is not handsome : neither am I — so here's something in common to start off with. His nose is almost as grotesque as that of "Cyrano", but his heart is warm, and, as is the case with all boys, it only re-

quires a little interest to bring out his story. He has learned his English phrases from the Greek priest; the charge for instruction was, if I recall his statement aright, about eighteen cents a month, but even that small sum was burdensome to his father. Right at this point in his narrative I thought the *appeal* was coming — but it didn't. The little chap had too much manhood to be a beggar; his only request was that I write him a letter from America.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION SOUTH OF JENIN.

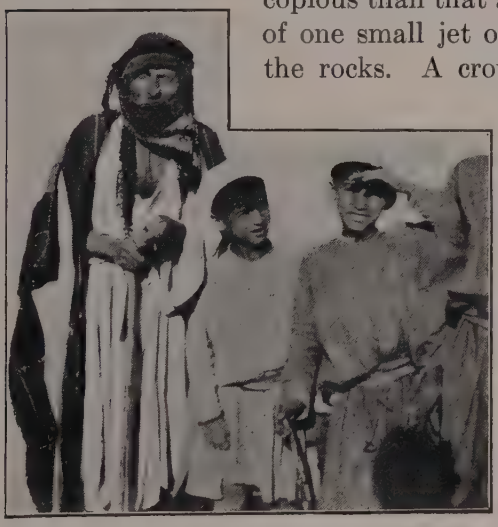
He wrote his name for me: "Meebli". Poor little fellow! I wonder will your tiny spark of ambition germinate and fill you with purpose; and will that purpose eventually open for you the great door of the world? Or will you, like all the rest of your kith and kin, succumb to environment; and merely live and die and be forgotten — without ever having "lived" as we understand the word?

I cannot conceive how a person of wealth can be unhappy. If I were a man of affluence and found myself becoming old and "cantankerous", with all the world looking bluish-green to me, and apparently only a few years left before the end of the tragedy, I'm sure I could fill those self same years with sunshine and delight merely by the bestowal of charity and work along the lines of social betterment. Many of our financiers, happily, have discovered, though late in life, the secret of joy in *Service*.

A few miles South of Jenin we saw interesting evidence

of progress in the development of the country. It was a section of the railway which will eventually connect Jerusalem with the Haifa-Damascus line, upon which the construction gangs are working in several places. The laborers are quartered in spacious tents, and the whole scene resembles a gypsy encampment. In the upper right hand section of our photograph the graded road bed is seen, much higher than the level on which the tents are pitched.*

About the middle of the afternoon a halt is made at a little hamlet nestled in a green valley at the turn of the road. Here, of course, is the inevitable spring, and our driver sees fit to stop "for the sake of the horses". But it turns out that he has many friends living hereabouts, and for all we know a few families of cousins, for he seems to be on good terms with the entire community. The spring here is less copious than that at Jenin, and consists of one small jet of water issuing from the rocks. A crowd of women about the spot seem to be in constant altercation as to the right of way, and there is always a "waiting line."



"BLIND BARTIMEUS".

But it is we who are again the center of attraction. We soon find ourselves surrounded by a crowd of mendicants, both young and old; scampering children who will stand on their heads for a

*Since the above was written, hostilities in Europe and Teutonic influence in Palestine have hastened the completion of this line.

copper; or feeble and blind old men with hands outstretched and suitable expressions of hopelessness. We had a little change left, and we made it go as far as it would. But one old sinner came with his supplications for the third time, and I confess myself guilty of an attempt at crime. At Beyrout a counterfeit "beshlik" had been inflicted upon me, and I had tried in vain to "pass it on". And now the tempter whispered in my ear, "give it to this greedy old fakir". So on his next visit to my carriage, I placed within his horny palm the coin, about the size of a half-dollar. Eagerly his fist closed upon the alms; his face gleamed with cupidity as he felt the large size of the gift, and he hastily shuffled off before I should regret my bounty. Sardonically I laughed to myself and thought I was rid of him for good. But no such luck. In less time than it takes to tell it he was back, loudly expostulating and holding out for my examination the now unwelcome coin. Whether the blind have "eyes that see" after all, or whether it was the critical inspection of his envious companions I cannot say, but the "bad penny" came back and that right quickly. So realizing that my generousity was unappreciated, I again

The SAMARITANS were a peculiar religious community which had its headquarters in the Samaritan country, and it is still represented by a few families (about 170 souls) at Nabulus.

The sect probably came into existence as a result of the co-mingling of the pagan colonists introduced after the Assyrian conquest (about 722 B. C.) with those of the Israelites who had been left behind. This mixed people fashioned for themselves a creed, based upon the Pentateuch, but insisting that God's choice site for His sanctuary was Mount Gerizim, overhanging Shechem. Under the leadership of Sanballat, the Samaritans erected a temple here, which was destroyed B. C. 129 by John Hyrcanus, the Asmonean. The summit of Mt. Gerizim is strewn with ruins to-day, but hither the remnant of the Samaritans still come to celebrate the Passover.

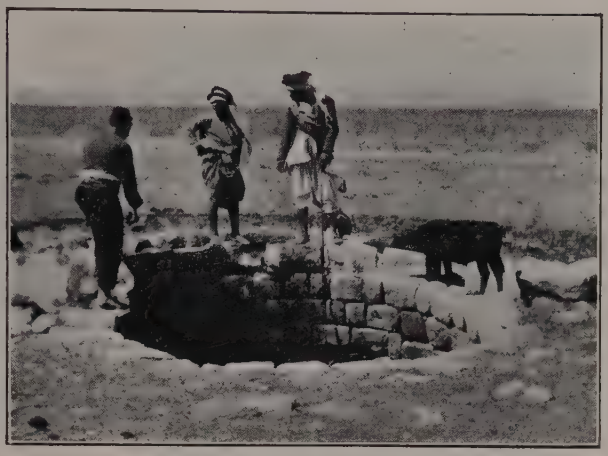
Since the time of the Jewish return from exile, feelings of great bitterness have existed between them and the Samaritans. The emnity between them is sharply emphasized in the New Testament.

In the wars against the Romans the Samaritans suffered greatly, and after the advent of Christianity, their antagonism toward the latter was the cause of constant friction in and about Shechem. Justinian closed their synagogues in 529 A. D., and many of the Samaritans took refuge in Persia, while a few accepted Christianity.

In the 12th century there were possibly 1000 adherents of the faith in Palestine. Since then the cult has been steadily decreasing numerically. Among the Samaritans of Nabulus the men wear white surplices and red turbans, and have preserved a venerable type of Jewish physiognomy. They are strict monotheists, and abhor all images. They look for the appearance of the Messiah 6000 years after the creation of the world, but do not consider that he will be greater than Moses.

The high-priest, whose office is hereditary, and who claims to be of the tribe of Levi, is the president of the community, and one of the district authorities at Nabulus.

tucked away my pocket piece.



THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS.

My driver is a silent sort of a fellow, for the very good reason that he cannot speak English, save for a few monosyllables, but he is not a bad sort, and I decided to accept his invitation and join in the hospitality of his friends.

A water-pipe or nargileh has been produced, and is being passed from mouth to mouth. It is smoked with great contentment by the natives, but I understand it is too much for a novice, so I omit this pleasure, and wait until coffee is ready. The Arabs are past masters at the art of coffee making, — over little charcoal fires they heat the tiny pot, and then pour the thick black decoction into cups scarcely larger than a thimble. But it is coffee "par excellence," and ever after your "cafe noir" will bring back this experience to your mind.

The last portion of the day's journey is extremely interesting. Never in my life do I expect to encounter a worse stretch of road. Again washouts and neglect have done their worst. The carriage has been nearly overturned several times, but "a miss is as good as a mile" and nothing serious has happened as yet.

But the worst is yet to come : the driver and myself get out and walk, and with brakes tightly applied and rear wheels chained together, the old victoria is *dragged* down the declivity like a sledge !

But it is fun, and we wish there was more of it. Of course we arrive safely at the bottom, and once more start off across the meadow land. This is a great pastoral country, and has been ever since the days of the patriarchs. The wealth of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was measured by the number of their flocks, herds and wells. And these old wells on the plain are still in service today. Around them are flocks of black sheep, eagerly waiting for the shepherd to draw up the water and empty it into the adjacent troughs. The tin pail which is being let down by the peasant in the picture is nothing less than an old five gallon oil tin, which originally came from the Russian refineries in the Caucasus. Solidly these wells were built, and deeply were they sunk. In portions of Palestine which might be designated "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is", these wells are indispensable. Jacob's well was, in the old days, just such an open field-well as this, and upon just such a rounded curb must the Master have sat and talked with the woman of Samaria. Jacob's well *as it is* today we are to visit on the morrow.

The village of SEBASTIEH crowns an isolated hill, rising 330 feet above the valley. The site corresponds with the ancient "Samaria" when the term is applied to the city, although as early as the days of the Maccabees the designation "Samaria" was applied to the whole of central Palestine.

It was in all probability Omri, King of Israel who founded the place in the ninth century B. C., and made it for a time his capital. At this period Samaria, rather than Jerusalem, was the center of Jewish life; and from the references of the Old Testament prophets it must have been a city where idolatry had corrupted the pure worship of Jehovah.

After a prolonged siege, Samaria was taken by Sargon in B. C. 722. The city was Hellenized by Alexander the Great, who settled Macedonian colonists in it. Under the Ptolemies, Samaria was the head of a province and continued to be a strong city till its destruction by John Hyrcanus in the later half of the second century B. C.

Taken from the Jews by the Roman Pompey, the ruined Samaria was rebuilt by the general Gabinius and subsequently presented by the emperor Augustus to Herod the Great. He it was who caused it to be lavishly restored and beautified and who named it Sebaste, (Greek for Augusta) in honor of his patron. Despite repeated attempts at colonization, the place declined in favor of Shechem. St. Philip preached here, Christianity was established and Samaria became the seat of several churches. A temperary revival occured at the time of the Crusaders, but for centuries the town has had no history. The modern village is insignificant, but for the archaeologist there remains a wealth of ruin — chiefly of the Greco-Roman epoch. The tombs of John the Baptist, Elisha and Obadiah are shown to visitors, while the remains of the crusading churches give evidence of the faith of these enthusiastic knights. In and among the houses of the modern village are scattered many fragments of ancient buildings. American excavators have recently conducted extensive exploration here, establishing beyond a doubt the age and the Jewish origin of the town.

Sebastieh, the chief city of the ancient Samaritans, lies

in ruins on the summit of a lofty, terraced hill. It is an inspiring ruin, perhaps because there is much yet to be discovered here. Excavations have been recently undertaken and are not yet completed. These have brought to light the remains of imposing buildings erected during the Herodian

THE CRUSADERS' CHURCH AT SEBASTIEH

period, as well as earlier foundations, still deeper, which are evidently the work of the Hebrew sovereigns Omri, Ahab and Jehu.

One of the prominent objects amid these ruins is the Church of St. John. Here was buried, if tradition be true, the body of John the Baptist. Now it will be recalled that the *head* of the "forerunner" is reputed to be in the great mosque at Damascus, but this separation of the remains may not be improbable. Acting in the belief that

John was really interred here, the Knights of St. John erected a church over the spot. The tomb itself is twelve or fifteen feet below the floor of the church and is cut out of the solid rock. Thirty-one steps lead to the crypt wherein are also buried the prophets Obadiah and Elisha. But there is great doubt as to this being the genuine burial place of St. John who, according to Josephus, was beheaded in the Castle of Machaerus, on the Dead Sea. Nevertheless, the traveler is shown a basaltic door four feet in height, and behind it the cell in which St. John was imprisoned. The church, for the most part in ruins, is one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-five feet in width. The crosses displayed on its walls indicate that it once had Christian ownership, but at the present time it is possessed by the Moslems. The architecture of both Romans and Saracens is visible in the construction. This ruin is about the only material proof now existing that shows that Christianity ever prevailed in a city infamous for its idolatries.

HOTEL NABULUS ON THE SLOPE OF GERIZIM.

But it is the "Colonnade of Herod's Palace" with its simple columns which leaves the most permanent impression of the lofty city, — this community with whose inhabitants "the Jews had no dealings" at the time of the Gospels.

It is almost dark before we leave Sebastieh, — the horses seem to be fagged out, and indeed the day has been

oppressive. Evening comes on with a delightful coolness and a bewitching sense of peace. The sun has set in a superbly golden and rose-tinted sky behind the mountains of Samaria. Twilight falls. The silver moon comes peeping out and shines with all its splendor upon the winding road ahead. We are now in a region under constant cultivation; on either side are groves of gnarled olive trees, grey and ghostly in the unearthly light of the moonbeams. The fragrance of vine and orchard are wafted to us by the evening breeze. After the journey over barren hills and sunburned plain, we ask in wonder, — "Is this Palestine or Paradise ?" Little wonder that Caleb and Joshua came back from Canaan to Israel in the wilderness with glowing tales of "a land flowing with milk and honey."

We pass two or three caravans of stately camels traveling silent and spectre-like in the shadows to avoid the heat of the day, and at last see far ahead the twinkling lights of Nabulus, telling us that our destination is near at hand.

Despite the late hour of our arrival, we had no difficulty in obtaining supper and excellent sleeping accommodations, for — would you believe it ? — the hotel is maintained by one of the great German

The history of SHECHEM, the modern Nabulus, is practically that of the Samaritans and of the adjacent town of Sebastieh, the hill stronghold.

Eleven hours distant from Jerusalem on the great Northern highway, Shechem stands guarding the pass between Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim, averaging about 3000 feet in height. The vale of Shechem is an easy pass between the Mediterranean and the Jordan basins, and has been frequented from remotest times. The name itself, signifying "shoulder or back", accords with the position of the town on the watershed. It would seem that the Canaanitish clan inhabiting this region were not expelled in the first Jewish conquest and even entered into friendly relations with the invaders. Abimelech was crowned "King of Shechem" and Judges IX goes into a lengthy account of the events of the period.

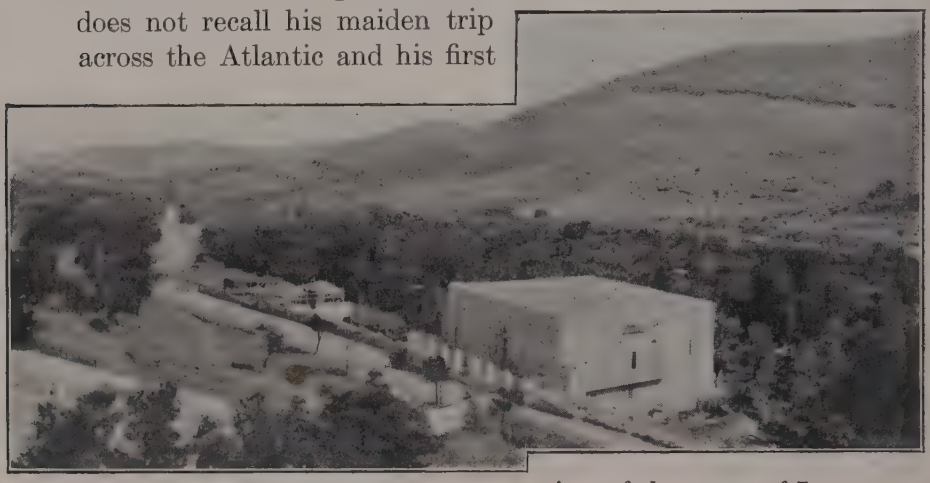
Under Rehoboam, in B. C. 933, the national assembly was held here which resulted in the final separation of the Northern tribes from the kingdom of David. Here Jeroboam resided. Half a century later Omri transferred the royal residence to the newly founded Samaria (Sebastieh).

After the Assyrian conquest and the growth of the racially mixed Samaritans (See p 122) Shechem again came into her former state of prosperity.

In 67 A. D. Vespasian's conquering hosts slew 11000 of the inhabitants. After the fall of Jerusalem, Shechem was rebuilt under the Roman name of Flavia Neapolis — which survives in the modern name "Nabulus". During the Christian period Neapolis became the seat of a bishop. The Crusaders under Tancred captured the town and Baldwin II held a great Diet here.

The present population of Nabulus is about 27,000 and the place is garrisoned by a regiment of infantry. There are about a dozen manufactories of olive oil and soap, and a fair trade in wool, cotton and wheat is carried on with the East Jordan country.

trans-Atlantic steamship companies : We are up betimes next morning, and step out upon the little balcony before our window to look over the landscape. The sensations of delight which we experience are much the same as those which come to the ocean traveler with the first sight of a new land. What globe-trotter does not recall his maiden trip across the Atlantic and his first view of the coast of Ireland ? That wonderful awakening at break of day to find himself lying at anchor in Queenstown harbor; the great engines silent after the ceaseless throbbing of the voyage, yet with the noisy gulls still circling overhead, reminding him that he has come up out of the depths. The impressions of fair County Cork can never be forgotten : it is a seductive picture, with hedge-divided fields, and a white cottage here and there; and, most pleasing of all, the fragrant air wafted over the bay with its unwonted earthy odor, and the wholesome atmosphere of the fields.



THE VALE OF SHECHEM.

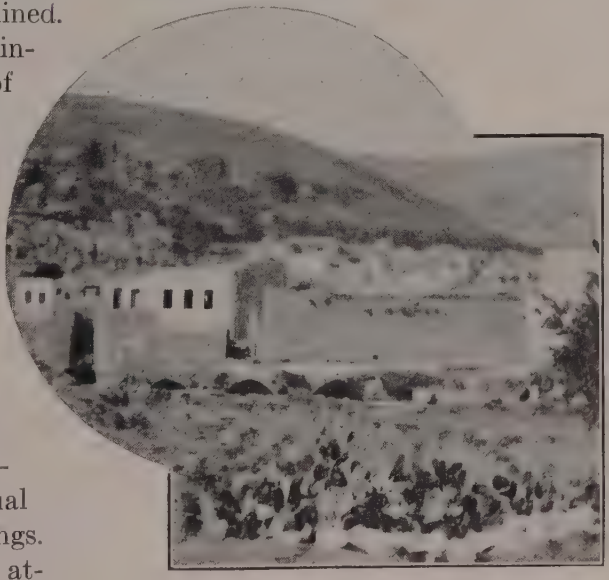
Impressions such as these come to us at Nabulus. We are in a valley of bewitching lovliness. Before us rises Mount Ebal and behind, Mount Gerizim, companions of the ages. Between these barren tops and verdure covered slopes passed the children of Abraham in the dim days of

tradition. Here were gathered together the tribes of Israel to listen to the farewell message of Joshua; those words of admonition, which, had they been heeded, might have seen the Hebrew nation still supreme in the "Land of Promise."

This is the panorama spread before us, while down the valley stretches the road along which we rode mid evening shadows, deserted now save for a solitary peasant and a lumbering cart.

To the early riser must ever come a compensating joy. The birds sing more sweetly at dawn; the dew covered fields give forth their choicest fragrance as they smile in greeting to the new born day. It seems as though landscape and sky have said, "since you have risen early to look upon us, it is to you that we offer our treasures. For a little while — until the waiting world shall wake — you and you alone are master." For you the garden of Eden is re-created, and the "Paradise Lost" through man's primeval sin is, for a few brief moments, regained.

There is little of interest in the town of Nabulus itself. It is the picturesque surroundings that lend the chief charm to the village. We think constantly of *old* Shechem rather than the settlement of to-day, even though it be enhanced by the usual quota of new buildings. No town however attractive can take the place of the Arcadian



NABULUS.

beauty which once clothed this valley. Naught else but a multitude of tents scattered over the green sward could satisfy us, for it is as the meeting place of the tribes in the days of the Judges that the location appeals to us. On these fertile slopes an army could subsist. So the modern town seems out of place : we should like to wave a magic wand over the valley and sweep away every vestige of the town, then call up the spirits of the long departed Israelites and crowd them with their flocks and herds into the verdant amphitheatre. Then to complete the picture, we should

THE SITE OF JACOB'S WELL.

build high on the hillside a great cairn of stones and place upon the altar a smoking sacrifice, with the picturesque figure of a prophet standing apart, clad in flowing robes of white, and, with hands upraised in benediction, invoking the mercies of Jehovah upon His erring people.

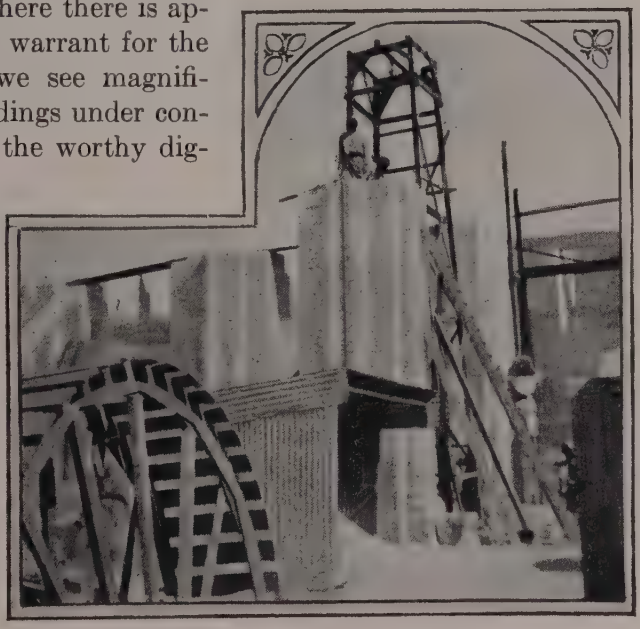
"Here is an old friend of yours", said the landlord an hour later, as he tendered us the necessary change after receipting our bill. The "old friend" was nothing more or less than an American copper cent, bearing the date of 1877. A pleasant reminder of home, truly — a stranger in a strange land ! So I tucked the familiar Indian head away in an in-

ner pocket, there to make the acquaintance of the counterfeit beshlik.

A mile or so beyond the gates of the town, situated in a field a little off the highway to Jerusalem, is the far-famed "Jacob's Well."

I had imagined the well to be away out in the wilderness under the open sky, but such it not the case. The Greeks, it seems, have maintained a church here for some years, and are now engaged in erecting a splendid new edifice near the sacred site, revered by Christians chiefly because of Christ's interview here with the woman of Samaria, the account of which has been recorded in the Gospels. As is the case with the new Nazareth church, this building is being built of the beautiful creamy-white limestone, along ornate and beautiful lines.

I cannot understand the "expansion policy" of the Greek church. In some places we see their churches in the last stages of decay, and in other spots, where there is apparently little warrant for the expenditure, we see magnificent new buildings under construction. If the worthy dignitaries of the Church have a surplus of money in the treasury, (and I presume they have, for new churches are expensive), it



THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH.

would seem more fitting to spend a little on repairs before indulging in other extravagances. But this is no concern of mine, or yours.

Rousing one of the bewhiskered fathers from his early morning devotions, I applied for admission. We passed through an attractive little garden. The workmen were already busily at work upon the new church and material and

JACOB'S WELL.

debris littered the courtyard. We entered the precincts of the old church and descended to a lower chamber, fitted up as a chapel, with gilded altar and massive candelabra, and on every hand pictures portraying events in the life of Christ.

Occupying the center of the floor is the old well curb, over which an iron frame has been erected. Suspended from this is the bucket used for drawing up water, as well as a tray on which are four candles. These are lighted by the patient father, who forthwith proceeds to slowly lower the

platter into the depths of the well. It is fascinating to watch the flickering lights as they slowly descend into the gloomy cistern, revealing the massive blocks of stone with which the well is lined. Truly the old patriarchs built for all time. This well, which we have every reason to believe is the work of the kinsmen of Jacob, may well last for another thousand years !

Water is abundant in the vale of Shechem, and it seems surprising that Jacob deemed it necessary to sink this great shaft at all. We may suppose, however, that being "a stranger and a sojourner in the land", he preferred to be independent of his neighbors, who were in possession of the natural fountains, and that he thus judiciously provided for his vast herds and flocks.

Lower and lower the lights descend, illuminating the damp walls of the deep reservoir, which appears like a bottomless pit. Then we perceive that the tray is floating; the lights dance for an instant upon the black water and then disappear. We are told that the well is from seventy to a hundred feet in depth, and we do not doubt the assertion. Its waters are cool and refreshing, and are often carried away by pilgrims for devotional purposes. I, poor sinner, merely dropped a coin in the box and went on, not however without a last lingering glance at the worn well curb. I wonder if it can be possible that these very stones have felt the touch of the Master's hand ? That touch for the sake of which hundreds of men have suffered martyrdom, and millions to-day deny themselves the pleasures of the world ! If we could be positively sure that here Christ sat and expounded the beautiful lesson of the "water of life" this scarred and weather-beaten curb would possess a priceless value. But this is highly improbable. More than likely the top stones have been often renewed. We know that the original church which stood here disappeared centuries ago and was followed by a Crusader's church, amid the ruins of which was erected the chapel in which we now stand. So

KHAN EL LUBBAN.

often have the environs of the well been altered that we are forced to admit disappointment if we expect to behold the spot where Jesus sat. I have described Jacob's well as the traveler sees it to-day, but visitors of a half century ago give us widely different impressions. Lowell says that "time makes ancient good uncouth". This is particularly true regarding travel. The changes wrought in a few short years are indeed incredible.

The last day of our journey offered little to vary the monotony. Perhaps we were too full of expectancy to be observant : too eager for the first sight of Jersusalem, or perhaps even a little weary with the jogging of our conveyance.

The noonday stop was made at a typical "khan" or country inn, — Khan el Lubban, to be exact. Here was afforded shelter for man and beast; water in abundance, but nothing in the way of luncheon. Happily we had recourse to our dinner pails. Travelers pay a trifling fee for the use of one of the wooden tables and the privilege of tarrying here until sufficiently rested to continue the journey. The courtyard of the caravansary on this particular day presented an animated spectacle. Several other vehicles stood beneath the trees, while drivers and passengers, bound to and

from Jerusalem, regaled themselves before resuming the journey. Moreover an enterprizing little bull was tethered without the compound, contentedly munching his fodder and adding the picturesque touch to the little wayside oasis.

All over the world, since men first held friendly intercourse with adjoining communities, the "wayside inn" has been an indispensable institution. Here travelers have met to barter, to buy and sell, to "swap yarns," to spread knowledge, and to bring into closer touch the minds of men coming from the ends of the earth. These khans have always been a necessary convenience and a means of social intercourse for the Eastern world. To just such an inn as this must have come Joseph and Mary on that Christmas eve at Bethlehem. We shall, before the close of this narrative, journey to Bethlehem and behold a widely different site, a church. But let us remember that the church of to-day occupies the site of the "inn" of the scriptures, and therefore receive our preliminary impressions here at this typical inn, which has little changed either in character or appearance from the hostelries of the long ago.

The "inn" of to-day has sadly degenerated, but in times past its functions were largely educational and helpful. The world is indebted to a greater extent than most of us realize to the interchange of thought and the uplifting influences radiating from the old inns like that at Canterbury, or the Mitre Tavern, or our own historic "Fraunces'" in old New York. Would that to-day there was more of the old time spirit of social intercourse and less of the modern debauchery to discredit "the public house at the crossroads."

The North-bound travelers incessantly talk about Jerusalem; their baggage is plastered all over with Jerusalem pasters; they are eager in their recommendations of hotels and "pensions," and tell enthusiastically of places we "must not miss"; —all of which stimulates our desire to reach the Holy City.

About nineteen miles from Jerusalem we reach the spring of 'Ain el-Haramiyeh, where a bit of scenic novelty is encountered. The water trickles down from the base of a rugged cliff, and the little dell adjacent is just the place to entice the camper. Beauty spots such as this, while common enough in our own land, are exceedingly rare in Palestine. Furthermore, to lend the weird atmosphere of antiquity, there are several tenantless rock tombs nearby, and the ruins of an abandoned khan. Some guide books make

AIN SINYA.

the spot still more interesting by referring to it as the "Glen of the Robbers", which suggests all kinds of adventure.

As the afternoon wore on, we gradually emerged from the rugged country of Samaria. One of the last and prettiest of the little hill towns along the route is 'Ain Sinya, on the East slope of the valley, thought to be the Jeshanah of

2 Chron. 13 : 19. The well cultivated fields about the village are enlivened with a few majestic poplars, making an exceedingly attractive picture as we halt our carriage for a moment in passing.

The last stage of the journey leads across a lofty rocky plateau, strewn with bowlders and ruins. We proceed nearly due South. Alongside are the telegraph wires which keep Jerusalem in touch with the outside world. As yet the city is hid behind the hills, but the poles and wires tell us that we are approaching our goal. Nothing could be more typical of the progress of mankind. Where now the message is vibrated along miles of sensitized wire, and hill top is joined to hill top by metal strands, the Roman legionaries flashed their flaming signal beacons, telling to the heroic Jews in their fortified stronghold that the cordon about them was slowly but surely tightening its coils.

We encounter numerous caravans and groups of peasants driving oxen or goats. Many of the horsemen go armed with rifles like the Bedouins of Galilee, while others merely carry stout cudgels with gnarled and fire hardened ends, which would surely prove a formidable weapon in a hand-to-hand fight. But as every one seems to be peaceably inclined, we are not treated to any exhibitions of skill in the passage of arms.

We pass through Bireh (Beeroth) and Bethel can be seen about three miles in the distance. Numerous other little villages lie scattered about, most of them off the main highway however, but every mile reveals some bit of ruin, some fragments of rock-hewn reservoirs or crumbling castle walls. All along, the route is full of Bible associations, and, as has been said, "echoes with the historic strains of fourteen centuries of the fervid, eager, expectant life of the children of Israel" before the Roman conquest.

We seem to be passing over a great battlefield, as yet out of sight of the firing line, but witnessing on every hand evidences of the struggle. After the passage of an army in

action, the field is strewn with dead and wounded, discarded accoutrements, disabled artillery and abandoned earthworks; so the royal road to Zion is strewn with the memorials of repeated struggles.

It is about half past five in the afternoon when we halt on the brow of battle-scarred Mt. Scopus and see before us Jerusalem. But it is a *New* Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM

To the East rises the Mount of Olives, its gentle and familiar slopes now crowned with the modern towers of the Empress Victoria Endowment, while half-way down the slope to the valley of the Kedron the gilded domes of the Russian Gethsemane church reflect the fire of the waning sun. It is only on the Eastern or Olivet side of the city that we see anything having an Oriental or familiar aspect. The large putty-colored dome near the East wall must be that of the so-called Mosque of Omar, while possibly that other dome, similar, but much smaller, rising from the congested mass of old roofs in the centre of the city, may be the Holy Sepulcher church. But all else is surprisingly new and unexpected.

The opposite hills are covered with new buildings; the outgrowth of the city has been to the North and West. Here are the large public institutions, hospitals and

churches, mingled with a new city of red-roofed houses, far more extensive than that within the walls; amid which rise stately poplars, and occasional windmills wave their arms of industry.

OUTSIDE THE JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion" sang the Psalmist, and we cannot wonder at his enthusiasm. Here are no surrounding *mountains* as we understand the term, but merely a ring of verdure covered hills hemming in the city on all sides. The old town occupied the central eminences and was strongly fortified, but

the impetus of the foreign element has pushed beyond the old grey walls, and the "city" proper is now superseded in importance by the community without the walls.

Give Jerusalem a generation more of progress and a steady influx of colonists with European ideas, and the whithered city which for centuries has struggled to throw off her spell of tragic history will once more come into her own.

For fifteen minutes we drive through the "outer city" before we pass through the historic Jaffa Gate, famous, through description, the world over.

There is a three-fold enjoyment associated with all the "worth while" experiences of life; anticipation, realization, and recollection. I had looked forward to this entry into Jerusalem for many years, and as I write the retrospective pleasure is none the less keen. Without question, it was John L. Stoddard, that prince among men and delightful raconteur of travel experiences, who inspired me with the desire to see a little of the world and "realize history" as he tersely puts it.

JOHN L. STODDARD

It was my privilege to meet Mr. Stoddard at his villa on Lake Como in 1911, there to confirm my cherished ideas as to his charming personality and that inspiring presence which delighted so many audiences in years past.

I certainly did "realize history" as we drove into Jerusalem; history surrounded the dusty old carriage with a cavalcade of knights and men-at-arms, and I felt myself one of a mighty company, who, having withstood the shock of battle and beaten down the last

stubborn resistance of the enemy, poured into the breach between the battered walls and, with shouts of victory, unfurled the banner of the cross.

But another treat awaited me in the shape of a batch of letters from friends at home — a pleasure which

GODFREY DE BOUILLON ENTERING JERUSALEM, 1099.

was not vouchsafed to the Crusading hosts. As I tightly clutched my precious missives, and our carriage turned again and rolled out to the hotel on the Jaffa road, I felt myself happier than Godfrey de Bouillon the conqueror. I realized that *glory* is not *everything* in life.

To have a *friend* is a greater solace than to be the center of an applauding multitude or to share in the jubilations of triumph; to *love* and to be *loved* is far better than to wear a crown, for "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

ANCIENT JERUSALEM

THE Jaffa Gate marks the beginning and the ending of Jerusalem. What the Capitol is to Washington or the Place de la Concorde to Paris, *that* is the Jaffa Gate to the Holy City. Countless travelers have described this historic portal, and long before we had seen it we knew what to expect : — the ever passing stream of varied humanity, the noise, the confusion, the picturesque; — just such a motley throng as must have passed through the same old gate at the time of the Jewish Passover week, two thousand years ago, when from all the country side the faithful flocked in to the Temple of Jehovah.

We say "the *same* old gate". This is not strictly true, however, for upon the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus the walls were almost completely leveled. But it was in the same place, apparently, and upon the foundation stones of the Jaffa Gate of the Bible that the present piers of masonry were erected. For the most part, the old grey walls of today date from the time of Saladin, with occasional restorations by his successors.

In 1906, however, a modern touch was added, when Emperor William of Germany, as a memento of his visit to the city, caused an elaborate clock-tower to be erected on the

North-west bastion of the gate. The new white stone stands out in sharp contrast to the old grey battlements on either hand. The dials upon its four faces are supposed to indicate the time of day according to the European and the Moslem reckonings, but its mechanism seemed to have gone sadly awry at the time of my visit, for neither side of the clock agreed with my watch by many hours.

A STREET WITHIN THE WALLS.

The visit of the German emperor was a memorable one in many ways. Realizing the political opportunities occasioned by such a pilgrimage, his courtesies and beneficences were most judiciously disposed, and created a very favorable impression among the people.

As might have been expected, the friendship between the Imperial German Government and the "Sublime Porte", which has been proverbial, reached its culmination in a military alliance at a crucial time in German affairs.

One amusing incident in connection with the Kaiser's visit was narrated in my hearing. Jerusalem is by no means a clean city to-day, but its old time condition is said to have been scandalous. The local authorities deemed it expedient to make a good impression upon the royal visitor, and a general "clean up" was inaugurated. Tons of rubbish and filth were collected. Then arose the problem of what to do with it. No dumping place being considered available, it was decided to condemn a street within the city, and give over the old stone shops to the purpose of receiving the refuse. So to-day the visitor to Jerusalem is shown a street like unto the "Street of Tombs" at Pompeii, in which all the shop fronts for a considerable section have been walled up. Behind these sealed doors and windows the dirt is kept in storage; waiting the Judgment Day, I suppose, when all wrongs shall be made right.

THE CITADEL.

There is a little breathing space just inside the Jaffa Gate, — a corner or two just opposite the walls of the old Citadel, where one can stretch his elbows and realize that he is really in Jerusalem, before plunging into and losing himself in the maze of narrow streets which characterize old Je-

rusalem, like every other Turkish city. On one of these corners is the store of the American Colony, with a charming display of curios, novelties and Eastern merchandise; in fact, this establishment is a link connecting Palestine with the homeland. If there are any Americans in or about Jerusalem the visitor will usually find some of them at the 'Colony store'. Almost opposite is the Austrian Post Office and *"Cook's"* — that name and sign which have smoothed the paths and cheered the hearts of many bewildered travelers. Since the beginning of the European war there has, unfortunately, been little need of tourist agencies. Moreover, the absence of visitors has been a source of real privation to hundreds of persons in and around Jerusalem. Many industrious Christian women among the native inhabitants who have been helped by the members of the American colony, have found themselves in destitute circumstances because Mr. and Mrs. Vester, who preside over the 'Colony store', were no longer able to dispose of the laces and bits of handiwork which had been for years their source of income. I am informed that the Vesters, in common with

OLD TESTAMENT JERUSALEM. Ancient Jerusalem was deemed impregnable, yet in its eventful history it has been besieged at least twenty-four times and in almost every case its walls have been cast down and the city devastated. Its very strength has been its destruction. Its fortified hills were the pride of the ancient Jebusites of Canaan, the 'Jebusi' of Joshua 18, 28. From Egyptian sources we learn that 'Urusalim' was regarded as one of the prominent cities of South Palestine as early as 1400 B. C. Prior to that date all is shrouded in mystery. Some try to identify Jerusalem with the 'Salem' of Genesis 14: 18; the 'city of Melchizedek'. It is certain, however, that its superb situation and its defensive possibilities appealed to the inhabitants of the land at a very remote period.

Authorities differ as to the exact chronology, but we may well assume that Saul, the first Hebrew king, reigned from 1030 to 1011 B. C. David, who ruled Israel 1011—972, made it his business to subjugate Jerusalem, allowing the Jebusites to remain with the Hebrews, and expanding the somewhat primitive town into a pretentious city. It was Solomon, the great master-builder, who further beautified the city, erecting therein a luxurious palace and the first Jewish temple. As to the Temple site, there is no question; but antiquarians wrangle over the location of the *City* of David and Solomon. Most probably it extended further to the South and West than the present city, occupying the 'Zion suburb' of to-day. After the division of the kingdom in 933 B. C., Jerusalem became the capital of Judah. In the reign of Rehoboam it was compelled to surrender to the Egyptian monarch Shishak, on which occasion the temple and palace were despoiled of the riches accumulated by Solomon. Under Jehoram the temple was again plundered by Arabian and Philistine tribes.

Omri and Jehu, kings of Israel's ten tribes, built their palaces at Samaria and Shechem. We find their king Jehoash administering signal chastisement to Judah, when he took Jerusalem and partly leveled the walls, (2 Kings XIV) Uzziah, the son of Amaziah, re-established the prosperity of Jerusalem.

We now come to the period of

Eastern invasion. The monarchs of Assyria cast longing eyes upon Jerusalem and eagerly sought and found pretext for operations against it. When they took Samaria in 722—720 B. C., it may be said that the Israelitish kingdom terminated, for the majority of the people were taken into captivity. They probably intermingled with the people of Assyria, for they never returned to Palestine, and hence are frequently referred to as the 'ten lost tribes' of Israel.

Already Judah was beginning to feel the power of the Assyrians. Ahaz and Hezekiah paid them tribute. Despite the warnings of Isaiah, the latter ventured into an alliance with Egypt in the hope of resisting Sennacherib, whose retaliatory designs against Jerusalem were frustrated by the somewhat miraculous destruction of his besieging army, (2 Kings, 19th Chap.) The inspired Jewish prophets in vain preached loftier ideals and a closer observance of the old Jewish law. Although the worship of Jehovah was centralized in Jerusalem in the days of Josiah, (620 B. C.) the Hebrew nation seems to have deteriorated. In 597 B. C. the kingdom of Judah was practically destroyed, and Nebuchadnezzar carried off king Jehoiakim and ten thousand captives to Babylon. A revolt by the last king, Zedekiah, resulted in the complete destruction of Jerusalem and Solomon's temple in 587, and another deportation of its inhabitants. During the fifty to seventy years of the "captivity" Ezekiel and Jeremiah gave utterance to some of the most sublime appeals known to Jewish literature, and Daniel won favor at the court of Babylon, finally inducing Cyrus in 538 to permit the Jews to return to their devastated capital. Between 520—515 a new temple was erected at Jerusalem despite the interference of the Samaritans, and some years later Nehemiah, a strong man among his people, further strengthened the defenses of the city.

A long gap in the history of the Jews makes it impossible to trace the course of events with any degree of certainty. Although existing, Judah and the city of Jerusalem were but a part of the Persian empire, following the old forms of worship, but with their national independence gone.

other Europeans and Americans in Jerusalem, have organized systematic measures of relief, and have placed their time and means at the disposal of the unfortunate. But prosperity is bound to return, and when it does let us hope that the diverted stream of travelers may prove to be 'good spenders'.

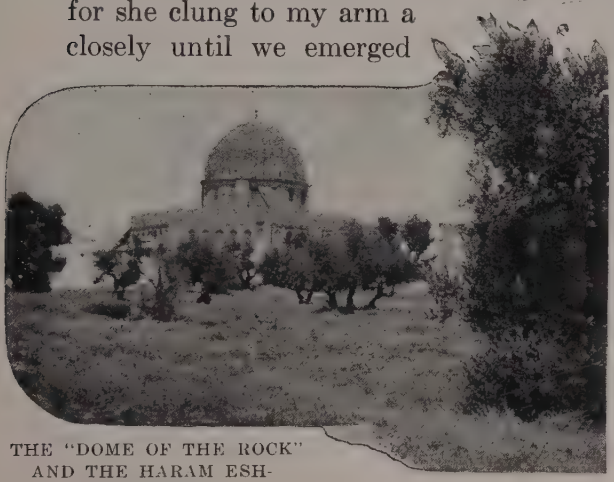
Completely filling the corner of the wall adjacent to the Jaffa Gate, and flanking the aforesaid 'breathing space' is the El-Kala fortification or Citadel, which corresponds to the town barracks. On the town side it is divided from the street by a dry moat, while outwardly its buttressed walls drop sharply away to the valley and the Bethlehem road. This group of buildings, often referred to in error s the 'Castle of David', dates for the most part from the beginning of the 14th century. But it was on this site that Herod's palace stood, and it is usually agreed that the walls of the present fortress now forming the right defense of the Jaffa Gate, and the interesting tower shown in our picture, which spans the moat at the Northeast corner, are built upon the large drafted foundations of Herod's ancient towers; known to history as 'Hippicus' and

'Phasael'. There is no more impressive corner of Jerusalem than this group of weather beaten towers. Seen from the Bethlehem roadway, below and without the gate, they present a striking picture of defensive strength. Indeed, in olden times Jerusalem must have been a 'tough nut to crack'; built upon natural rocky elevations, hemmed in by deep valleys, and protected by an encircling belt of masonry of which this corner is typical. But in these twentieth century days of concrete redoubts, disappearing guns, and '42 centimetres' — the formidable looking walls are valueless.

Standing out boldly above the confusion of Jerusalem's historic past, and to-day the most conspicuous building in the city, is the Dome of the Rock, — the 'Mosque of Omar' as it used to be called. Authorities wrangle over the sacred sites and the problematical courses of the walls which have succeeded one another with the passing centuries, but all are agreed upon the identity of the Haram-esh-Sherif with the Temple enclosure of Jewish history. In the company of two young English ladies and a gentleman who has resided for some years in Jerusalem, we set out one morning to see all that was to be seen in this most famous of Jerusalem's alluring shrines of antiquity. We arranged our route so as to

THE CITADEL FROM THE BETHLEHEM ROAD.

pass through the purely Moslem quarter of Bezetha, and were again treated to an intimate introduction to the mean houses and unsanitary shops of the natives. One of the girls in our party was decidedly pretty; — a wealth of charming golden hair gave her cap the jauntiest of settings, — and I assure the reader that many a dark eye followed her sprightly figure as we threaded our way through the by-ways. It seemed to me that the gazes of some of the amorous natives who lounged about were a trifle too *fixed*, of which fact I am confident my companion was not unaware, for she clung to my arm a little more closely until we emerged into the open thoroughfares.



THE "DOME OF THE ROCK" AND THE HARAM ESH-SHERIF.

In cities of Europe and America public squares and parks are to be expected, but so accustomed have we become to seeing everything congested in a Moslem city, that we pause in astonishment upon our first sight of the Haram. We have emerged suddenly from some arched alley, and find ourselves standing upon the edge of a large and barren plateau. It is a surprising void. The city has hemmed it about on all sides save that of its outer wall toward the Mount of Olives, yet never has a trespassing dwelling or shop dared to overstep the boundaries of the proscribed reservation. Over three hundred yards in breadth by half again as much in length, the sanctity of the place has for centuries remained inviolate. Moslem, Jew and Christian alike admit that here stood the temple of Herod's

time and before that the spacious yet more primitive sanctuary of Solomon's building.

When the conquering Moslems possessed themselves of this Holy of Holies, they too decided that its traditions should be perpetuated, and

THE 'MOSQUE OF OMAR' AND THE 'CHAIN DOME'.

accordingly erected over the rocky summit of Mount Moriah a place of prayer suited to their own particular liking. Owing to the size of the great quadrangle and the admirable prospective thus afforded, the dome of Omar seems smaller than we had anticipated, while its color, instead of being a white or brown, is a vivid *blue*. The round leaden dome looks rather dull and dingy, it is true, beneath the bright noon-day sun; and the battered marble pavement, broken and weed-grown in places, tells a sad tale of decay, yet the Temple area is wonderfully imposing notwithstanding. It seems as though a voice calls to us quite clearly, as did that to Moses from the burning bush — "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground!" And this is precisely what the visitor must do. Before he can enter the house of prayer he must remove his shoes. So at least we had been told; but we found, upon presenting ourselves, and having duly paid over the required bakshish to one of the attendants, that a less inconvenient

THE 'DOME OF THE ROCK' AND THE 'TEMPLE AREA' SHOWING THE NATURAL ELEVATION BEYOND THE TYROPŒON VALLEY.

operation was to be substituted. Over our shoes were tied sandal-like coverings of leather — many sizes too large by the way, — and thus sanctified, or *humbled,* as you choose to regard it, we shuffled into the sacred edifice.

Either from without or within the Dome of the Rock is a most remarkable building. A nearer approach had revealed the fact that it was covered with glazed tiles of a wonderful light blue tint near the ground, merging into a hue of brilliant turquoise beneath the cornice, around which are inscribed passages from the Koran in Arabian characters of gold, burned indelibly into the encaustic tiles. Since the thirteenth century these unfading gems have withstood the sunshine and the storm, and, scarcely faded by the lapse of a dozen lifetimes, give the building the appearance of being encrusted with priceless mosaics.

INTERIOR 'DOME OF THE ROCK'.

We pass into the interior, dim and cool after the glare of the marble paved court without. Our feet tread noiselessly upon heavy Oriental carpets which, we are informed, were sent here as a present by the much-talked-of "sick man of Europe", the Ex-Sultan 'Abdul Hamid of Turkey.

For some moments, until our eyes accustom themselves to the darkness, we barely discern the figures of the worship-

ers, some at prayer, others moving stealthily to and fro. From the arched dome above there is harmonized and cast back to us the gentle hum of voices, the dreary music of a hundred murmured prayers. The sounds of our own whispered comments seem all too loud. We forget that we are in a Moslem shrine, for that same indescribable atmosphere of sanctity and age, — that same sense of peace which pervades the cloisters of the Abbey or the nave of Notre Dame, — is present here. It is the house of God, the antechamber of the King, and worship in such a place is involuntary and spontaneous.

From windows of exquisitely patterned glass far above the colors of the rainbow fall silently through the gloom and reveal an elaborately gilded railing in the center of the rotunda. Within this circular screen is a mass of naked rock, the natural and rugged summit of the Temple hill, which everywhere else has been built upon and graded. Standing here before the railing, your guide will rehearse in a whisper facts which you already know: that here stood the great altar of the Jewish Temple; here the sacrifices of king and people were offered to Jehovah; here were consecrated the rulers of Judah, and prophets and warriors renewed allegiance; here the Shechinah

PTOLEMAIC and MACCABÆAN JERUSALEM. With the rise of Alexander, the Macedonian "world conqueror", a new epoch dawns in the history of Jerusalem. After the battle of Issus in B. C. 333, Syria and Palestine became a part of Alexander's great empire, with Andromachus and later Memnon governors of Palestine. Jerusalem had offered no resistance to Alexander, — the inhabitants, with the old national spirit effectually crushed, probably concerning themselves little over a change from Persian to Greek masters. Upon the premature death of Alexander, Palestine became the portion of Ptolemy, the satrap of Egypt. In 320 Ptolemy (Soter) took possession of the land. In 314 Antigonus took Palestine from him, only to be restored thirteen years later after the battle of Ipsus. For five or six generations Jerusalem escaped further bloodshed. During the next hundred years three other Ptolemies came and went, concerning themselves more with their Egyptian affairs than those of Palestine. Between 217 B. C. and 200, Antiochus III, called 'the great", a prince of the Selucidae, rulers of Syria, first captured and again lost Palestine to the fifth Ptolemy, finally regaining the country in 198 after the battle of Paneas. This ruler passed on the Jewish dominions to his successors. The fourth Antiochus, (Epiphanes) attempted to foist the Greek religion upon the Jews. Again Jerusalem witnessed scenes of carnage. In 170—168 the temple and city were twice plundered. At last the old time spirit of the Jews was aroused: the time was ripe for revolt, and the Asmonean Matthathias raised the standard of independence, B. C. 167.

Now, for a time, the Jews figure again in history. A year later Judas Maccabaeus, son of Mattathias, signally defeated three Syrian generals and fortified the temple hill. The despoiled sanctuary was rededicated and Judas successfully pur-

sued his campaigns. He suffered a reverse at the hands of Lysias, regent and general of Antiochus V, but Lysias, in concluding peace, granted to the Jews freedom of worship, although he maintained a Syrian garrison in the city. In 161 Judas again comes to the forefront but is killed in battle. For twenty years the Maccabaean high priests held temporal suzerainty at Jerusalem. In 142 Demetrius II of Syria acknowledged the independence of Judea. The same year the high priest Simon, brother of Judas Maccabaeus, became hereditary prince, thus founding the Asmonean dynasty. Under his son, John Hyrcanus, Jerusalem in 134 was once more taken by the Syrians and the walls demolished. A few years later, when the fortunes of war again favored the Jews, they were once more rebuilt and the fortification of the "Baris" erected overlooking the temple. John Hyrcanus conquered Samaria and Peraea. Five Jewish rulers followed, none so able as John. Internal dissension, so often the cause of downfall, again broke out among the Jews, giving Rome an excuse for interference. Already the new world empire had influenced affairs in Syria, and in 63 Pompey captured Jerusalem. Exasperated by the obstinate resistance of the Jews, the Romans committed acts of fearful retaliation, violating the temple but singularly enough sparing for the time the sacred treasure and articles of worship. It is said that 12,000 Jews perished in this struggle. For the next twenty years Hyrcanus II reigned under Roman suffrage. The Jewish power, however, was now fast waning; there was a destructive Parthian incursion in B. C. 40, feebly resisted. Herod the Idumaean then obtained from his Roman patrons the sole governorship of Judea, conquering Jerusalem in the year 37, and entering upon his office after a general massacre.

glory overspread the Ark of the Covenant in the dreaded Holy of Holies !

We simply cannot grasp the thought, — the grandeur of the place enhanced by the weight of years, — the hopes and fears, the prayers and tears, the shouts of victory and the lamentations of a stricken people are crystalized in the gigantic protuberance of greyish rock before us. By right it is to the Jew and not the Moslem that this temple should belong; but the followers of Mohammed, venerating all that precedes the Christian era, feel that it is a part of their own heritage. Hence the followers of Christ and those of the faith who rejected Him are both permitted here only by the sufferance of the Moslems. Some orthodox Jews will never enter the Haram, however, as they dread the possibility of sinning by treading upon the site of the Holy of Holies.

A flight of steps leads down to a cavern beneath the massive rock, which some think was a reservoir or a receptacle for the sacrificial blood which flowed from the altar above, from which it was drained off into the Kedron by means of subterranean conduits. At present this cave is regarded with great awe by the Moslems, who associate with it all manner of diverse traditions; some claiming that it is

From painting by Heyaz.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

the gate to Hell, others that beneath it flow the rivers of Paradise. Mohammed prayed under the rock, so 'tis said, and enjoined his followers to do likewise, affirming that one prayer here was worth a thousand elsewhere. It is therefore much frequented by devout Mohammedans, some of whom work themselves into a veritable frenzy of religious fervor.

As we turned and were ascending the steps leading to the body of the mosque, my friend pointed to a small hole in one of the beautifully colored windows above, directly in line with the opening of the stairway. "That", said he, "calls to mind a tragedy which occurred on this spot but a few years ago." We were all attention as he continued. "A party of Americans were visiting here and, chatting gaily among themselves, were about to descend into this hollow. Suddenly two pistol shots rang out. There was a scream of

fright and pain and one of the ladies fell to the floor seriously wounded, while out from the cave and up these stairs rushed a wild-eyed fanatic brandishing a smoking revolver. Resentful that his prayers had been disturbed, he had wrathfully fired point blank at the company of visitors.

"The injured woman was given such aid as was possible, while the culprit was seized and thrown into prison. When it was established that the unfortunate victim would probably be permanently disabled, a great hue and cry was raised by the Americans in Jerusalem, and a strong protest was lodged with the Turkish authorities against such acts of fanaticism. Our consul appeared before the Mutesarrif with his complaints. The complacent old Turk listened attentively, then delivered himself of a speech, in substance as follows : "This is an unfortunate incident, I grant, but it was the act of a madman, and it was the *first* tragedy of its kind. You, as an American, ought to be able to understand this; *you* have madmen and fanatics in your country as well. Not merely *one,* but *three* of your *Presidents* have come to untimely ends through the rash deeds of irresponsible assassins. *You* certainly can understand and overlook' ! His logic was surely convincing. But whenever I see that bullet hole in the window, marking the course of the shot that went wild, I tread a little more softly here."

It is indeed true that the spirit of fanaticism among the Moslems has made effective research work in the Temple area and in many other parts of Jerusalem an impossibility. It has always been supposed that numerous hidden chambers and passages existed beneath the Temple hill, penetrating under the level of the Upper City and

THE 'ARCH OF TITUS' AT ROME.

even down toward the Pool of Siloam and the Kedron Valley. Adventurous spirits have imagined that somewhere in Jerusalem must still be hidden the never-discovered treasure of the Temple. We know that upon the destruction of Herod's sanctuary by Titus the seven branched candlestick and the table of the shewbread were carried to Rome and there displayed in the triumphal procession. We have seen proof of this upon the entablature of the Arch of Titus, just outside the Forum, in the Eternal City. Perhaps these priceless relics may some day be brought to light in Rome, but what about the Ark of the Covenant and the supposed store of wealth in the Temple vaults ?

ENTABLATURE, ARCH OF TITUS.

In 1911, Captain Parker and some other Englishmen, with the evident connivance of one of the custodians, undertook to surreptitiously excavate within the Temple area and even beneath the floor of the Mosque itself. Working at night and at times when the building was deserted, they managed to continue for weeks without attracting suspicion. Carefully they burrowed and tunneled, concealing all traces of dirt and rubbish, — like Union soldiers attempting to dig their way out of Libby Prison in war days.

Laboring, as they naturally were, under the greatest disadvantages, their efforts were fruitless; and nothing worth-while was brought to light. They persisted, however, until the plot was suddenly discovered; when, amid

the ensuing confusion and excitement, the adventurous Englishmen managed to escape from Jerusalem only by precipitate flight. Had they been captured they might have been in gravest danger, for the entire Moslem world was stirred at the news of the sacrilege in a spot next only in sanctity to Mecca or Medina. Even from far away India came a delegation, protesting and demanding that condign and summary punishment be meted out to the despoilers of the sanctuary. For a time serious political complications

JERUSALEM AT THE TIME OF HEROD.

seemed imminent. Here in America the first press reports were somewhat perverted, one Metropolitan newspaper coming out with the startling announcement that the "Ark of the Covenant had been discovered beneath the Mosque of Omar !"

In future years the veil will be lifted, and systematic and properly supervised excavations will be permitted. Then shall the debris of ages be finally sifted, and between the strata of centuries, shall be revealed indubitable proof of Jerusalem's eventful history, with the clearing up, perhaps, of some of the questions which have vexed our students and historians.

As to the Ark of the Covenant; there used to be a Jewish tradition to the effect that Jeremiah caused it to be concealed in a cave on Mount Nebo; but, like the place of Moses' burial, no man knoweth its whereabouts. There may possibly have been *several* such shrines, of which no traces exist to-day.

What a dream for an archæologist! To be fortunate enough to discover, in the forgotten fastnesses of the Judean hills, some remnant of the 'Mercy Seat', — be it only a few handfuls of cedar dust and gold, and to present to the world the most sacred relic of history, — the tangible link between Jehovah and His 'Chosen People.'

VIEW FROM THE DOME OF OMAR, LOOKING TOWARD THE UPPER CITY.

If you are able to obtain permission to ascend to the roof of the 'Mosque of Omar', some very comprehensive views of Jerusalem will reward your efforts. The most interesting, in my opinion, is that toward the South-west. Directly below us are the Western limits of the Temple enclosure : — according to the late Dr. Schick, the Holy of Holies of Herod's temple must have been located very near this spot, rising like a proscenium above the wonderful architectural maze of the Temple's buildings and courts.

The story of ROMAN JERUSALEM properly begins with Herod the Great. More Roman than Jew, Herod managed throughout his turbulent career to keep in favor at Rome, realizing that it was by Roman support alone that he was tolerated in Jerusalem. Although his domestic life was most unhappy, and he was personally cruel and crafty, he attempted to mend the affairs of his kingdom by rebuilding the temple on a scale of great magnificence. His sumptuous palace rivaled that of Solomon, and it is probable that, under Herod, Jerusalem attained a degree of architec-

tural beauty and strength of fortifications never before approached. The town wall had three score towers, there was a theatre, a civic forum and an athletic court. Thus was Jerusalem at the beginning of the Christian era, the center to which multitudes of Jews resorted at the time of the Passover, crowding the congested city to the limit; some believe their numbers ran up to the two million mark. Herod died shortly after the birth of Christ and his kingdom was divided under the supervision of Rome. Archelaus, his son, received Samaria, Judea and Idumaea, but in A. D. 6 this territory was added to the Roman province of Syria, and Judea was governed directly by a procurator. Such was the office of Coponius and later of Pilate. The latter so 'tis said, was a renegade Spaniard who had secured his appointment through the influence of Sejanus, Tiberius' minister of state, accounted the most notorious "grafter" of antiquity.

The Jews chafed fearfully under the Roman yoke, now bearing directly upon their shoulders, while their rabbis exhorted them to expect the long promised Messiah. Hence the Jews were bitterly disappointed in Christ, who desired no temporal power. Had Jesus chosen so to do, He could undoubtedly have precipitated then and there a war of liberation. In the meantime, the native princes maintained a vestige of authority, much as do the Indian rajahs to-day. At the time of the crucifixion of Jesus, therefore, we have *three* tribunals, and as many divisions of authority : — the Jewish Sanhedrim, with power curtailed and limited to religious affairs; the complimentary authority of Herod Antipas, then ruling nominally in Galilee; and the real judgment hall of Pilate, which represented the might of Rome. Pilate gave up Christ to the clamorous Jews — whom he thoroughly detested—only because his own position with a small garrison was precarious, and he dreaded an insurrection at a time when the city was crowded with zealots from all the country round.

In 41 A. D. Herod Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, was, by the favor of Claudius, vested with the entire government of Judea. He endeavored to please the Jews and by so doing earned for himself an unenviable scriptural record as a persecutor of the Christians. His sudden death in 44 A. D. was considered by them a just retribution. This monarch further added to the defences of Jerusalem, but left a breach in the walls for fear of displeasing his benefactor, Claudius. The dominions of Agrippa II were confined to a few Galilean towns.

The accompanying illustration well portrays the situation of the 'Upper Town' (the Zion suburb), and the slight intervening depression of the Tyropœon Valley. In classic times some sort of a viaduct spanned the head of this little valley; and the remains of an arch have been found springing from the temple foundations, which seems to corroborate the statements of ancient writers.

The Dome of the Rock is, by the way, octagonal in shape, and the stone platform upon which it is built is raised a few feet above the level of the Haram. Several triple arched gateways, isolated and without doors of any description, mark the steps of descent, and in and about the enclosure are half a dozen fountains, the places of ablution so necessary to the Moslem's peace of mind.

Like a miniature replica of the greater central dome, except for the enclosing walls, stands the beautiful little Kubbet es-Silseleh or Chain Dome, fancifully called "David's place of Judgment'. It is an elegant and unique gem

of architecture, with columns undoubtedly taken from older buildings, and its floor decorated with admirable mosaics.

Occupying the Southern extremity of the historic area is the Mesjid el-Aksa, or the Aksa Mosque. The building probably dates from the time of Justinian, being an ancient Christian basilica, confiscated and turned into a mosque by the Caliph Omar and enriched by his successors.

Of a truth, as we tread the pavement of the Temple area, we realize that Jerusalem, the beloved Zion of the Jewish nation, the Holy City of the Christians, is to-day thoroughly Moslem. The followers of the Prophet control the city as regards population and possession, which latter is 'nine points of the law'! In the Haram one feels conscious that he is treading upon well nigh forbidden ground, that his presence is merely tolerated; in fact he would not be surprised if, at any time, he were unceremoniously ejected from the sacred precincts or even thrown into prison. We experience sensations akin to those of Col. Landor when

It was under the misrule of the Roman, Gessius Florus, that a national insurrection broke out with great fury, beginning at Jerusalem. The Zealots or war party gained possession of the temple and afterward the upper city with the Roman garrison. The Roman general Gallus attempted in vain to stem the tide; for a time he besieged Jerusalem but abandoned his efforts and withdrew toward Gibeon. All over Palestine the flame burst forth and the Jews seemed likely to repeat the triumphs of the Maccabees. Rome was slow in moving, but when in 67 Vespasian was dispatched to Palestine, he brought with him sixty thousand of the finest soldiers in the world. Beginning in Galilee, he succeeded in putting down the revolt, and capturing the stronghold of Jotapata. At last he advanced toward Jerusalem, but shortly returned to Rome to assume the purple, leaving his son Titus to continue the investment of the city. Within Jerusalem itself there existed rival factions. The worst element took possession of the temple after a terrible struggle with the moderate party in which thousands of the latter perished, yet when the Romans appeared before the walls there were still *four* parties within the city. The story of the siege and capture of Jerusalem fills perhaps the most fascinating page in history : never was there a braver defence, never a more ably conducted military operation. From April to September, in the year 70, Titus hammered away; famine raged within the city; and gradually the North West quarter, then the Temple, and finally the upper city were taken and destroyed. The city was laid waste, its surviving inhabitants were either executed or sold as slaves, and where once the "Holy City" had stood there was naught but ruin.

In 130 the Emperor Hadrian erected a new Roman town on the site of the old Jersualem, calling it Ælia Capitolina. The remnant of the Jewish population was now strongest in Galilee. In 132-135 Bar Cochba, who was recognized as the Messiah by certain learned Hebrews, inaugurated another fruitless revolt. After this had been sternly suppressed by the Romans, the Jews were forbidden to enter the rebuilt Jerusalem.

For years Jerusalem had no history. Its old glory had indeed departed. But through veneration of the One who had here been crucified a new glory gradually surrounded the place. The rising tide of Christianity, struggling against the prejudice of the Roman world, finally obtained recognition under Constantine, Roman emporer, 306-337, and focused attention once more upon ancient Jerusalem. The Empress Helena, mother of Con-

stantine, visited Jerusalem in 326, superintended excavations, established the "sacred sites", and founded Christian churches here. Constantine moreover permitted the Jews to return to Jerusalem, where, in 339, they made another feeble attempt to throw off Roman supremacy. The pagan emperor, Julian, favored the Jews above the Christians and offered them permission to again build their temple.

As Rome declined, Christianity rose, and instead of emperors, we find mention of popes and bishops. After the year 450, pilgrimages to Jerusalem became popular: the Byzantine emperor, Justinian (527-565) erected here a hospice for strangers and pilgrims, as did also Pope Gregory the Great, (590-604).

first he penetrated into Thibet, and entered Lhasa, the forbidden capital of Buddhism.

But we encounter no outward manifestations of discourtesy. Within the historic Aksa Mosque we wander about at will, observing the devotions of the worshipers.

I never can question the sincerity of Moslem prayers. Sometimes their public genuflections appear Pharisaical, but their spirit is invariably that of deep reverence and contrition, and prayer is an indispensable part of their daily lives, — whether beneath the minaret of a mosque or away off in the desert, alone and under the canopy of heaven. I recall a stableman at Luxor, in Egypt, whom I had frequent occasion to observe in the

THE MOSQUE OF EL AKSA.

From the roof of the Mosque of Omar, showing the clumsy leaded dome in the foreground. In the distance, the outlying Hills beyond the Valley of Hinom.

attitude of prayer. The plain, flat board upon which he prostrated himself with face toward Mecca had been worn smooth and become highly polished through continual service. There was not a suspicion of cant in his prayers; they came from the heart of a *man,* expressing, as all men must at times, the innate longing of the creature for communion with and help from the Creator.

And so as I watched the earnest supplicants, prone upon the carpeted pavement or with eyes lifted toward the ancient rafters, I asked myself the question, "What would *Jesus* do and say" ? Would He cast them out from the Temple precincts like the money-changers of old who trafficked upon this very spot, or would He assail them bitterly as He did the self-righteous Pharisees ? I think not.

"And when ye pray," He commanded, "say *Our Father* ....." Surely the oft ascending "Allah, Allah !" cannot fall unheeded to the ground. We, whom circumstance, more than conviction, has made to bear the name of Christian, must not close our eyes to the greater truth. Had we been born in Jerusalem, of Arabian blood, and the offsprings of generations of blind conviction that 'There is but *one* God, and *Mohammed* is His prophet', we too should have unquestioningly echoed the prayers of the Koran.

In all the sacred writ no teaching is more lovable and no picture more beautiful than the likeness of 'Christ, the Good Shepherd'. "My sheep hear My voice, and are known of Me", said Jesus; adding at the same time those other mystic yet satisfying words : *"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."*

Perhaps, my dark skinned brother, — thou son of the desert who prayest yonder, this little understood declaration may mean for us both a part in the life eternal !

Down in the extreme corner of the Haram, close by the wall, the visitor may descend into a series of vast underground galleries known as 'Solomon's Stables', reminding him somewhat of the catacombs of Rome. They were with-

out question used by the *Crusaders* as stables, for through the corners of some of the great stone pillars holes have been drilled, into which were fastened the halters.

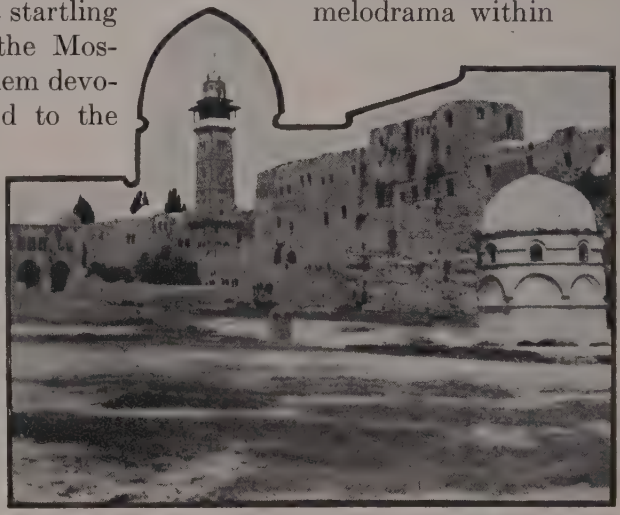
The galleries extend Northward beyond the limits of the Aksa Mosque above, but in this direction they have not been carefully investigated. Supposedly a part of the great system of substructions beneath the old Hebrew Temple, they have a fascination which is all their own. Many Jews, it is said, sought refuge here when the Romans over-ran the city. Undoubtedly the Moslems made some restorations and changes here, but in the main these galleries are a unit in the wonderfully executed engineering plan which not only supplied Jerusalem with water from the neighboring hills by means of underground acqueducts, but consisted of a system of reservoirs, storehouses, — and dungeons, mayhap, — the existence of which we of the present day are unaware.

THE 'STABLES OF SOLOMON'.

A number of olive trees have been planted in the Eas-

tern half of the Haram toward Olivet, which remind the Yankee visitor of an ancient and unproductive apple orchard.

Picture taking within the Temple enclosure is forbidden, but luckily our pocket kodak is inconspicuous, and we manage to get away with a few 'snap shots' undetected. Of course, if one paid for the necessary permission he would have no difficulty in smuggling in a motion picture machine, or even staging a startling melodrama within the shadow of the Mosque. Even Moslem devotion is not blind to the worth of the 'almighty dollar' or its Turkish equivalent.

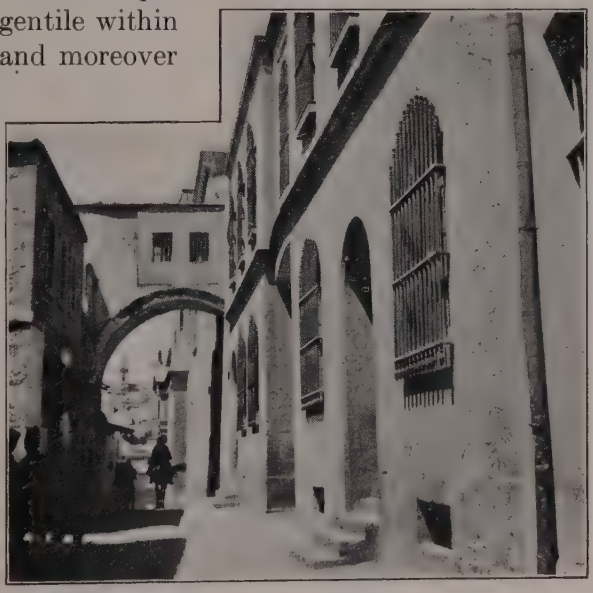


NEAR THE 'TOWER OF ANTONIA'.

Walking along the parapet of the Eastern wall, we come presently upon the walled-up 'Golden Gate', which has been thus closed for years and years. It was, in all probability, through the ancient East Gate, occupying this location, that the triumphant Christ passed into the city on that *first* Palm Sunday as the centre of an applauding host, — the same multitude who were destined, ere the week was out, to howl around his cross upon the hill of Calvary. The Moslems now seem to cherish a fear that were this portal to be opened again it would presage the coming to power once more of the Christian hosts.

Before leaving the confines of the Temple area, let us spend a few moment near the Northern limits of the Haram,

where once stood the 'Tower of Antonia', a site now occupied by a Turkish barrack commanding the entire court. Since very ancient times a fortification has occupied this station. The old outlying tower which stood at this point was known as the 'Baris' in the times of the Maccabees, and was re-fortified by Herod. For strategic and political reasons the Romans deemed it expedient to maintain a sturdy bulwark of defense here, — and throughout the period of Roman supremacy in Jerusalem a close watch was maintained from this vantage point upon the activities of the Hebrew zealots in and around the Temple. The Roman governors ever held themselves ready to sally forth and to use stern repressive measures when occasion demanded. In the opinion of many students, the Prætorium, where Pilate sat in judgment, immediately adjoined the ancient Tower of Antonia. Here too, Paul was conveyed for safety when threatened by the mob of enraged Jews who charged him with desecrating the Temple by introducing a gentile within the inner court; and moreover it was from the steps of the tower that Paul turned upon his accusers and delivered his first great discourse, the beginning of his influential ministry. Two years before I had been privileged to stand where his life's



THE 'ECCE HOMO ARCH'.

work *ended*, a few miles beyond the walls of imperial Rome! Surely these little glimpses of the world here and there give one a wonderfully clear conception of history.

We have now seen most of the 'vital points' in the Temple reservation; next in interest and logical sequence is the Holy Sepulcher Church.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher has from very early times been recognized and affirmed by the highest authorities of the Christian Church as genuine. For the devout pilgrim and the true believer there can be no controversy on a settled point of orthodox Roman Catholic belief. There are those, however, who are not committed to the ecclesiastical view, and who have felt themselves constrained to examine the old traditions by the light of modern knowledge and recent discoveries.

Students of the scriptures, historians, archæologists, and men of letters in all professional walks of life have regarded with keenest interest the so-called "Holy Sites" in and around Jerusalem. There are some about the authenticity of which there can be little

MEDIÆVAL JERUSALEM. The fourth act in the thrilling drama of Jerusalem's history ushers in the conquering followers of Mohammed. In the brief interlude immediately preceding, the Persians had taken Jerusalem (614), but in 628 the Byzantine emperor Heraclius again conquered Syria.

Mohammed was born in Mecca in 570 or 571. About the year 610 he first appeared as a prophet and teacher in his own village and gained almost instant recognition. The true Moslem era dates properly from 622, the year of the Hegira, or Hijra, as it is called, when Mohammed emigrated with a small body of adherents to Medina. We find a modern parallel of this event in the Mormon migration to Utah. Mohammed's career is one of the most singular in history. He ultimately secured a following among the restless Arabian tribesmen, to whom his doctrines of conquest presented an instant appeal. As the ruler of an almost united Arabia, and a fast spreading dominion over all the nomadic tribes of the East, he passed away in 632 at Medina. His work, however, was instantly taken up by others almost equally as zealous, and the successors of "the Prophet", always recognizing him as the head and founder of their religion, spread with their conquering and proselyting hordes over all the Southern and Eastern borderlands of the Mediterranean.

It was the Caliph Omar, the immediate successor of Mohammed, who captured Jerusalem in 637, but treated the inhabitants with clemency. The Moslems were not at first bitterly hostile to the Christians or the Jews, and do not seem to have prohibited them either from observing their usual forms of worship or from pilgrimages to the sacred sites in the Holy City. It is even recorded that the Caliph Harum er-Rashid sent to Charlemagne the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. On the other hand, many of the sovereigns of Europe sent to Jerusalem contributions for the support of the Christian pilgrims. The Moslems bestowed upon the city the name of El-Kuds, ('the Sanctuary') and venerated all its Old Testament associations.

To understand the history of the Moslem world it must be borne in mind that, as the years passed, the followers of Mohammed became much divided politically. While possessing a universal form of worship and an allegiance to Mohammed there were many rival Caliphs and

Emirs, many of them able men, with countless diverse interests and numerous fanatical followings. Hence, in 969, Jerusalem fell into the possession of the Egyptian Fatimites, and in the second half of the 11th Century it was involved in the conflicts of the Turcomans. It was these interminable disorders within the Moslem empire which contributed to the success of the Crusaders.

During the First Crusade the Christian army advanced to the walls of Jerusalem on June 7th, 1099. Among the besiegers were Robert of Normandy and Robert of Flanders, together with Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred and Godfrey de Bouillon. Their united efforts were crowned with success, and on the 15th of July the city capitulated. Despite their holy mission, the Franks slew most of the Moslem and Jewish inhabitants and converted the mosques into churches. For almost ninety years the Christians occupied the city; Godfrey de Bouillon, the first "king" of Jerusalem, being followed by a line of knights who reigned in feudal style at Jerusalem. Under Baldwin II, 1118-31, the territory won by the Crusaders reached its greatest limits. About this time the Knights of St. John and the Templars were founded. The rise of the intrepid Saladin, who had already made himself master of Egypt and Syria soon threatened the position of the Franks in Jerusalem. A breach of truce led to war, and in 1187, after the battle of Hattin, Saladin captured the city, but treated the inhabitants with leniency. The Third Crusade, with Richard the Lion Heart as its hero, captured some coast towns for the Christians, and permission was again obtained for pilgrims to visit Jerusalem.

The Fourth and Fifth Crusades, 1204-1217, were fruitless. In 1229, Frederick II obtained possession of Jerusalem for ten years by treaty, and fortified the walls again, despite his agreement to the contrary. In 1239, Jerusalem fell once again; this time to the Emir David of Kerak. In 1243 the Christians had possession for a year by treaty, then it was stormed successfully by the Moslem faction of the Kharezmians from Central Asia. We find that it next fell into possession of the Aiyubides. The French Crusaders of 1240 and 1248 met with little success, and the Christian knights, who retained only a few coast towns, were, after the storming of Acre in 1291, completely driven out of Palestine.

In 1517 Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Osmans, or purely Turkish branch of the Moslems.

question. The mystic cave of Machpelah at Hebron, where repose the remains of the Hebrew patriarchs, jealously guarded by Moslem fanatics; the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, with its cherished rock-hewn manger; the "Temple Area"; — these and many others we may accept with a comparative degree of assurance. But the many sided debate concerning the whereabouts of the Tomb of Christ which has been going on for many years, warrants us in reserving our own decision until we have thoroughly investigated the subject.

For nearly twenty centuries Christianity has been the most powerful factor in influencing the history of the world. Filled with enthusiasm, the first disciples of the Christ and the so-called "Fathers of the Church" scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of Rome's dominions the teachings of their Master. From the ruins of imperial Rome arose the militant church, radiant with the first flush of power. Then came the ebb tide, and the night of the "Dark ages", — yet,

through it all, the dimly flickering flame of Christianity, carefully nutured in monastery or peasant's hut, foretold the coming of a brighter day.

ALONG THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Then the Crusades began, when Europe, emerging from petty feudal strife, united to regain from the Moslems the coveted Holy Sepulcher, and the chivalry of England, France and Germany attempted repeatedly, at fearful cost, to secure possession of the Holy Land. When Godfrey de Bouillon and his victorious warriors entered the battle-scarred city, one can scarcely wonder that their zeal and ecstasy burst all bounds, and every stone seemed an object of veneration. Under these circumstances, the Crusaders were hardly in a position to be coldly critical, nor were they prompted by a spirit of careful investigation. Enough for them to be in the Holy City at last !

Yet it is largely upon the testimony of the Crusaders that many of our present-day traditions are based.

Let us bear these facts in mind therefore, as we visit the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

The connecting link between the Temple area and the Holy Sepulcher Church is the Via Dolorosa or 'Way of Sorrow', the thoroughfare along which Christ is supposed to have traveled enroute from Pilate's tribunal to the place of execution. Admitting that the Prætorium stood near the

Castle of Antonia and the Temple precincts, it is highly probable that the riotous mob who followed the weary form of Jesus, bending beneath the heavy cross, here began to wend their way toward Golgotha, there to witness the concluding scene of the world's greatest tragedy. The Via Dolorosa is not *one* street, but *many* streets; leading through the heart of old Jerusalem. Here and there, along its course, are the traditional "stations of the cross,,' fourteen of them, all identified with that last pathetic journey.

THE ENTRANCE, HOLY SEPULCHER CHURCH.

If one could actually believe that the pavement upon which he walks had been trodden by the "Man of Sorrows", he would feel indeed that he were treading upon consecrated ground. Or were it possible to believe that the suffering Jesus had really paused before the houses where today are ever-burning lamps, he could not view them without deep emotion. But upon the hills of Jerusalem are piled

the wrecks of centuries, and the level of the old time street must be many feet below the present surface.

Following, however, the streets which have long been regarded as sacred, passing the familiar "Ecce Home Arch"; the "House of Veronica", the "House of Simon the Cyrenean" and many others, we finally pause before the Church of the Holy Sepulcher itself, which is closely crowded on all sides by miserable houses and filthy bazars. It would be difficult to imagine a more dilapidated structure; seen from without. A throng of mendicants and peddlers usually haunt the narrow courtyard, offering rosaries and crucifixes of olive-wood. But *one* doorway leads into the church, its companion having been walled up years ago; directly outside the entrance is a flat slab, marking the grave of an English knight who fell in Crusading times.

There is, however, about the Church that which commands our reverence. A sacred edifice has occupied this spot for nearly fifteen centuries. The early Bishop Eusebius, writing about the year 340, records that it was here, during the reign of Constantine, that the sacred tomb of the Saviour was discovered. It is also claimed that during the excavations conducted by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, the true cross of Christ was discovered, as well as those of the thieves executed with Him !

Since that time, traditions have piled around the spot and churches have been built here repeatedly, each succeeding the other as they fell in turn a prey to the ravages of time or man. The Crusaders erected a church here about the year 1100, which, although much altered and repaired, stood until comparatively recent years. The present edifice dates from 1810, when it was almost entirely rebuilt after a destructive fire.

Within the church almost all the Catholic sects have something peculiarly their own. The Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts are all represented. Within the circumscribed precincts of the church have been grouped all

the spots which could possibly be associated with the Master's death and resurrection. The "Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment" belongs to the Armenians; the "Stone of Unction", where Christ's body was anointed, belongs to the Latins; the Copts have only a tiny little chapel, while the Greeks possess an entire wing of the church all to themselves.

Turkish soldiers guard the doorways of the Holy Sepulcher Church, while within the edifice the priests of the diverse sects freely mingle, although there is little love wasted between them. On feast days, and especially at Easter time, the church is thronged with worshipers and half-crazed pilgrims, among whom scenes of great disorder frequently occur.

MODERN JERUSALEM. Under Ottoman rule Jerusalem has been insignificant politically. The inferiority of the Turkish to the Arabian race has ever been apparent. None of the Turkish Sultans, — save perhaps Sultan Mahmud, (1808-1839) and Abdul Hamid II, who granted a constitution to the Turkish empire in 1908, — seem to have wasted much time or interest upon Jerusalem.

Napoleon I, after his spectacular enterprises in Egypt, captured Jaffa in 1799 and penetrated as far as Nazareth, but after his check at Mt Tabor he conveniently found himself called to France, and abandoned any schemes he may have cherished for a conquest of Jerusalem.

Ibrahim Pasha, the adopted son of Mohammed 'Ali, victory of Egypt, ravaging Palestine in his campaigns against the Turks, secured the country for Egypt at the peace of Kutahya in 1833. In 1840, through the interference of the powers of Europe, Turkey was again vested with authority in Palestine.

The Turco-German cordiality culminated in the war alliance of 1915, and Jerusalem has been a centre of mobilization and a base of the projected operations against the supremacy of England in the Near East.

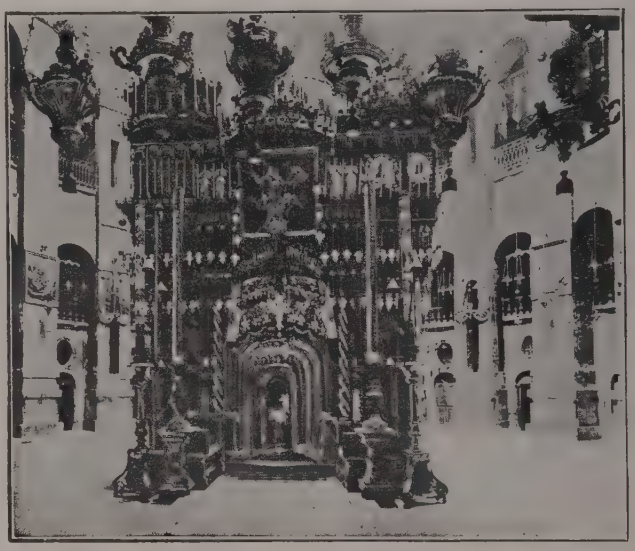
It seems but an appropriate climax to the eventful history of Jerusalem to note that but a few months ago a German aereonaut circled the city, and, after a long flight, brought his machine to earth just outside the walls of the city above the pool of Siloam!

The "Holy Sepulcher" itself is a church within a church! Beneath the lofty central dome has been erected a marble chapel, before which innumerable candles and lamps are burning. Over the entrance is a striking picture of Christ emerging from the tomb, around which is entwined a profusion of gaudy garlands. The whole presents a bewildering spectacle of crosses and candelabra and shining brass.

This chapel is, of course, the Christian "Holy of Holies", and is the joint property of all the sects. Within, over the tomb, forty-three lamps are suspended, of which four belong

to the Copts and the remainder are divided equally among the other three factions. These are tended constantly, and present a weird appearance with their tiny globes of blue, red, green and purple.

Passing through a kind of vestibule with marble benches on either hand, we enter an ante-chamber of modern construction. Here we see a piece of stone, encased in a frame of brass, which is said to be the identical rock rolled away from the mouth of the sepulcher by angel hands.



THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

Finally, stooping low, we pass through a narrow doorway into the innermost chamber. It is a small room lined throughout with white marble, one half of which is occupied by a covered sarcophagus of stone, the top slab being slightly cracked. The floor has been worn into deep hollows by the knees of countless pilgrims, while the marble top of the tomb has been polished smooth by reverent kisses.

Others were waiting without; and I could remain but a few moments here. The air was heavy with the fumes of the two score lamps which hung above, flickering and smoking, — while from the body of the church was wafted in a cloud of incense.

There are some who freely accept this as the Holy

Sepulcher. Others believe that the real rock-hewn tomb of Christ lies *beneath* this gorgeous cenotaph. This is much nearer to the truth.

All manner of men and women here pay homage to the Christ. Priest and layman, poet and peasant, the young and light-hearted and the feeble and forlorn. From all over the Christian World men and women come in an endless stream to worship here.

One poor old woman attracted my attention. In tattered shawl with shoeless feet she came humbly to the sacred shrine, crossing herself repeatedly, and bowing to the ground. No one prevented her entry into the gilded tomb, and none restrained her as she gave her humble kiss to the well-worn marble. I watched her as she hobbled out; it seemed as though a look of joy was on her wrinkled face, when having passed the portal, she turned once again toward the tomb with bended head and lips which moved as if in prayer.

The "Golgotha Chapel" situated in the Southern part of the church is, as it should logically be, higher than the body of the church. It is presumably the site of the "hill" where Christ died. Now, of course, all traces of natural hill are gone. The place is merely a chapel, with altar resplendent with golden crosses, sacred pictures and burning tapers. Beneath the altar is a hole in the marble pavement bordered with brass. This, it is said, is the spot where the cross was planted.

INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

Away down, below the floor of the church proper, in a sort of sub-cellar, is a dim, dark chamber where a candle sheds a feeble and uncertain light. It was here accordingly to tradition that

the *cross* was found by the Empress Helena. This traditional cross has been divided piecemeal, and small fragments of the wood are said to repose in the sacred reliquaries of many of the world's cathedrals .

If the Roman Catholics had complete control of this wonderful church, there is little doubt but that it would be

ON THE ROOF OF THE CHURCH.

kept in a splendid state of dignity and repair, — but as it is, there is so much factional jealousy that nothing in the way of repairs has been attempted for nearly forty years.

To be present in this church on a Sunday morning, when the various congregations are holding services simultaneously under one roof, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The babble of sound is quite indescribable, and sad but true, it is far from edifying.

The "personnel" of the priestly custodians and the clergy who minister here is likewise disappointing. I have

never seen a dirtier, more homely or more suspicious looking collection of 'scalliwags'. There is absolutely no comparison between our own refined and cultured priests and this group of illiterate men who bear the standards of the rival faiths at the Holy Sepulcher.

GROUP OF PRIESTS.

Such is the accepted Church of the Holy Sepulcher as we see it to-day. Now, by way of contrast, let us visit the 'Garden Tomb'.

Without the city wall, just a little to the north of the famous Damascus gate, is a slight elevation with a curiously formed cliff facing the city, which answers in many respects to the New Testament descriptions of "Calvary".

In the rugged face of the cliff there are a number of caverns or fissures which have evidently existed from earliest times. One of the largest caves has been known for years to travelers as the "Grotto of Jeremiah", for it was here, 'tis said, that the prophet compiled his "Lamentations". And, of a truth, the place is dreary enough to inspire such a production. There is, however, one portion of this cliff which we cannot overlook. Seen from almost any position it bears a striking resemblance to a decaying human skull, with eyeless sockets and sunken mouth, meriting assuredly the name "Golgotha", place of a skull, which we know was applied in

Biblical times to a spot somewhere in this vicinity.

Moreover, the hill is very near the great highway leading northward from Jerusalem. Any object upon the hill-top would be plainly visible from the road, so that, if one hung here crucified, he would be near enough to be insulted or "scoffed at" by all who passed to or from the city gate. So prominent, in fact, is this hill, that it is visible from many points in the city and upon the surrounding hillsides, so that "those looking on from afar off" might see plainly all that was here transpiring.

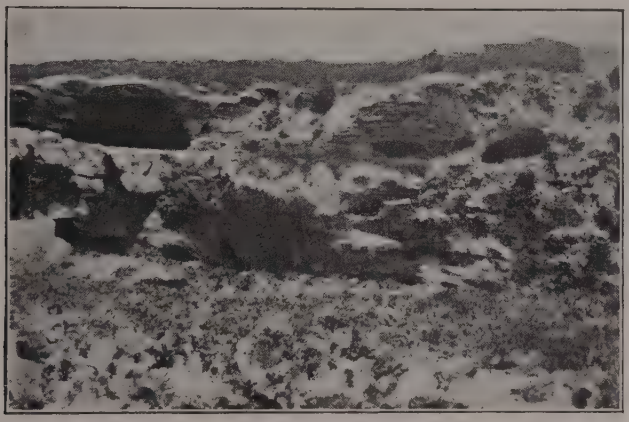
Mank scholars identify this spot as the place of the crucifixion of our Lord, the "green hill without the city wall."

Now it transpires that the Holy Sepulcher Church of to-day is almost in the heart of Jerusalem, yet the scriptures plainly tell us that Calvary was "without the walls". Those who place confidence in the accepted site tell us that the modern walls of Jerusalem follow a course far different from that of classic times, and assure us that while the Jerusalem of Herod the Great could not have been smaller than it is to-day, it extended much further to the West, including the once populous Zion quarter (now almost deserted) and even encompassing the sides of the Kedron Valley down to the pool

THE 'GROTTO OF JEREMIAH'.

of Siloam. They maintain that the Herodian walls *did not* encompass the site of the present church. Yet the visitor of to-day, noting the surroundings and confines of the city must admit that nowhere, in or near Jerusalem, is there a spot which so aptly justifies the biblical description as the modern "skull hill".

To-day it is surmounted by a Mohammedan cemetery, dreary and forsaken. The writer visited Jerusalem in the



'GOLGOTHA ?'

Summer, during the Moslem feast of Ramadan, and the cannon which fired the "sunset gun" was mounted upon this spot. At the close of day during this period, the Mohammedans break their fast, and the denial and slumber of the day give place to feasting and revelry during the hours of night. Every evening the welcome report of the gun could be heard as it reverberated from the surrounding hills, while the puff of blue smoke lingered for a moment over "Calvary".

In a sheltered corner beneath the hill, there was discovered in 1867 a most striking tomb, hollowed out of the cliff itself. To-day it is surrounded by a charming garden, kept with scrupulous care, and the whole is enclosed by a modern wall of masonry.

To many tourists this sepulcher is known as the *"Gordon Tomb"*, — for Gen. Gordon, who subsequently fell at Khartum, visited Jerusalem in 1883 and frequently resorted hither. So impressed was he with its character that he openly avowed his belief in the authenticity of the spot.

THE 'SUNSET GUN' ON 'CALVARY HILL'.

Since his time, many men of prominence have been led to think likewise.

Whatever view may be entertained as to the real position of Calvary, we know from scripture that the Holy Sepulcher must be sought "in the place where He was crucified". If the real site of Calvary be once fixed, a secure basis will be obtained for further research, and although the exact spot where the Saviour's divine body was laid can never be certainly proved, we have the best warrant for believing that our Saviour's place of burial was close to the place where He suffered and died. This idea of course, is carried out in the Holy Sepulcher Church.

THE 'GREEN HILL FAR AWAY, WITHOUT THE CITY WALL'.

In the 'Garden Tomb' the scriptural description seems entirely fulfilled. The tomb as we see it to-day is devoid of all decoration; simply a plain, rock-hewn sepulcher, similar to the hundreds of other Jewish tombs which honeycomb the hills of Palestine. Conducted by the polite custodians, we reverently step within the doorway. The tomb was evidently a family tomb such as Joseph of Aramathea might well have made, with an ante-chamber and a recess adjoining with room for three bodies, one at the end, as it were, and recessed, — and two at right angles. It appears never to have been finished, for some of the surfaces have not been smoothed, and evidently but one body was laid therein. A broken slab of marble, fitted into the natural rock, forms the sarcophagus. This in itself is most singular.

Not a shrine, not a picture, not a candle ! Nothing but the silence of a mid-summer day, broken only by the occasional buzz of a cricket without; yet here a spirit of reverence seems to hover over the traveler which is felt nowhere else within the Holy City.

THE *NEW JERUSALEM* FROM 'GORDON'S CALVARY'
The 'Garden Tomb' lies beyond and below the wall.

The sepulcher was, at one time, closed by a stone, running into a groove. A portion of a stone door is still shown to visitors.

Through a doorway such as this the disciples, Peter and John, by stooping down could have looked into the sepulcher and seen the linen clothes lie, perhaps upon the floor of the little ante-chamber.

Who can tell whether or not this is the sacred spot? But, if the true Calvary was just without the wall on the borders of the Mohammedan cemetery, — as think Otto Thenius, Gen. Gordon, Col. Condor, Doctor Merrill, Rider Haggard, and many others, — the tomb cannot have been far away.

There must have been such a garden as we see to-day; certainly just such a tomb. To such a secluded spot must the lifeless body of the Saviour been reverently borne by His few faithful followers.

On that first Easter morning, through such a garden, dim and dewy, must the two Marys have crept in terror of

the Jews or perhaps the Roman guard, coming to the mouth of the sepulcher just as the rising sun shot its golden rays over the summit of Olivet.

THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN.

Here the risen Lord may have spoken the words of comfort to the Magdalene, and that affecting message of love : "Go tell my disciples, — *and Peter.*"

Thoughts like these surge through one's mind, and again he lives over the awe-inspiring events of the resurrection morn !

In the rocky cliff above and around the entrance to the tomb there seem to be evidences that at some very remote time an arched building was erected over the spot, enclosing the sepulcher. Two cisterns, in good repair, still exist nearby, and there have been found the remains of extensive masonry foundations within the present limits of the garden. Some suppose that a church was erected here in Crusading times.

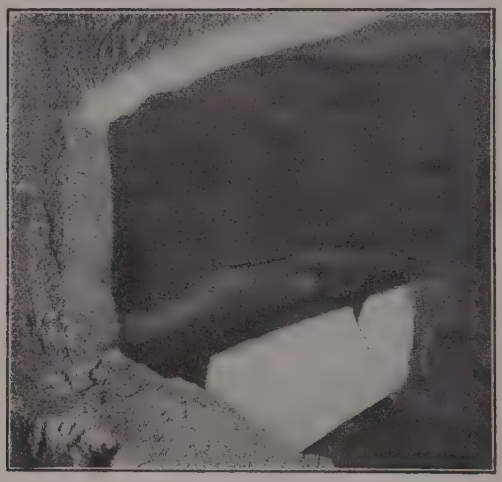
The late Mr. Haskett Smith attached great importance to certain inscriptions which were brought to light during the years 1885-6, in tombs discovered in the French Dominican enclosure immediately adjoining the Garden Tomb. These inscriptions are preserved in the French Museum which adjoins the modern church of St. Stephen. One of these, translated, reads as follows :

"To Nonus and Onesimus, deacons of the Church of the Witness of the Resurrection of Christ".

A second inscription bears in Greek the words :

"Buried near his Lord".

The first inscription clearly suggests that in early



THE PLACE WHERE THEY LAID HIM ?

Christian days a church was erected in this vicinity to be a perpetual witness or memorial of the resurrection of Christ. The second inscription is somewhat ambiguous, and might refer either to the burial of some follower of St. Stephen or our Lord, or merely to the resting place of some Christian slave or servant who was "buried near his Lord".

Without laying too much stress on the significance of these inscriptions, they seem to furnish an additional link

in the remarkable chain of coincidences which invest this locality with extraordinary interest.

All the evidence seems to indicate that the spot was held sacred in early days, and that several buildings have at various times been here erected. Altogether the tomb is exceptional. Its comparative isolation, its extraordinary fitness for a private family tomb in a garden, its exact conformity with the scriptural narrative, are the three points which most arrest attention. No other tomb has yet been discovered which meets these conditions. Yet we cannot justly dismiss the traditions with which the ages have invested the Holy Sepulcher Church. It is certain that the early 'fathers' would have no reason to create a false impression or revere a mistaken spot. Those who lived in the fourth century must have had trustworthy tradition, if not written record, to establish their selection and veneration. The Crusaders were for the most part unlearned, and, as a rule, not over critical, — but we must not forget that the older Greek and Roman culture compared favorably with that of our own age.

View from 'Calvary Hill', showing rear of New German Hospital

The quiet of the 'Gordon Tomb' is more satisfying than the turmoil of the 'Holy Sepulcher', and therefore appeals to our imaginations and our finer sensibilities; yet, pending further light, I prefer to accept the authorized site, believing that beneath the gilded chapels and altars and mosaics of the great church lie the rocks and the caverns which in our

Lord's day were open to the sky, and must have then appeared as do to-day the 'Golgotha' and the charming tomb in the garden about which we have speculated.

Countless tourists visit the Holy Land yearly; some devout followers of the lowly Galilean, others scoffers and cynics. Some come hither in an attitude of religious enthusiasm and accept without question the traditional sites which are here shown as authentic. Others come filled with skepticism, and return home feeling sure that their doubts are justified.

Whether or not the sum total of the world's vast knowledge will be increased by the positive identification of the Holy Sepulcher is a matter of conjecture, but the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth have so been interwoven with the fabric of the world's history and the daily life of its people, that His influence is and shall continue to be of *supreme* and incalculable help and blessing.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM offers to the visitor a wide variety of hotel accommodations. The Hotel Fast, outside the walls, is perhaps the most pretentious, although there are several other good hotels both within and without the city. Jerusalem is divided into 'Quarters', racial and religious, and in the Jewish and foreign centers of population there are, naturally, accommodations for many strangers. The Russian and French religious institutions usually have facilities for housing a large number of tourists, provided the applicants are provided with satisfactory credentials, while the numerous 'pensions' or semi-private lodging houses, most of them in the new city, offer many advantages where a prolonged stay is contemplated.

The foreigners in Jerusalem 'flock together;' the American 'birds of a feather' are partial to the locality North of the city. Likewise, the German, Russian and English residents are drawn to each other by a community spirit which is very strong; therefore we have come to refer to the vari-

ous foreign centers of population as 'colonies'.

Our own sojourn in Jerusalem was made enjoyable at a comfortable and home-like English establishment a half mile from the Jaffa Gate, opposite the Rothschild Girls' School. Around our board at dinner were gathered a most interesting company. During the period of my visit to Jerusalem, an interdenominational conference was being held by the Medical Missionaries from all parts of Asia Minor. Two of the doctors were staying with us; Dr. Atkinson of Kharput and Dr. Scott of Damascus. From their little after-dinner anecdotes it seems evident that the lot of a missionary, even in a land of comparative civilization, is no sinecure. Dr. Atkinson told of the difficulties which were encountered on every hand; of the hostility and often the treachery of the natives and servants, of the roads — well-nigh impassable during the heavy snows of winter, and the squalor and sickness which blight the lives of the wretched villagers of the interior. I have become firmly convinced that every dollar spent by our churches and philanthrophists in support of *Medical* Missions is well invested. Much effort is expended where often the *spiritual* results are disappointing; nevertheless the *social service* to mankind is of inestimable benefit. A preacher may make but few converts by expounding his little understood doctrines in a Godless community, but the common sense lessons of cleanliness, sanitation and healing are of themselves worth all the effort put forth. If, beside all this, our missionaries can by an example of upright living lead their charges to an acceptance of the truth *as we see it,* so much the better. But let us not think that we, of all men, have a monopoly of God's good things.

Ofttimes we mortals attempt to bring down the Supreme Being to our own low level. We try to make of the Creator a revengeful despot, who has revealed to *us* all the truth, and sometimes we picture a God who seeks the slightest pretext for shutting the door of Heaven in the

faces of those who do not see as we do. "Shall not the God of all the Earth do right?" He who puts into our hearts whatever good impulses we possess, who clothes the world with a mantle of beauty, and gives us *all* the in-born assurance of a future existence : He cannot be measured by our

IN THE 'NEW CITY'.

finite standards, and we err grievously if we deny to our fellow men, of whatever faith, a place fully as great as our own in the heart of the bounteous All Father.

One of the most erratic of God's creatures was our 'star boarder' at the Olivet House, an angular spinster with disposition corroded by the rust of years. She has, it transpires, been a resident of Jerusalem for a long time, having left England in disgust on account of domestic troubles. Far from mellowing, however, under the benign rays of the Judean sun, she has hopelessly spoiled and become an unbearable cynic. Few conditions in this world of sin are more pitiable than a capable life soured by environment. Miss M..... was a woman of culture, wonderfully familiar with Biblical history and the topography of Palestine; and, had she been so disposed, she might have been a source of constant entertainment and assistance to the visitors with whom she came in contact. But, on the contrary, the lady under

THE JAFFA ROAD.

discussion finds her only delight in criticising the cuisine or berating the trembling waiters; — she is on bad terms with all the world and naturally at odds with herself. This, in my opinion, is a wasted life, — one of those existences which may be styled 'a disappointment ending in an old age of regret'.

Our photograph of the Jaffa Road gives a splendid idea of the 'New Jerusalem'. In the distance is seen the old Jaffa Gate and the new tower of Emperor William, while in the foreground the numerous "Photographie' signs give an idea of the extent of the business carried on in this line. Jerusalem is certainly well prepared for the visitor as regards pictures. You can buy pictures of anything and everything. Even lantern slides, artistically colored, may be obtained at the 'Colony Store', with a carefully prepared lecture to be inflicted upon the admiring ones at home.

The Jaffa road may be said to be the chief commercial street of Jerusalem. Here, beyond the barriers of the congested and dirty old town are a succession of modern stores, with the Ottoman and the German banks, as well as the foreign Post Offices.

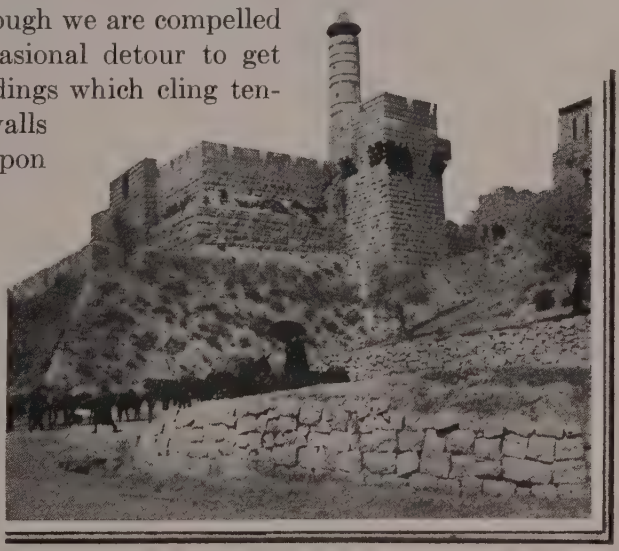
The Germans, French, Italians and Austrians maintain these postal stations here, — the 'Offices in the Levant'

which used to mystify us in our boyhood days of stamp collecting. Little did we then think that we should one day affix these same European stamps, 'Surcharged with Turkish values' upon letters addressed to our own folks in the Western World.

These foreign offices are a great convenience to the European residents of Jerusalem, and the respective agents naturally give particular care to the transmission and safety of the mails.

Most visitors to Jerusalem make it a point to encircle the belt of fortifications which surround the old city, and naturally begin at that now familiar landmark, the Jaffa Gate. We have already observed the Citadel from the Bethlehem road, and shall now proceed, in a short walk of perhaps an hour, to note the 'lay out' of the present city and its relation to the surrounding country.

A poorly conditioned highway re-ascends from the Bethlehem road and enables us to arrive at the foot of the wall once more. We endeavor to hug the ramparts as closely as possible, although we are compelled to make an occasional detour to get around the buildings which cling tenaciously to the walls like barnacles upon the bottom of a ship.



THE TOWERS 'ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

Within the walls, a considerable allotment between the Citadel and the most Southerly corner is occupied by the buildings of the Ar-

menians, with their Monastery and its extensive gardens; while just outside the walls are the cemeteries of the Armenian, Greek and Latin communities. This portion of the Southern hill, where once stood the City of Zion, — according to many authorities, — is deserted now save for these cemeteries and a few groups of old buildings, huddled together. One of these, usually pointed out to the visitor, is the traditional 'Tomb of David.' More properly speaking, several buildings are here rolled into one. In one of the subterranean chambers repose the remains of the greatest of the Hebrew sovereigns. This at least is the noteworthy claim; but no one has ever been able to verify it, or been given a chance to refute the falsehood. Naturally, visitors are refused admission. Upon the first floor of the conglomerate structure is the so-called "Coenaculum', or Chamber of the Last Supper. This room appears to be part of an old church, but certainly not a building *two thousand* years old. But they always have a ready way of getting around impossibilities : — in this instance we are told that the *site* is authentic, but that it was in a chamber *below* that in which we now stand, — inaccessible of course, — that the Lord's Supper was really and truly observed.

THE 'TOMB OF DAVID'.

This 'cat-in-a-bag' business is truly disgusting. One would rather look upon a genuine imposition and *know* that he was being hoaxed, than to have his curiousity excited and then find an impassable barrier blocking further progress.

I do not place much confidence in the 'Coenaculum,'

but it is not improbable that David and many other notable men of his time were interred hereabouts, for this portion of Mount Zion was almost surely enclosed by the walls of David and Solomon, traces of which have been found a few yards to the West. Remains of some old cisterns have also been discovered in the immediate vicinity. This section of old Jerusalem was, most likely, the Upper Town, in contrast to the Lower Town situated beyond the now scarcely discernible Tyropœon Valley.

In this latter or Eastern portion of Jerusalem, facing the Mount of Olives, stood the Temple, which site we have already visited. If, as is sometimes asserted, the palaces of the Jewish monarchs were situated in the Upper town, their tombs may be looked for in that locality. Supposing on the other hand, that the royal residences adjoined the Temple, this would be less likely. At any rate, the Tombs of the Kings have never been positively located. The ancient limits of the

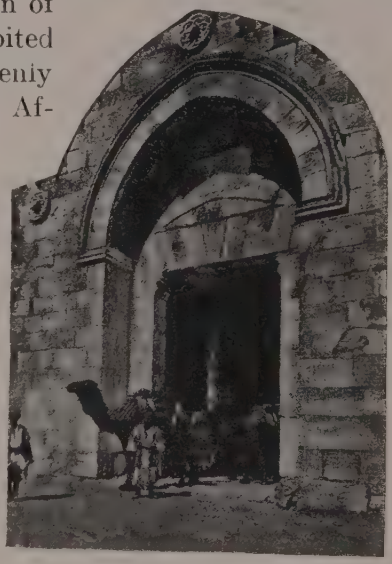
'IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME'.

city have been defined by many authorities in as many different ways, and the exact boundaries of Jerusalem in Jewish or Herodian days will always be a matter of dispute.

But the circuit of the walls, as we see them to-day, affords a fairly satisfactory conception of things as they used to be, despite the fact that the present Moslem city is far smaller than the Jerusalem of the past.

The Zion Gate, or 'Gate of David', affording means of ingress here, shows no traces of ancient splendor. It is merely a massive portal spanned by a pointed arch with battlements above.

The walls soon turn off again toward the East until we arrive at the 'Dung Date', a low and forbidding doorway reminding one of the proverbial 'needle's eye'. Within this gate lies the meanest portion of the city, the quarter inhabited by the Jews and the slovenly Moghrebins from Northern Africa. Without, as may be implied from the name of the gate, is one of the rubbish heaps of the city. But the appellation 'Dung Gate' is very old, and it seems that this side of the city has always been more or less abhorred. Some claim that the scriptural 'Gehenna' or place of burning, interpreted by Biblical students as being symbolic of eternal desolation, referred to a smouldering heap of refuse further down the valley of Hinnom or in the lower Kedron.



THE 'GATE OF ZION'.

But it will not be amiss at this time to enter the city through this disreputable entrance, and visit one of the

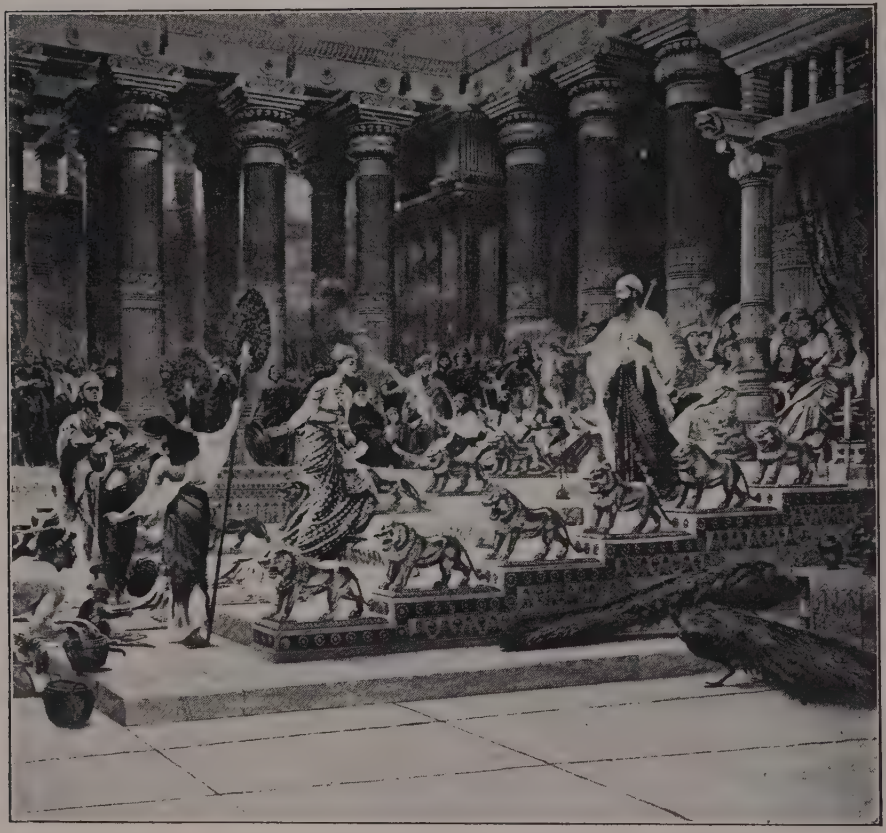
places of greatest 'heart interest' in Jerusalem,—the world famous *Wailing Place* of the Jews.

A short walk to the Northward — then a turn to the right — brings the visitor to the object of his search. I had deemed a guide unnecessary, but enroute thither I was accosted by a most respectable old gentleman, rather threadbare at the elbows and knees, but exceedingly courteous. He knew without any inquiry from me the object of my interest in this part of the city, and, signifying that I was to follow him, he led the way to a narrow street running alongside a lofty wall. At once I recognized the spot, as does every traveler, — these massive stones were a part of he well known West wall of Herod's Temple; the much frequented place of Hebrew lamentation.

THE PLACE OF WEEPING AND PRAYER.

I found perhaps a score of people here; — not a loudly wailing mob, but a perfectly orderly group, gathered as is their custom to pray and to bemoan the departed glory of Israel. Leaning sadly against the huge blocks of drafted granite, or sitting thoughtfully in silent contemplation, were a remnant of the children of Abraham. Aged men and women were there, — others of younger years; mothers with infants in arms, farmers from the sur-

rounding villages, a few Polish colonists and Spanish Jews, — all drawn hither by a reverence of the highest type and a desire to pray beneath the shadow of the Temple. And



THE COURT OF SOLOMON.

indeed the towering wall possesses a grandeur and pathos more appealing than that of any other synagogue in the world.

Upon the wall were scribblings in Semitic characters, stained by many a tear and kissed by countless loving lips. Some of the stones comprising the wall are over ten feet in length, — the majority, I should judge, being about five feet

in height. Some have succumbed to the tooth of time and are fast disintegrating; others, with close fitting joints, appear as firmly set and solid as though it were but yesterday that the trowel of the mason had left them with approving touch. The word *trowel* sounds well, but upon closer examination, I am inclined to think that no mortar was used in this construction, — the perfection of the fitting and the ponderous weight of the blocks being deemed sufficient and adequate.

For the convenience of visitors and pilgrims, a few purveyors of eatables always frequent this spot, for even prayers coupled with an empty stomach are less comforting than supplications augmented with a 'wee bit of cheer.' Old soap-boxes, with a bottle and a dish or two, provide table-de-hote service for those who will partake.

On Friday afternoons about four o'clock a large number of Hebrews congregate here, at which time there is greater confusion and there are scenes of more vehement grief.

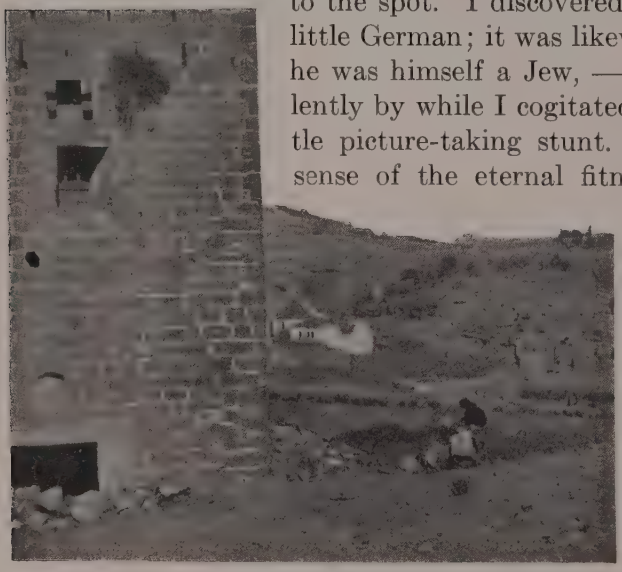
At any time, however, the place is profoundly impressive. The liberal minded visitor cannot but pity and at the same time respect the Jewish people. For well nigh twenty centuries they have been the butt of the world's tyrants, — persecuted, taxed, and exiled: — for the sufferings of all these years we *pity* them. We *respect* them for what they have been and for what they are.

Standing here alone and almost unnoticed, my thoughts went back to the days of Solomon's glory; when Sheba's queen might well say in wonder that the half of the splendors of his court had not been told. Although never a first rate world power, comparable to Egypt or Babylon, — the Jewish kingdom was at that time a model in many respects, maintaining its prestige and dignity at a period in history when such things were most difficult to maintain. In our marginal notes we have sketched the kaleidoscopic cycle of Jewish history, and we know only too well the chain of events leading up to the fall of the Holy Citiy. We admire

both its heroic defenders and the wonderfully organized Romans who encompassed its destruction. Never, since the legions of Titus marched away, has Jerusalem recovered from the blow; but the Jewish *people* have never been utterly crushed. To-day they exert an influence in the chancellaries and financial centers of the world far greater than they ever could have wielded as a small and isolated nation.

What of victorious Rome ? Only a few months before I had stood amid the ruins of the Forum, and trodden the broken and weed-grown marble pavement, where golden rod and clover were springing up between the cracks, and little brown lizards darted hither and thither in the sun. Surely *there* was a fall greater than that of Jerusalem. And now ancient Rome is remembered only as a maker of history and of great men, and through her legacy of literature to the world.

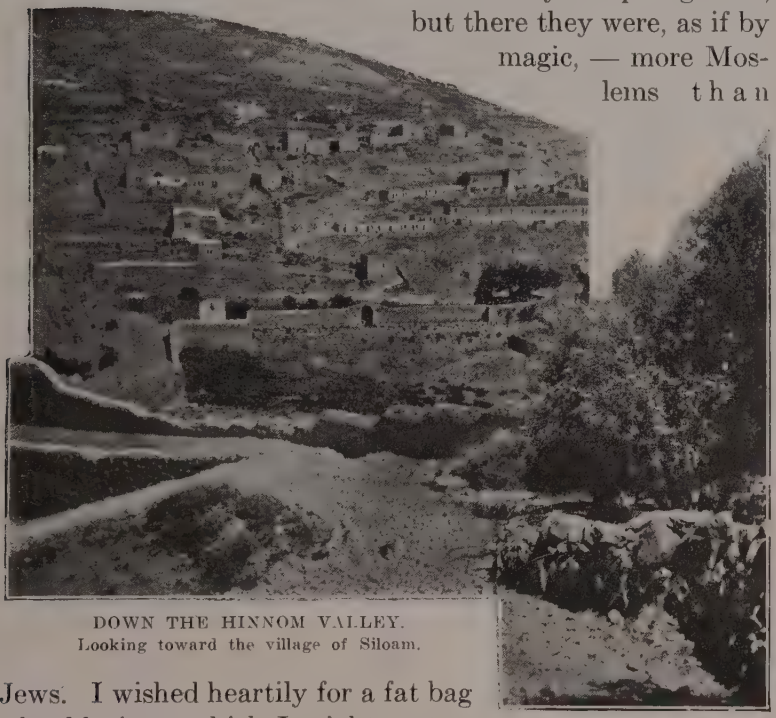
But to revert to the old gentleman who had brought me to the spot. I discovered that he spoke a little German; it was likewise evident that he was himself a Jew, — yet he stood silently by while I cogitated and did my little picture-taking stunt. With that fine sense of the eternal fitness of things so rarely met with in the East he attempted no long dissertation and volunteered no explanations; — *he* knew and *I* knew that the place was sacred, and we both under-



THE DUNG GATE.

stood. And never have I seen a gratuity accepted with so much dignity, — merely a grave bow and a gentle word of thanks. I wondered who and what he was.

But other eyes had witnessed the transaction, and in a twinkling I became the center of a clamorous throng. I can't tell where they all sprang from, but there they were, as if by magic, — more Moslems than Jews. I wished heartily for a fat bag of gold pieces which I might scatter broadcast in 'Fairy Prince' fashion, but about a dollar and thirty cents was the extent of my loose change. I made that go as far as it would, — then, seeing with alarm the ever-inceasing throng, I sought an avenue of escape. Luckily I was able to dodge beneath the outstretched arm of a buxom Amazon, and pushing aside a yelling urchin, I fled, pursued by the hosts of the needy, in much the same fashion as the unfortunate Bishop of Bingen and the avenging rodents. Such is life in Jerusalem.



DOWN THE HINNOM VALLEY.
Looking toward the village of Siloam.

Once more without the city, to take up the interrupted walk about the walls.

Reference has been made to the Valley of Hinnom. This depression, some distance to the South of modern Jerusalem, is a semi-circular 'Wadi' leading around from the Bethlehem road to the Pool of Siloam. We are tolerably sure that it once formed the boundary of the greater city. Rather a dusty and rocky path it is to-day, a few olive trees doing their best to cheer the foot-sore traveler, while the slope on the side of the city boasts of a few desolate-looking farms, each making a pathetic plea for water and fertilization from the hands of the slothful husbandmen who are trying to wrest a crop from the barren dust. Upon the opposite terraces forsaken rock tombs seem to be the only harvest; indeed the 'Aceldama" or Field of Blood, purchased with the rejected silver of Judas has been placed here by some traditions. The hill itself has a title just about as attractive, for the Crusaders called it the Mount of Evil Counsel, and asserted that here, in the mansion of Caiaphas, the killing of Jesus was planned.

THE LOWER POOL OF SILOAM.

So, all things considered, the Valley of Hinnom is not exactly the place which one would chose for a midnight promenade, haunted as it is by sinister memories. At mid-day, however, the dead are comfortable

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

enough in their graves, I guess, so we turn our thoughts to more cheerful matters.

At right angles with the Valley of Hinnom is the Valley of the Kedron, now dry, — separating the city of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. To the sun-baked traveler, wending his way down the Hinnom pathway to the historic Pool of Siloam, the miserable village on the foothills of Olivet looks anything but inviting. This is the modern town of Siloam, and the inhabitants are a decidedly dirty and ignorant lot. But even their grey and dingy village boasts of a manufacturing enterprise. A long, blue, shed-like building houses the wine bottling establishment where the vintners of the community prepare their exhilarating beverages for the market, and is the most prominent object in the hamlet; the first to catch the eye of the approaching stranger.

Near the junction of the two valleys is the famous pool of which we are in search, more familiar to the world than any of the other pools of Jerusalem. At present it seems too far removed from the city to have ever been a part of

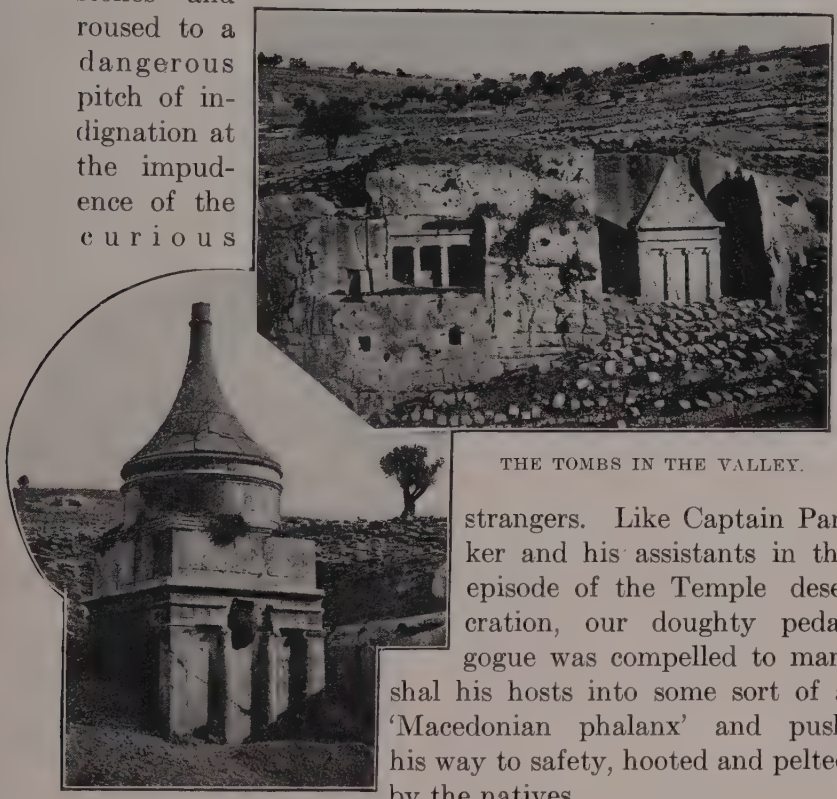
it, but from all accounts we are forced to believe that it once lay within the scope of the walls, and was one of the most highly prized reservoirs of the city, rivaling the pools in the upper town. The reservoir which was formerly regarded as the 'Pool of Bethesda', just North of the Temple Area, is now choked with rubbish, while in Summer most of the other pools are dry, or at best contain only a little stagnant water. The Pool of Siloam, on the contrary, always supplies good water, even in the dryest of weather, being fed by natural springs.

It was Hezekiah who was largely instrumental in providing Jerusalem with an abundant water supply. By means of a complicated system of subterranean conduits all the natural wells of the city were utilized, and water was carried into the city from the outlying hills. Some of these old acqueducts exist to-day in a ruinous condition, while others are still performing their worthy work after a faithful service of well nigh three thousand years. A notable example is the tunnel, said to have been quarried by Solomon, which conveys a copious stream of water into the city from the region beyond Bethlehem.

There is a 'great pool' at Siloam and also a lower or deeper reservoir, which latter is the object of greatest interest. A flight of ancient steps lead down to the surface of the water, and here one will usually meet some of the villagers, — the girls not entirely devoid of beauty, but the men and boys looking more than ordinarily thievish, which does not belie their reputation.

It seems that a subterranean passage, but partially explored, connects this Siloam cistern with the 'Fountain of the Virgin' a little further up the Kedron Valley, while still other little known channels run up to and beneath the city, portions of which are blocked by fallen masonry and rock. A year or two ago a college professor from 'The States' with half a dozen of his adventurous American boys attempted to do some exploring on their own account, and came here at

night, provided with lanterns and tools prepared for work. While busily engaged within the gallery they became aware of a commotion without, and turned to find half the villagers of Siloam assembled at the pool, armed with sticks and stones and roused to a dangerous pitch of indignation at the impudence of the curious



THE TOMBS IN THE VALLEY.

strangers. Like Captain Parker and his assistants in the episode of the Temple desecration, our doughty pedagogue was compelled to marshal his hosts into some sort of a 'Macedonian phalanx' and push his way to safety, hooted and pelted by the natives.

Remains of masonry, discovered nearby, give proof that at one time the pool and its surroundings were exceedingly attractive. As is the usual case with scriptural 'land marks,' it is very difficult to reconcile present dreariness with Roman splendor. In Christ's time the Pool of Siloam was most likely kept in the first class condition which always characterized the public works of the Romans, and the marble lined pool to which the blind man was sent was, I suppose, as

much frequented as the 'Fontana di Trevi,' in Rome to-day. Therefore, the miracle of restored sight must naturally have attracted instant and wide attention.

The walk up the Kedron Valley is always interesting, because we encounter several familiar ruins. Cut into the rocky slopes of the Mount of Olives, witih their decorated faces turned toward Jerusalem, are several tombs about which there has always been a deal of speculation. Guide books and authorities in general are satisfied to label them as the 'Tombs of St. James and Zacariah'. The former reminds one more than anything else of the rock-cut caverns of the Theban necropolis across the Nile from Luxor. Behind the Doric columns and vestibule a series of chambers have been hollowed in the mountain, in which are a varied collection of empty tombs. One tradition relates that here the apostle James concealed himself during the days of Christ's trial and execution. As to the *facts*, we know absolutely nothing. We have no clue as to the identify of the dead who once were laid away here in presumed security, or the time or circumstances of their spoliation. This much we may ponder upon : — it is all but certain that the eyes of the Christ have rested upon the ornamented frieze above our heads, as day after day he crossed the Kedron; while the pale face of the unspeaking stone has been reddened by the flames of the burning Temple and the sunsets of two thousand years, — and these very walls have echoed with the 'Hosannas' of the multitude and the imprecations of besieging hosts.

Upon the same level, and reached by a path along the face of the cliff, is the pyramid-like mausoleuum, about thirty feet in height, cut from the rock itself, which may be the monument of the Zacharias of the New Testament or the Zechariah of the Old, or may have an unfamiliar history and significance, entirely at variance with the accepted legends.

Near this spot there is a bridge over the Kedron, which

would seem to indicate that at times such a structure was necessary. Beneath the bridge lay the whitening skeleton of a horse, a memorial of an existence of unrequited toil. We have no means of knowing whether he was a sorrel or a roan, or whether he did his work faithfully or whether he balked and bit. But we know as little about the human

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES,
The domes of the Russian Church in the right foreground.

creatures who slept in the now vacant tombs above. Were they good or bad, worthy or found wanting? Were they more fitted for immortality than the dumb and plodding creatures who bore the burden? God alone can answer.

The course of the Kedron might almost be likened to the 'Valley of Dry Bones' of the prophet Ezekiel, for on either hand the ground is thickly dotted with headstones; the Jewish graves on the Olivet side of the valley and the Moslem sepulchers on the Jerusalem slope.

One other famous tomb cannot be overlooked. This is literally true, for the singular outlines of the 'Tomb of Absalom' would immediately attract the eye of the visitor did he

not already know of its existence and look for it of his own accord. This monument, too, is cut out of the rock, its cupola reminding one of an inverted morning-glory or a phonograph horn. This structure is without doubt misnamed, it certainly is not older than Greco-Roman times. A jagged aperture has been knocked into its side, and all about are heaped up a vast quantity of small stones, which have been cast at the monument by Jew and Moslem alike, for both join in detestation of the memory of David's disobedient son. They rightly discern that ingratitude is the world's greatest sin.

To gratify my curiosity, it seemed necessary to peer within the old vault. The interior also was filled with stones and I moreover beheld, peacefully sleeping upon this uncomfortable bed, a weary, ragged and unkempt 'hobo' of Palestine.

Sleep on, — thou cast off fragment of humanity If the dismal memories of reprobate Absalom haunt not thy dreams, I, forsooth, will not disturb thy slumbers!

We are told that the rock behind this tomb contains some interesting crannies, but the entrance is completely blocked by recent accessions to the stone pile, — which, as the sands of Egypt sweep over the tombs on the edge of the desert, are here piled high against the cliff.

We have, as was our original intention, been making a circuit of the walls, but afar off, 'tis true. From the bed of the Kedron the walls of Jerusalem seem remarkably high, as they tower upon the hill above.

The East wall of the 'Haram' or Temple enclosure, with its sealed 'Golden Gate', forms the boundary of Jerusalem above the Kedron Valley. Out from the city through the 'Gate of Saint Stephen', — a little further to the North, — a narrow road winds down and across the valley and up the slope of the Mount of Olives. The thought continually recurs to us that this path must often have been traversed by Jesus, as he journeyed to and from Bethany. It is not re-

corded that the Master ever spent a night in the Holy City, but we know that in a secluded glade which the scriptures name *Gethsemane,* he sought relief from the turmoil of the multitudes in seasons of meditation and prayer.

Around the Garden of Gethsemane hover the most intimate memories of the Christ. Here we experience a sense of His companionship. Just as the presence of Scott shall ever brighten the sombre library at Abbotsford, or the heroic

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson linger near his grave on Samoa's lonely peak, — so, in greater measure, do we feel the nearness of the Lover of Mankind in the spot where He himself sought consolation. The Garden of Gethsemane shall preserve through all the years the lasting fragrance of the world's sweetest Spirit.

To-day there are two pretty gardens which make an appeal for the indulgence of the visitor. We may have some doubts as to the authenticity of both sites, although the Garden of the Franciscans has centuries of tradition behind

THE GROUP AT THE WELL.

it. That of the Russians, or Greek Catholics, further up the hill, was evidently developed in more or less of a spirit of rivalry.

Through a low doorway in the enclosing wall we are ushered into the Latin garden. Here eight ancient olive trees shade the carefully tended flower beds. The visitor may purchase some of these blooms, — even shrubs and cuttings for his own garden, — beside rosaries made from the olive pits yielded by these same trees, whose knotted trunks have split and warped with age.

I have before me a very entertaining little travel book, and beneath the picture of one of these aged trees I read: 'Tree beneath which Jesus prayed'! This absurdity is characteristic of the old type of enthusiast, and in line with descriptions of the equally famous 'Virgin's tree' at Helio-

polis in Egypt, which is supposed to have sheltered the wanderers after their flight from Judea. The olive trees here are old — all of them, — and perhaps they spring from still older roots, but we must not expect too much of them. Nevertheless, anything old is worthy of respect; and beside these grizzled trunks our own span of life seems short indeed.

THE STORK'S TOWER.

They have witnessed many strange scenes; the strife of jealous factions and the weeping of many penitents. So let us bow reverently here, as we tread the garden's shady paths, and think in loving memory of Him who sorrowed for the sins of the world. Would that we all had more of pity in our hearts for our fellow men, for 'pity is akin to love'.

There is another church near at hand, protecting the 'Tomb of the Virgin' and several other note-worthy caverns identifid in one way or another with the Holy Family. The present church dates in part from the time of Milicent, daughter of the crusading king Baldwin II, and it superseded an older building, said to have been erected here in the 5th century.

As to the Russian Gethsemane, the attractions of its garden are over-shadowed by the elaborately decorated church of St. Mary Magdalene, with its richly gilded domes These seven bulbous pinnacles give the unmistakable and

fantastic touch of Muscovite architecture, and their splendor is seen afar off by every approaching traveler. This church was made possible through the munificence of the late Czar Alexander III, and hither many Russian pilgrims resort annually.

Another memorial of European royalty is the modern group of buildings known as the 'Empress Augusta Victoria Endowment', occupying a commanding position on the summit of the Mount of Olives; which I have attempted to portray in my pen sketch at the heading of this section. The institution is in reality a hospital and a place of refuge for the destitute, and was begun shortly after that famous visit of the Kaiser to which reference has already been made. It was opened in 1910. In the courtyard are bronze statues of William II and his consort.

A small fee entitles the visitor to admission on stated days of the week, and another fee opens the way for the ascent of the tower of the Church of the Ascension, which is incorporated with the buildings of the endowment. A delightful panoramic view rewards the traveler, a view whose scope extends from the hills of Bethlehem to the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley. The clearness of the atmosphere is so deceptive that the blue waters of the Dead Sea seem quite near at hand, although over fifteen miles of rugged country intervene, and it is no less than 3900 feet below our present standpoint.

Traveling afoot in Palestine is exceedingly laborious, and particularly so during the months of Summer. It is all 'up hill and down dale', and naturally every wayside tree tempts the pedestrian to halt for a moment beneath the welcome shade, while he is loath to pass by any spring, however commonplace, without stopping to quench his thirst. On the long carriage journeys, however, the traveler will do well to carry a bottle of goodly capacity, filled with lime juice and carbonated water, which, like our own lemonade or soda, is doubly refreshing.

Coming down from the brow of Olivet on my way back to the city, I paused beside a well at which were gathered an interesting family group, replenishing the supply of water in their goat skins before starting on the journey over the hills. In our photograph the father is seen holding the funnel outstretched, while the future head of the house has perched himself upon the well-curb at my suggestion. In the background, the cheery face of the 'youngest' smiles at us with the true cordiality of childhood.

THE NEW HOSPITAL OF ST. PAUL.

The 'Stork's Tower' forms the turning point of the Jerusalem wall at the North-east corner, round which winds the Olivet road. The present city extends in this direction about a quarter of a mile beyond the confines of the Haram; this section being populated mostly by the Moslems. Just how far the ancient city had expanded in this direction is an unsettled question. In classic days this side of the city was recognized as the 'weak spot' in time of siege, for here nature had provided no protecting valleys. Although

INSIDE THE DAMASCUS GATE.

strengthened by the beleaguered Jews in desperate haste, it was on this side that the hosts of Titus made their final and successful assaults. Upon the outer plateau, Mount Scopus, the legions from the Tiber were encamped for many weeks. When at last a breach in the walls had been effected, they first gained access to the lower town and the Temple, which they held for some days before reducing the upper city.

The road which skirts this wall to-day is much frequented, and this we follow until we reach the famous Damascus Gate, where another highway, leading out from the city, proceeds to Nabulus, and is the great artery of traffic connecting Jerusalem with Northern Palestine and Syria.

Through the Damascus Gate pass a continual stream of motley humanity; grave soldiers and officials, Jewish merchants or native tradesmen, teamsters with heavily laden beasts, beggars and vagabonds, with, of course, the usual liberal sprinkling of the halt, the lame and the blind.

Victor Hugo loved to study Parisian life from the roof of an omnibus, while crabbed old Doctor Johnson used to stand for hours at his favorite street corner in London, 'sizing up' the passers-by. Surely the gates of Jerusalem offer vantage points of exceptional interest, where a half hour

spent in quiet contemplation is most educating and pleasing. It is an animated 'travelogue', to use a word of Burton Holmes' coining.

Directly opposite the old gate, in pleasing contrast to the time-stained walls, the German Catholics of Cologne have recently erected a magnificent hospital, — the 'Hospice of St. Paul'. It was practically completed at the time of my visit, and gave promise of being one of the finest edifices of its kind in Palestine. This splendid institution, typical of present-day philanthropy and progress, faces, as we have said, the frowning walls of other days, — battered with the vicissitudes of years. Just so, yesterday and to-day go hand-in-hand in Jerusalem; the blighting traces of the past giving way to the possibilities of the future.

If we choose to complete the circuit of the city, we continue on to the unimportant 'Bab el-Jedid' or Gate of Herod, sometimes called the 'New Gate'. In this corner of the walls are the remains of yet another historic tower, referred to as the 'Castle of Goliath'. About it very little is known, although some identify it with the 'Psephinus' of Josephus. Outlying remains of the ancient Northern walls have been brought to light fully a thousand feet beyond the present limits of the city. No one can tell positively how the ebb and flow of an eventful history has shifted the boundaries of the Jewish capital.

The presence of the beautiful French hospices of Notre Dame de France and Saint Louis, both of them wonderfully equipped and stately buildings, brightens up this quarter wonderfully, and we edge away into the streets of the 'new city' without the wall before we remember our itinerary, and, coming upon the familiar Jaffa road again, wend our way to the point from which we started.

One of the most profitable methods of sight-seeing, and a mode of procedure affording many delightful surprises, is to wander aimlessly and at random through unfamiliar streets and out-of-the-way corners. There is a peculiar lure

about rambling upon 'terra incognita' and delving into mysterious nooks and corners, unaccompanied and alone, with the uncertainty of not knowing what is coming next, or even where you are going, which is unique and pleasing. To nose into a corner where you have never been before and which you may never see again, is, in one sense, the concentrated essence of the globe-trotter's joy.

Jerusalem is full of interesting spots, of which no mention is made in the guide books, and which the searcher may

ARCHES AND PERFORATED WALLS.

ferret out at his leisure. It is not at all difficult to 'get lost' in the old city, and then comes the fun of walking deliberately through the labyrinth in any direction which suits your fancy and 'seeing where you will come out'. The queerest and most unexpected is always happening. Sometimes you will run across strangers, who, like yourself, are in search of the unusual; — you will exchange a word or

two, compare notes, and then resume the quest for the unknown.

Many of the up-hill and narrow streets are picturesque in the extreme. The lethargic inhabitants sit upon the door steps of their musty old homes or lean over the odd-looking perforated parapets of the house-tops, and scrutinize you curiously. I was going to add — 'enviously', but on second thought I doubt if they are, as a general rule, intelligent enough to realize what they are missing by living in stuffy, old, 'has-been' Jerusalem. If they think about it at all, it is perhaps thus they soliloquize : "well, if these people come from foreign lands to see *us*, we must possess that which is worth looking at, — something *they* do not have," — and they settle back in comfortable indolence, living from-hand-to-mouth, and happy in the satisfaction of man's primitive wants.

No so, however, with the Jews of European stock. They have seen some of the world's possibilities, and they know the value of economy and the reward of industry. You will hear the buzz of a band-saw and smell the honest saw-dust of a carpenter shop. A peep within will show you some of the colonists at work, just as hard and with as much pains as though the craftsmen were in some provincial town of Russia or Poland. You will see them trudging through the streets laden with baskets and bundles, — for the Jew is never a 'slacker', and the tourist soon becomes convinced that while the Moslem may be content to *exist*, the colonist means to *live*, in the broader sense of the word, if, by dint of

ONE OF THE MANY.

hard work and by attending to his own business he can accumulate a competency.

But such scenes are most frequently met with in the 'New City'. The old town is as sleepy as ever, and the bazars do not approach those of Damascus in interest or in the variety of goods displayed.

Sometimes the pedestrian is accosted by the natives and importuned to give alms or to buy odds and ends in some of the dingy shops, but this is less frequent in Jerusalem than in the country villages. Sometimes a bright-eyed boy or girl will hover around your heels or follow you at a more discreet distance, — and it is a genuine pleasure to beckon them to your side and conjure up a smile by the bestowal of a coin or two, or maybe a treat for their little stomachs in the shape of an orange or a glass of 'gazoose'. This is the way they pronounce it, at least, but it is nothing more or less than 'lime squash'. When fraternizing with these young people we ask ourselves the question, "What would they say and think could they be transported to distant America, and, dressed up in the style of our little brothers and sisters, be whisked through New York's Broadway in a great big auto to one of our theaters for a children's matinee ?" *Yes, what would they think ?* Some day I'd like to try the experiment.

It is a long stretch of the imagination from *Jerusalem* to *Coney Island,* but *one* person at least knew of its existence. The Armenian who accompanied me on my second visit to the Holy Sepulcher Church and who stands upon the roof of the building as depicted on page 176, was very curious to know whether I was acquainted with a certain young lady who had left with him a highly cherished autograph and address, — the latter being 'Steeplechase Park'. It seems she had promised to send him some kind of a souvenir upon her return to America, but, after the lapse of a year, it had failed to materialize.

Passing again beneath the 'Ecce Homo Arch', I was prompted to enter the Convent School of the Sisters of Zion

adjoining, to see the remaining half of the arch which runs through into the interior of the building, and forms part of the choir of the Convent Chapel. We were received at the door by a sweet-faced sister, rather advanced in years, and possessing the truly 'motherly' ways which come through long and constant association with children, especially when the charge is a labor of love. She reminded me of a pale but lovely exotic flower, strangely out of place within the old grey walls; just such a friend to whom any child — or even a man — might confide his troubles with the assurance of a ready sympathy.

A NATIVE GROCERY STORE.

We were conducted to the chapel and there saw the old arch piercing the wall, beside many other ancient fragments, with slabs of the old Roman pavement and extensive masonry foundations about which one might weave many strange suppositions. For instance, we see, rudely cut upon one of the marble paving-stones, the outlines of an improvised

game board. Who knows but what this may really have been a portion of some Roman guard house ? Perhaps upon this very stone the mercenaries from the Danube or the Seine have sat and thrown the dice, or whiled away the tedious hours of garrison duty with a soldier's yarns or the rough songs of the homeland !

Before leaving the building, we were shown some very creditable examples of the needle-work of the children, and we brought away with us some little sachet bags of lavender. The proceeds from the sale of these little trinkets go toward the maintenance of the institution. But as the door was gently closed behind us, I knew that I was carrying away a memory sweeter than that of the fragrant seeds within my pocket, — a memory of a woman's life, thoroughly godly and consecrated, with which even a brief contact had been a benison.

An experience, quite different but equally as helpful, was afforded by my attendance at a Sunday morning service in the American Mission Church, accompanied by Dr. Alexander. The chapel is a neat little edifice of stone, with a home-like interior, yet it was but sparsely filled by a typical 'Sunday morning congregation'. It seems that the hard-working ministers must rest during the Summer, even in Palestine. In this case the regular pastor was off on a vacation to the hills of Syria, and a substitute, a visiting American bishop, occupied the pulpit. He, like ourselves, seemed to be impressed with the fact that he was participating in a service in the Land of Christ. He gave us a sensible little sermonette on the love of the Father — the same old orthodox gospel we had heard from childhood, — but it seemed strange indeed to listen to his comments upon the 'work which Jesus did in *this very city*'.

The congregation rose and the organ began the soft intonation of the familiar strains of 'Tell me the old, old story', — and in that same instant seven thousand miles of land and sea were bridged, and I saw with the eyes of

faith '*my two*', sitting in the last pew of the church at home, — 'worshiping the Lord in the beauty of holiness — on the Lord's Day' !

How the strains of familiar music and kindred speech draw the remote corners of the earth together ! As I sat in the little Jerusalem chapel I realized the universality of our religion, and appreciated more than ever the argument of the Roman Catholic Church in favor of the Latin liturgy,

A GATEWAY OF OLD JERUSALEM.

which binds their congregations, whether in the heart of Europe or the mountains of South America, into one united body of worshipers.

At the service I noticed a number of the neat blue-bonneted and gowned children of the mission, and was told that Sunday School was to be held in the afternoon, with that added plea, — so universal among our hard-working superintendents, — "we need teachers, won't you come around and lend a hand ?"

THE 'MONTIFIORE' JEWISH COLONY

As far as *amusement* goes, Jerusalem is dead. I do not wonder that the itinerant 'story tellers' of the East appealed so strongly to the masses, for, outside of smoking, music — such as it is, — and the usual social amenities, the hours 'after work' must hang heavily upon their hands.

Quite naturally, therefore, the new 'Movie Show' out on the Jaffa road, is a Mecca for those of the inhabitants who are progressive in their tastes, and a 'God send' for the traveler who desires to relax for an evening, and put himself again in touch with the outside world.

One night I wended my way thither in company with one of the guests at the Olivet House. The experience, while neither historic or classic, is still an event of my stay in Jerusalem.

The 'cinematograph' performances are given in a two story, shed-like building, the front of which is decorated with posters, reminding one very much of some farmer's 'Grange' or a town hall in a county village. Occasionally a concert of some sort varies the picture exhibitions, but, as this is the only attraction of its kind, they have a complete monopoly of patronage.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived, but things had not yet started. In the upper room to which we climbed we found about twenty people assembled, and the management were evidently waiting for an audience. The bare walls were adorned with display posters, — advertising everything from some American productions of the 'Bison' type to the world known films of 'Pathe'. Like a Salvation Army meeting hall, the place was filled with plain chairs, but the *'Class lines'* were sharply drawn. The 'First Class' chairs occupied a raised platform at the rear of the house, railed off in conspicuous grandeur. The Third class places were those nearest the curtain, while the middle ground was considered to be the 'Second' choice. Prices varied accordingly. For first class reservations we paid about twenty-eight cents, and, if I recall correctly; the third class fee was about ten cents. A private lighting system provided the necessary illumination, for there is no 'Public Service Corporation' in Jerusalem, — as yet.

It was ten o'clock before the proprietor decided to begin operations. First he went about collecting the admission fees, for no tickets had been sold at the door. This process was a show in itself. There were arguments about the price, disagreements about change, and bargaining of all sorts. One trembling Hebrew got up and went out into the night, full of wrath, because he was unable to secure a special rate.

As to the character of the audience, — it was the strangest mixture I have ever seen; representing all the types dwelling in the Holy City. Among our companions in the 'dress circle' were two handsome young German military officers in full uniform, together with a dignified Turkish official and several Syrian merchants.

Primarily it was an audience of men, with but one or two women present.

At last things got into motion. The house was darkened, the expectant audience settled back in their seats and a squeaky phonograph began to grind out the 'Merry Widow

Waltz' as an overture. And to the accompaniment of this same old phonograph the pictures were thrown upon the screen continuously until the small hours of the morning.

To my surprise, all of the films shown were exceptionally good, being both instructive and entertaining. The audience was there for the night and they were well repaid. The titles and explanatory notes interspersing the pictures were all in French, readily understood by the few educated Turks and Europeans in the house. As to the plebeian element of the assemblage, they had to let the pictures 'speak for themselves', but even at that they surely were treated to an educational and refining exhibition.

"David Copperfield", by Dickens, was presented in three or four parts, then a bit of Athens, with street scenes, religious processions and the funeral of a high dignitary of the Greek Church. Then came a mixture of history and comedy, — 'The Marriage of Louis XV'. What wonderfully news worlds must be unfolded before the eyes of the youths of Jerusalem! They gaze, open mouthed, at these glimpses of life which otherwise would never be known to them in

Few men of our day have been more highly lauded or more harshly criticised than COUNT LYEFF NIKOLAIEVICH TOLSTOI.

He has been to spiritual and moral Russia what Peter the Great was to temporal Russia.

Born of noble parents on the ancestral estates in Tula, Sept. 9th, 1828, he was, throughout his long and eventful life every inch a nobleman. Seeking relief, however, from the burdens of property and freedom from social activities by association with the peasantry and manual labor in the fields, he became the great apostle of the poor, and — the minister to the humble folk of his land, as well as a most eminent contributor to the philosophic teachings of the world.

He was educated partly at home and partly at the Kazan University. He served in the army from 1851 until the close of the Crimean war, during which time he established his literary fame by the production of 'The Cossacks' and 'Childhood and Youth', to which was added, in 1860, 'War and Peace'. While his reputation would undoubtedly have been secure as a novelist, and such of his lighter works as 'Anna Karenina' and 'The Kreutzer Sonata' have been widely read, it is by his ethical and socialistic productions that he has most influenced his generation.

His simple and forceful style found expression in 'John the Fool' and 'The Power of Darkness'. Works of this nature, treating with the deplorable condition of Russia's masses, and filled with socialistic propaganda, roused the hostility of the government, but so great was the popularity of Tolstoi with the people that he escaped the fate of many a less brilliant reformer. Feared by the authorities, loved by the peasantry and admired by the world he worked almost continuously until his death on the 20th of November, 1910. Religiously, Tolstoi has been a 'Progressive', enunciating at various times new and startling opinions, and then reversing his judgment and becoming astonishingly orthodox. With all his searching after truth he has been profoundly sincere, and by his life and works has given proof of a heart full of love for the oppressed, in whose cause he labored.

their own restricted spheres. Here, at least, the 'movies' fulfil a function of immeasurable benefit.

We left the show at 12.30 — still running, after witnessing yet another striking film, — 'The Funeral of Count Tolstoi'. Only a few months before, the world had heard of the passing of Russia's 'Grand Old Man'; who, for the sake of his oppressed countrymen, had for years renounced the luxuries of his birthright, and had toiled with them and labored for them, that he might lead them to higher thinking and living.

TOLSTOI.

I had been deeply interested in Tolstoi, the reformer. Burton Holmes, the famous traveler, had recently told me of his visit to the home of the Count, outside of Moscow, in company with Senator Beveridge; and, after his first-hand comments, it seemed as though I had personally known the aged philosopher.

The tones of the old phonograph seemed singularly softened as the appropriate strains of Chopin's funeral march accompanied the picture. Across the desolate and snow-covered fields we saw them bear the massive casket to the grave between lines of weeping peasants. After the manner of the country folk, the aged face of the departed was left uncovered to the last, and wore an expression of perfect peace, all unmindful of the leaden sky above or the breaking hearts of those for whom he had labored. The venerable locks and flowing beard were whiter than the snow-laden branches of the drooping trees. It was only a picture, — yet no thinking man could witness unmoved the closing scene, when the light of day was shut out forever and the burden reverently lowered into the bosom of 'mother earth'; the earthly to again become a

part of that insentient nature which the departed had loved so well, and the bright mentality gone to attain its fulness amid the mysteries of the great unknown.

We wended our way homeward through the sweet scented Summer night; the full-orbed moon silvered the roofs of old Jerusalem and the hill of Olivet beyond. Few words were spoken, but thoughts kept pace with our echoing foot-falls along the deserted streets. I pondered over the words of the illustrious departed, as the old, old questions, 'whence and whither?' thrust themselves upon me.

"Where Love is, there God is also" said Tolstoi, telling his simple story of Martin Avdyeich the shoemaker, who sought and found the Christ. Surely he who strove to penetrate the darkness of the Russian night with the bright beams of hope, was a lover of his fellow men, yet God was a greater Lover. And if 'like begets like' and 'love begets love', surely the spirit of the great teacher has gone to join the greater Master, — '.....for the Father seeketh such to worship Him !"

DOWN from Jerusalem, over the Mount of Olives and through the desolate Wilderness of Judea runs the road to Jericho and the Jordan. Everyone knows that Jericho is a miserable and God-forsaken village, and that the journey thither is something of an ordeal, yet few visitors to Palestine omit the excursion over the much traveled route. Perhaps it is because of the fact that without a glimpse of the full-fledged Jordan and the mysterious Dead Sea, into which it goes to its annihilation, our journey would be seriously incomplete. I know of some very worthy people who invariably dispose of the last piece of cake on the plate rather than leave it without companionship. So it is, I think, with the Jericho trip; rather than 'miss something', we all arrange to extend our schedule sufficiently to permit the detour.

As may be gathered from the parable of the 'Good Samaritan', the road down to Jericho was notoriously dangerous in Bible times, being infested with thieves and lawless characters. To-day the only precaution taken by the travel-

er is to protect himself against the heat of the Summer sun by making an early start, and against the imposition of the Jericho landlords by arranging for his sleeping accommodations in Jerusalem, and hiring a conveyance for the entire excursion.

DOWN FROM JERUSALEM.

Having thus safeguarded ourselves, it is with considerable pleasure that we set out on our way, this time with a fairly respectable team, but with a most unprepossessing driver. He has but one eye, and his countenance has been sadly marred by the loss of its mate. But they say he is as faithful as poor 'old dog Tray', and that he keeps his one eye open for dangers seen and unseen. Unfortunately, he speaks no English, and if I wish to pause to take a picture I must poke him in the back as a signal to halt. But it might be worse, after all.

As we proceed, we encounter some interesting types coming toward Jerusalem. Here a bewhiskered old sheik,

(he may be a traveling peddler, for all we know) — sitting astride his spindle-shanked donkey with feet spread out like a pair of shears, jogging along in complacant reverie, — his swaying body keeping time with the flapping ears of his mount. Or a pair of slip-shod Bedouin women, carrying naked infants of a delightful shade of chestnut brown balanced uncomfortably on their shoulders. Then a heavily laden bullock cart filled with brush wood, or a straggling flock of goats coming to town for the morning's milking. We pass just such an endless procession on the road to Bethany; — some of the folks we encounter step aside respectfully as we pass, while others, rather than give us *half* the road, seem to prefer being run down, yet as we squeeze past, mutter maledictions upon our grandmother's ashes, or make other pleasant remarks of similar character.

ARABIAN DIGNITY.

The 'Board of Health' of Jerusalem have recently built a new abattoir a mile or so beyond the city, situated in a rocky glen behind one of the Southern foot hills of Olivet. We pass several little donkeys, staggering under heavy quarters of freshly slaughtered beef, or with two or three dressed sheep tied across their backs. One wonders whether they sense the significance of their burdens, or maybe congratulate themselves upon the accident of birth which made them creatures of toil instead of 'fatted calves' or spring mutton.

Bethany, known to the inhabitants as 'el Azariyeh', is a straggling little village not a whit differing from its neighbors. A score of boys, up bright and early, scamper after us with mercenary motives, for they surmise, of course, that we

are after the 'tomb of Lazarus', which most tourists deem worthy of a visit.

There is nothing unusual about the miserable cave which is pointed out to the traveler. As both Moslem and Christian regard Lazarus as a saint, Bethany has been the site of several early churches and monasteries. The famous tomb of the brother of Mary and Martha lies a little off the road near the mosque. A flight of stairs leads down into an

BETHANY.

antechamber, from which two more steps descend to the tomb proper. We are apt to think, somewhat irreverently, that poor Lazarus must have had a difficult time getting up all these stairs into daylight, 'bound hand and foot with graveclothes' !

Undoubtedly the cavern was a family tomb, but we have not the slightest ground for its identification. The natives who have lighted the way with candles are hard to

satisfy financially, and the visitor forgets all about the momentous events which the place ought to commemorate in his eagerness to 'get away with a whole skin'.

Of course, the home of the Bethany sisters is shown; the house of Simon the Leper likewise, — and even a stone marking the place where Martha met Jesus !

The time to think about it all comes after you have left, and are rolling along beyond the village.

The *human side* of a great man is always profoundly interesting, and much more so the personal side of *Jesus,* as revealed by His intimacies with the Bethany home. The more spiritual a nature, the more sacred and full of meaning are the close friendships and associations of that nature, struggling to rise above the world; — to be *in* it, but not *of* it. We shall never know just how much of comfort Jesus derived from His friendship for Mary and Martha and Lazarus. I believe that in Mary He confided as to no other living soul, and I fancy she was the only woman who really knew Him and sympathized with Him when even the disciples were stupid and pessimistic. In all probability, Christ's mother continued to reside in distant Nazareth, and for Him the Bethany household was almost a home, while Mary, occupying the most treasured place in His great heart of love, was able to so-

THE 'TOMB OF LAZARUS'

lace and comfort the tired 'Son of Man' as only a woman knows how.

It is easy to picture Jesus, summoned by the news of Lazarus' fatal illness, approaching the town to be met by Mary, informed of His coming, who threw herself without restraint into His arms in a passion of tears, realizing that He, more than all others, would sympathize with and share her grief. Yet I think Jesus, as He wept, was not thinking merely of poor Lazarus, but of the sorrow and utter despair which death brings into every home, — of the pathos of separation; and that his whole soul went out in compassion for all the world of mourners, who must, mid life's vicissitudes, pass through the same experience, fulfilling the immutable law of nature which even He was powerless to set aside.

Beyond Bethany we begin to enter the Wilderness of Judea, where we shall make a descent of over three thousand feet, from Jerusalem, situated among the highlands, to the Dead Sea plain, lying away below the level of the Mediterranean. Never have I seen a prospect more melancholy than that presented by the landscape spread out before and below us; a succession of brown and treeless hills and valleys, stretching for miles on every hand. Through this chaos of nature runs the famous road to Jericho, a highway over which our horses tread with a caution born of experience, picking their way among the rocks over which once rolled the gilded chariots of Herod and Titus !

Jesus and the twelve have passed this way; the dignified Levite and the complacent Pharisee, the hunted myrmidon and the uncomplaining soldier, the patriot, the prisoner, the rich and the poor of the past; — all have gone their way and left not even an echo behind. 'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?' The pertinent question of William Knox, so well expressed in the poem which was the favorite of President Lincoln, presents itself startlingly as we contemplate this now forsaken highway of the past. Each line.

voicing the too apparent truth, seems to call up some forgotten face and figure from the defiles of the long ago.

Old cities, old ruins, old roads, old men and old women, — all tell the same story. We are 'but strangers here and sojourners, as all our fathers were', and 'we who walk the earth are but a handful to the tribes who slumber in its bosom !' Yes, travel and history, and especially biography, are in large measure pathetic.

But there is the other side. Life is what we make it; what we make of life determines character, and upon the character thus wrought depends our immortal existence. Happy the man who, having shaped his creed and moulded his soul in the similitude of his highest ideals, rests secure in the divinity of his being, and waits the 'great adventure' as Dr. Lyman Abbott terms it, confident and unafraid.

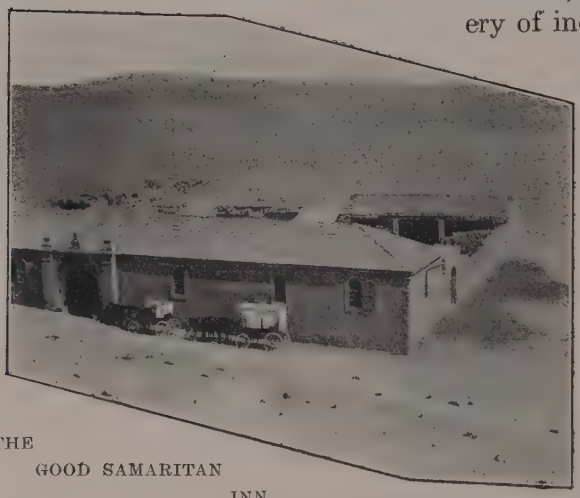
Even in our day, we should term the Jericho road 'an ideal place for a hold-up'. As recounted before, the Bedouins go armed, and there must be some reason for the precaution, although they do not look as though they possessed anything worth stealing.

Presently we descend into the Wadi el-Hod, and in a few moments arrive at the only well between this point and the Jordan Valley, known for three or four centuries as the "Apostles' Spring". Extensive foundations and the ruins of an arched building give a hint as to the former importance of the locality. It is safe to assume that the apostles did have occasion to avail themselves of this fountain, as it lay on the beaten path, although to-day the water is not very good.

After two hours of yellow hills and sand and winding road, we see before us a wayside khan. Save for this low-lying structure and its protecting enclosure the district is utterly deserted. According to tradition, — that word I am becoming tired of using — this is the site of the inn to which the wounded and plundered traveler was conveyed by the worthy Samaritan, so they have dubbed the humble stop-

ping place 'The Good Samaritan Inn'. Then comes more desolation: everywhere the parched wilderness, — to the right and left, before and behind, with its mountain heights, brown and bare; — a region forsaken alike by man and beast, and I wonder if even God himself has not abandoned it.

Just beyond the limits of the narrow roadway are rugged ravines, the precipitous sides of which abound in rocky fissures and caverns, and present scenery of indescribable grandeur despite its sterility. Nothing could be more bold or picturesque, and at the same time frightful and forbidding, than the wild passes of these mountains. Here David concealed himself in a cave while an outcast and a fugitive from the unreasoning wrath of Saul. Here Jesus withdrew for forty days of testing and preparation. Hither also have come hermits and anchorites and morbidly religious men through all the centuries, believing that by lives of denial and isolation they might the more acceptably serve their Master.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN

While the barren summits boast of not a tree or a bush to hide their naked ridges, there will be found an occasional valley with a suspicion of verdure. Down in the depths of the ravine to our left, where the miserable Wadi Kelt struggles along, the Greek monastery of Saint George is seen clinging to the ruddy cliffs. Here a company of monks drag

out an existence of exile supported by meagre contributions and the economical cultivation of their few patches of green garden by the edge of the brook.

Some dispositions appear to thrive amid an atmosphere of lonely inertia such as this, but six months of it would finish me, I am confident. Man is of nature gregari-

THE MONASTERY OF ST. GEORGE IN THE WADI KELT.

ous, and to me it seems the height of folly for one who would serve the Creator or his fellow men to thus 'hide his light under a bushel'. In comparison with the self-sacrificing work of Father Damien for the lepers of Molokai Island, or the devotion of the noble Bishop Belsunce to the plague-stricken inhabitants of Marseilles, the lazy lives of these slip-shod monks seem utterly disgusting.

Four hours after leaving Jerusalem, a gap in the hills before us reveals the far-reaching plains of the Jordan, with

Dead Sea and Jordan, approached the Land of Canaan from the country *East* of yonder distant range.

Poor old, heroic Moses! It seems sad indeed, upon first thought, that for a momentary display of human nature he was debarred from the coveted land, and was permitted only a glimpse of the fair fields of Canaan toward which he had guided his flock. But maybe it was better

THE APPROACH TO MODERN JERICHO.

thus. His work was done; he departed when Israel's future seemed assured, and laid him down to sleep in peace of mind. 'Twould have been better for Napoleon had he died at Austerlitz, for Hannibal had he fallen victorious at Lake Trasimene, — or Charles I, had he perished, sword in hand, at Marston Moor!

At the commanding point where the road upon which we are traveling begins to drop toward the lower plain, we see the remains of strong fortifications, perhaps those of the ancient Roman watch towers which stood guard over the pass. On every hand there are traces of bridges and aqueducts, and among the foot-hills countless bits of ruin, all at-

testing to the importance of the Jericho of the past and of the great thoroughfare leading thence up to Jerusalem.

Passing across the plain, we behold many more interesting ruins. Upon the left are the fragments of the palace of Herod and its terraces, brought to light by the excavations of the German Oriental Society in 1909. Opposite, on the other side of the road, are traces of an ancient pool of large extent, belonging to the irrigation system of that period, by means of which this district, with its tropical climate, was transformed into a veritable paradise. As the site of the Roman Jericho lay near the hills, some archæologists conjecture this tank to be the same in which Herod drowned Aristobulus. Just before entering the modern town we pass a new acqueduct spanning a little depression, showing that even to-day 'conservation' is practised; at least in small measure.

Jericho to-day is a collection of most miserable hovels, although the place boasts of two fifth class hotels, (frequented only during the tourist season,) two or three shops, a Turkish post office, and the Serai, or seat of the district government.

The Summer is no time to visit Jericho, for the low altitude and the proximity of the Salt Sea combine to make a

JERICHO first comes to our attention in the Old Testament account of the exploits of the Israelites, being the first city West of the Jordan which they occupied in their conquest of Canaan. Presumably it had been for years a stronghold of the 'mighty men of valour' referred to in Joshua VI, and its situation at the gate of the great pass leading up from the Jordan valley to Jerusalem gave it much strategical importance. The city destroyed by Joshua appears never to have been rebuilt on the original site near the rugged Mount of Quarantania. Throughout the scriptures reference is made to Jericho, but it has occupied at least four successive locations on the Jordan plain.

The Israelitish town first belonged to the tribe of Benjamin, and later to the kingdom of Israel. At the time of Ahab it seems to have again been fortified and it is mentioned repeatedly in the history of Elisha's exploits. Apparently the ancient Jericho lay in a region of great fertility, its groves of palms and gardens of balsam and roses being lavishly extolled by the writers of antiquity.

Jericho shared the misfortunes which befell Jerusalem at the hands of the Babylonian invaders, and its defenses were strengthened by Bacchides in the Maccabee wars.

The Roman Jericho lay perhaps a mile to the South of the original ruins. In Strabo's time two forts, Threx and Taurus, stood guard over the pass above the town. Antony, in his infatuation, gave the rich palm groves of Jericho to Cleopatra. Herod the Great was partial to Jericho, where he established a Winter residence and erected imposing buildings. Here he died after a stormy career. Many of the ruins of his epoch remain to this day.

At Jericho the pilgrims from the East Jordan region and Galilee used to assemble on their way to the Temple, and the town is several times mentioned in the Gospels. Christ began his last journey to Jerusalem from this point.

mid-day temperature of 125° quite distressing. In Egypt this degree of heat would not be at all unbearable, for there it is always tempered by a cooling breeze, but in squalid Jericho it is quite enervating. The inhabitants of the town are a filthy and degenerate lot, so the guide book says. We can attest to the truth of the *first* part of the charge, but outside of being shiftless, they seem to be no more depraved than the dwellers in any similar village. I ought to mention, though, that most of them will steal anything upon which they can lay their hands. But lots of people steal who are not degenerates; — bank presidents and insurance magnates, sometimes.

According to Eusebius, Jericho was destroyed at the time of the fall of Jerusalem, and a new town sprang up, which as early as the 4th century, was the seat of a Christian bishop. The emperor Justinian 'restored' a church edifice here, and, further, erected a hospice for pilgrims. To this 'third Jericho' belong the Byzantine remains East of 'Tell es Sultan".

The 'fourth Jericho' on the site of the present village, sprang up in the time of the Crusaders, who built a square-towered castle here, and a 'Church of the Holy Trinity'.

Yakut, in the beginning of the 13th century, speaks of Jericho as still producing dates, 'bananas', and excellent sugar, but all these have disappeared with the gradual decay of the place, the present miserable village being inhabited almost entirely by Moslems.

There are said to be three hundred inhabitants in the place *now,* but judging from the extensive progeny, I apprehend that the statistics will shortly need revision. Usually several families manage to inhabit each of the tumble-down thatched huts, but most of them sleep outside among the brambles, I guess, for the 'bungalows' consist of but one room, with 'all outdoors' for a sleeping porch.

Heat, squalor, loneliness; these three words perfectly describe a mid-Summer visit to Jericho. Even the 'hotel', which for a brief time must answer for our headquarters, is deserted. A disheveled looking man and a woman, still more distressed and woe-begone, seem to be the sole survivors of the executive staff, but what more can *one* lone visitor expect ? Evidently they are not prepared for guests, in as much as the bath-tub is filled with litter, — some broken crockery and a set of harness !

Before luncheon we have time to hire a donkey, — by way of variety and a relief from the confinement of the car-

riage, — and ride through the gardens to the 'Sultan Spring', the source of Jericho's natural water supply. Do not let the word 'garden' deceive you. I do not mean cultivated gardens. In Jericho everything runs wild. I am amazed at the luxuriant vegetation. Palms and poplars mingle with cactus and exquisite flowering plants, while fig and olive trees here attain perfection. A little care and cultivation might again transform Jericho into a spot of matchless beauty.

No passing villagers meet us as we ride along the tree-bordered path; not a breath of air stirs the branches, the sultriness of an oven seems to have stiffled everybody and everything. Even the crickets seem too worn-out to chirp. And as to the natives, not even their natural cupidity is a sufficient impetus to induce them to drag one foot after the other in an effort to intercept us. The activity of begging is too strenuous for them in Summer.

A JERICHO HOVEL

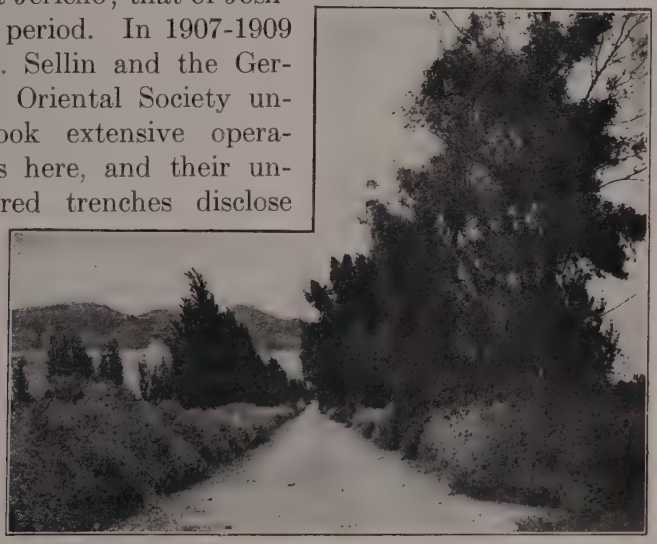
We are now approaching the site of Old Testament Jericho, near the base of a rugged spur of the mountains, which here leaves the Judean chain and juts out into the plain. It is Mount Quarantania, famous since crusading days as the 'Mount of the Temptation of Jesus'. We pass over this assertion without comment, but with greater certainty we may believe that here the Israelitish spies concealed themselves after their sensational escape from the heathen city of Jericho, aided by Rahab. Upon the hill-sides are many caves, the ruins of a Frankish monastery, and a number of

ancient hermitages, perched high up on the cliffs in almost unapproachable æries, while upon the summit is a Greek monastery, now occupied, and there are traces of a mediæval fortress.

The 'Ain es-Sultan, (Sultan's Spring) is really interesting. Its copious waters are collected in a nice little mill-pond and then tumble over a dam, — the first we have seen in these parts, — into a distributing conduit. Power is thus supplied to a tiny mill nearby.

Ancient writers have argued that this was the bitter spring whose waters Elisha 'healed' with salt, but by this time we know that a spring or a hill or a rock in Palestine without one or more traditions attached to it would be as difficult to find as a red ear of corn at a 'husking bee'.

Between the spring and the mountain several mounds of rubbish and earth cover all that remains of the most ancient Jericho; that of Joshua's period. In 1907-1909 Prof. Sellin and the German Oriental Society undertook extensive operations here, and their uncovered trenches disclose



AN AVENUE OF VERDURE.

remains which are of absorbing interest. A visit to these workings is like peering into the book of the past, and read-

ing in unmistakable characters a story of a forgotten civilization.

According to the 'Good Book', Jericho fell before the trumpet blasts of the invading Israelites in a most marvelous manner. Round the walls of the doomed city marched the hosts of priests and people, bearing the sacred paraphanalia of the tabernacle. On seven successive days they encompassed the walls, and then six times more on the seventh day for good measure, whereupon the walls and the houses upon and within them came tumbling down in real style. So we read. Of course hard-headed German scientists could not, even for a moment, tolerate the idea of a supernatural interposition in the affairs of men, or permit any interference with the workings of nature's established laws; so they said : "We'll dig and *see* what the ruins of old Jericho really prove".

THE 'SULTAN'S SPRING'.

Well, the result of their digging lies before us. They have bared to the light of day a mass of ancient masonry which lay from ten to fifteen feet below the heaped up mounds of refuse. Among these walls and foundations were found innumerable utensils and articles of earthenware. The research work established the fact that there existed an inner and an outer course of walls resting on foundations of huge squared stones, beside which there were unearthed less pretentious remains of demolished stone and brick houses.

Do the ruins prove anything? Yes, they clearly indicate, first, that, as had been supposed, the oldest Jericho was located on this conjectured site; secondly, that a large portion of the walls collapsed under unusual conditions. I myself saw, among the excavated portions of the town, entire walls which appeared to have fallen like a row of dominoes, — their component stones lying prostrate, yet in perfect

'ADOBE' BRICKS AND COURSES OF STONE.

alignment. Some of the 'bricks' of the mud houses, and the 'mortar' (of a slightly lighter color) which fastened them together, seem to have disintegrated to such an extent that they have again become a part of mother earth. With a strong spade you could cut the entire mass into sections like caramels, both bricks and mortar having softened and unified until they have become like the easily quarried tufa rock beneath the Roman Campagna.

So here are the 'fallen walls' of Jericho : you may be-

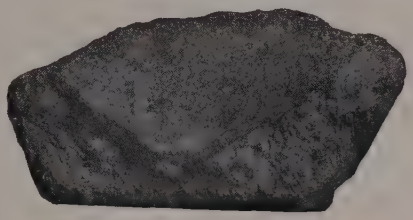
lieve what you will. Perhaps an earthquake shock leveled them at a time most opportune for the besiegers, and those who chronicled the events of the period attributed the fall of the city directly to divine interposition. It may be that the ruins upon which we stand are the remains of a Jericho built many years after the conquest, but the curious forms of construction evident in some of the ruins, and the 'decayed'

OLD JERICHO'S CRUMBLING FOUNDATIONS.

condition of the 'abobe' brick walls about which I have written, seem to point to a period of great antiquity.

In and around the trenches of the explorers are scattered numerous potsherds and fragments identified with the unwritten history of a vanished people. I illustrate the page with a reproduction of the bottom section of a small earthenware vessel, probably an oil-cruse. This I slipped into my pocket as a souvenir, although, had I so desired, I might have filled a cart with the discarded bits of pottery which lay thickly on every hand, attesting to the diligence of the excavators.

After an indifferent luncheon comes the drive down to the Jordan. In the 'reception room' of the hotel there is spread out on a table a dusty collection of novelties and souvenirs, most numerous among which are little painted canteens for the convenience of those tourists who desire to carry away a little water from the consecrated Jordan. After much searching, I find one which apparently doesn't leak and has a top which fits tolerably well; thus equipped we set out for the river.



AN ANCIENT POTSHERD.

Having disentangled ourselves from the jungle of weeds and bushes surrounding pitiable old Jericho, and having been jolted over a ditch or two, we see, stretching drearily between us and the fringe of green tamarasks and bushes bordering the distant stream, an absolutely barren waste of pulverized clay, devoid of vegetation, above which the heat waves fairly sizzle. The poor horses stumble patiently along through the alkaline dust which rises in clouds before us and around us and floats defiantly behind in our wake. From the appearance of this flat, which is the older river bed, I conjecture that it is inundated to some extent during the time of the Jordan's overflow. Why, then, do not the natives put this land under cultivation and utilize the alluvial deposit as do the dwellers by the Nile ? Perhaps because of the abundance of naturally productive land in the neighborhood, and the meagre population of the village. But fifty years from now the visitor will find far different conditions, for even the desert may be made to bloom at the command of industry.

The aspect of this region must be fearful to contemplate during the Fall or early Spring, after a heavy rainfall. In fact I understand that at such times a detour is made to avoid the trackless waste of mud. For Summer travel in

this disgusting region, the camel is far better provided than his equine brother. The broad cushioned feet of the 'ship of the desert' do not sink very deeply into the sand. Nature has applied the principle of the snow shoe in this case, and Mr. Camel walks at ease while the horse is forced to drag one foot after the other throughout the weary journey.

We follow a well defined trail leading toward a spot where the trees break at a bend in the stream. As yet no river is seen; merely a thicket of green, stretching in either direction as far as the eye can see, marking its winding course through the plain.

My boyhood ideas of the Jordan were very exalted. Reading of the crossing of the Children of Israel, I had pictured a wide, turbulent stream before which an army might stand aghast. When, however, we had reached the bank we saw a most ordinary looking creek, very murky in appearance and scarcely 100 feet in width. A few yards above the spot where we stood, the stream flowed sluggishly around a bend beneath low bending willows; while a short distance below, it turned away again with another sullen twist on its way to the salt sea. A water-logged boat was moored to the bank at our feet, while close at hand a vermin-infested native sought relief in the Stygian shallows.

READY FOR THE SACRED WATER.

Instantly our cherished illusions vanish; we forget all about the Jordan of history, — the crossing of the Israelites or the baptism of Jesus. We forget that thousands of pilgrims come yearly to this very spot and regard a dip in the river as a soul saving operation. It seems commonplace and disappointing.

Although the Jordan has from earliest times been considered a natural barrier, we see at a glance that a well

equipped corps of engineers could throw a pontoon bridge across the creek in an hour. We heartily sympathize, moreover, with Naaman, the proud Syrian, when he objected strenuously to a bath in its bacteria-laden waters, and remarked with upturned nose that he preferred the clean rivers of his native Syria. We agree with him that the 'Abana' of the North is much more attractive, and without doubt more sanitary. Yet the imperious will of Naaman yielded in the end, and by obeying the prophet's directions, he was healed of his leprosy. The Infinite can use some terribly unpromising things to fulfill His ends; so too from humble and unlovely and unlettered men and women He frequently causes golden influences to radiate. We are here reminded of that other lesson that in this life we must 'stoop to conquer'. As Naaman, the Syrian captain, passed through the dirty Jordan and came out whole and clean, so you and I, ere the fullness of our characters be attained, must yield gracefully to the testing and trying processes of life, — yes, and often 'eat humble pie' without a grimace. The golden treasure houses of success have low and narrow doors, but if we can bend without breaking and creep for a time without losing our power to stand erect, the victory and the dominion shall be ours.

There is no joy and life about the Jordan. It is pathetic in its silence and loathsome in its desolation. The red-blooded Yankee visitor heaves here a sigh for the sparkling mountain torrents and the abounding life of his own New England, with rapids and waterfalls dancing merrily through fragrant glades of cedar and hemlock, with deep crystal pools churned to foam by the struggles of a speckled trout tugging for a dear life at the end of his line ! If there are any fish in the *Jordan* I imagine they must be hot, tired and nervous; unworthy the efforts of the angler. (I ought to add however that there are no sportsmen among the natives of Jericho.)

I brought away one recollection of the Jordan; home-

sickness! The meanderings of the Jordan through the Jericho plain are strikingly like the windings of the river Passaic through the Great Piece Meadows of Morris County. As the similarity dawned upon me, I almost expected to see my old canoe come swinging around the upper bend, with the laughing faces of 'Johnnie' or 'Irv;' hallooing and

THE JORDAN.

waving a dripping paddle to attract my attention. But no; two seas intervene between the Jordan and 'the boys', and in fancy alone can I endow the forsaken Jordan with even this touch of life.

We must not forget, however, that it is Summer, and Jericho was never intended as a resort for Summer boarders. Circumstances surely do alter cases.

If you wish to get the most out of the Jordan in August, follow this recipe: Paint a mental picture of your Northern home in bleak December: Jack Frost is busily painting the kitchen windows, the wind whistles around

the 'cold corner' of the house, the furnace is eating up coal as fast as you can shovel it in (with no appreciable results), and soon it will be necessary to venture out with mittens and ear laps to clean the thickly drifting snow from the walk ! Ponder upon these chilly thoughts in your heart of hearts, — and nice, warm, 'sunshiny', snowless Jericho, with the Jordan's tepid water nearby, will seem 'the place of all on earth most sweet'.

St. Paul, I believe, said that he had learned 'whatever was his lot, therewith to be content'. Few of us are gifted with a natural spirit of resignation, and must perforce 'jolly ourselves along' occasionally as we tread the rough places on the highway. But the result justifies the means.

We have no satisfactory clue as to the site of the 'Bethabara' of John 1 : 28, where Jesus was baptized, but the spot to which we have come is a ford, and the presence of the two monasteries of St. John, hard by, indicate that at an early period the event was localized in this vicinity. It is said that in the 6th century both banks of the river at this point were paved with marble; while every year, in accordance with the ancient custom, large numbers of pilgrims, for the most part Greek Catholics, come hither in the early Spring or at Easter time for baptism and worship.

So I fill my little blue canteen with a few ounces of the precious water of the Jordan, after the manner of the countless other pious visitors and pilgrims, and then we prepare for the still more trying drive to the Dead Sea, which we have already seen shimmering in the sunshine an hour's journey distant.

A drive of four or five miles over the dunes brings us to the shores where the never-ceasing ripples wash the pebbly beach. About the size of the Lake of Geneva, the Dead Sea, or 'Sea of Lot', as the Moslems call it, is a charming body of water, with a gentle undulating swell and a soothing little 'swish, swish', as wave after wave rolls in. So profound is our contemplation of the far reaching ex-

panse of gently tossing blue, that we forget the fact that the heat was 'unbearable' a few moments ago. On the beach where we stand there is just a faint suspicion of a breeze, and we long for a boat of some sort to take us from the sweltering shores to the rugged mountains which push out into the sea away to the South, and give promise of a cool retreat. God bless the rocks and hills ! 'The shadow of a great rock in a weary land' is welcome indeed in a country where the sun beats mercilessly down upon a barren desert waste.

It has been said that the land of the Bible is not the land of opportunity, yet right here in the 'deadest spot' of Palestine I think I perceive a chance for someone.

When the world's tourists again turn toward Palestine, let some enterprising young fellow put in operation two or three speedy motor launches, making the circuit of the shores of the sea and taking in the wild and broken country at its further extremity, with the salt formations to the Southwest and the 'Site of Sodom', which is sure to be an attraction. This enterprise would prove a money-maker for its promoters and a means of keenest enjoyment for the traveler.

As it is to-day, not a keel disturbs the placid waves, and not a habitable house is visible along its shores in either direction, save for a little shelter of dead branches half a mile away, and the rudely thatched shanty portrayed on the opposite page, which is the refreshment pavilion where all visitors linger for a few moments, and horses and drivers 'rest up' while the strangers are discussing the phenomena of the sea and its surroundings. This establishment we shall dignify by the title of the 'Dead Sea Hotel'.

A bottle of good cheer is offered the visitor by the palsied old Moslem who counts the slowly passing hours by the sad sea waves. It is supposed to be the ever-popular 'gazoose', but it tastes like shaving-soap lather and bay rum.

with a temperature of perhaps 80°, being kept thus refrigerated by burial deep in the sand along the beach. We are taxed about twenty cents for this delightful beverage, and

THE 'DEAD SEA HOTEL'.

we pay it willingly, as a sort of 'thank offering' to the Most High because He hath cast our own lines in more pleasant places.

Then we buy a few trinkets, and pick up a few tiny shells along the beach, because it is customary to do this at the Dead Sea. I didn't bathe in the mucilaginous water. Despite its reputation, it doesn't look the least bit 'sticky', although it feels rather oily to the touch and has a most unpleasant and brackish taste. The appearance of the sea is very inviting, however, and I suppose if there had been a party of us we should have chanced a plunge just for the sake of novelty. There isn't much fun, however, in wading about *alone* merely for the sake of entertaining a one-eyed driver and a dried-up old recluse, so the experience was omitted.

The unusual chemical elements which are present in the water of the Dead Sea form a combination of minerals in solution similar to that of Utah's Salt Lake. The salt deposits here found have been collected from earliest times,

while the occasional masses of bituminous matter which rise to the surface have always been utilized, not only by the ancients but by the present day inhabitants of the region. This body of water was navigated at the time of Josephus as well as during the Middle Ages.

The earliest accounts of the Dead Sea were somewhat exaggerated, and our first accurate information on the subject followed the report of the expedition sent hither by the United States government in 1848. French and German authorities have, within very recent years, gone into the matter most exhaustively, and all seem to find something worth narrating about this strange, mysterious inland sea, into which 6½ million tons of water flow daily; all of which is carried away by evaporation.

Do you wonder that the sea is salty, or that the valley of Jericho is sometimes like the steam-room in a Turkish bathing establishment ?

There is another interesting route leading back to Jerusalem via the picturesque monastery of Mar Saba, and which runs through the village of Bethlehem. We did not follow this course, however, or spend a night at the rock girt 'hospice for gentlemen' as many travelers have done before. One alarming comment in good old Baedeker's guide book would, in itself, have been sufficient to deter us. It reads as follows :

"The divans of the guest-chambers are generally infested with fleas."

This touching warning is eloquently expressive in its simplicity. To be flea-bitten is not an inviting prospect, and we therefore ignored the abode of the devout Saint Saba. We trust the parasites were not so numerous when he dwelt upon earth.

While it is true that most travelers 'take in' Jericho, it is likewise true that few care to penetrate beyond the Jordan and the Dead Sea into the country of Moab, or to work their way into the Southern desert toward the singular ruins

of Petra, the stronghold of the ancient Nabatæans.

If the traveler happens to be tarrying at Jericho when he decides to thus extend his journey, his best course will be to steer for Amman, the nearest station on the Damascus-Mecca line of the Hejaz railway, which has traversed the East Jordan desert for a hundred odd miles since last we left it at Der'at in Galilee.

It is a nine hour journey to the railway, but the trip is likely to prove so interesting that you will dally along the route for two or three days before reaching Amman. That is, providing time is no object and you are traveling with a dragoman and properly equipped for camping out. There are some most diverting old ruins at Es Salt and Jerash, and if the traveler departs from his set purpose, or fails to keep his eyes fixedly upon his goal, he will find himself wandering around from one ruin to another like a boy chasing butterflies.

The country of the Moabites and the Ammonites is just

BEDOUIN WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

'chuck full' of ruins, and I strongly advise any one with a passionate liking for archæology not to 'get started' unless he has six months at his disposal in which to ruminate.

The road running North-east from Jericho reaches the Jordan in an hour and a half, which it crosses over a wooden toll-bridge. Here a tax of three piastres is exacted for each man and horse. The ruins of Tell Nimrin lie in our path; this town was the 'Beth Nimrah' of the tribe of Gad. But, being on schedule, we must curtail our propensities to *gad about,* and continue jogging right along for another three hours, when a stop at 'Arak el-Emir and a little mouthful of lunch fills us with new zeal, and a spirit of greater appreciation for the beautifully wooded valley through which we are about to pass.

The terraced hillside above us, with its ruined 'castle' was once-upon-a-time the private estate of an ancient capitalist, or trust magnate, or corporation lawyer, or something of the sort. His name was Hyrcanus, and he lived about 180 years before the Christian era, so Josephus tells us; but upon the death of this rich man, the estate fell into ruin. With a sort of sad reverence we regard the old walls, the approaching causeway, and the dry moat around the ruins which it crosses. We wonder how many sleepless nights this old plutocrat passed, tossing upon his ivory couch or pacing restlessly his moonlit marble terraces, well nigh distracted with worry over the fluctuations of his bonds and railway holdings, — or their B. C. equivalents. There broods over the lonely ruins this memory of a rich man's *home,* tenantless now these two thousand long years; — rather different from the *sanctity* of old and ruined churches or the *history* of old fortresses.

But the situation is still ideal for a 'residential property', and in centuries to come some 'rich Mr. Hoggenheimer' will rehabilitate these crumbling walls and re-adorn the slopes with landscape gardening, cascades, rustic bridges, and the like. A new race of happy children will romp around the

THE RAILWAY STATION AT EL MA'AN.

spacious grounds, and gleeful shouts wake once more the echoes of the olive-clad hills. It seems to me that I can see them come scampering down the driveway with joyful greetings for a fond and indulgent parent, who has just returned in his 90 H. P. 'Damascus Electric' from his day's manipulations in the offices of the 'Jerusalem Wool Exchange'..... And then I rouse myself from a twenty minute siesta !

Up and away again for the final stretch and Amman. This region, with its numerous ruined villages, must have been richly cultivated in days gone by, for even now it is a district of great fertility and verdure. Amman itself, the ancient capital of the Ammonites, the *Philadelphia* of Ptolemy II, proves to be another city of ruins, with a modern colony of Circassians, three miles distant from the railway station. The ruins are some of the finest hereabouts, with the remains

of a street of columns, ancient Roman baths, and a well preserved theatre. Among the ruins in the valley meanders a goodly sized brook, vaulted over in several places.

The Amman station is about 140 miles from Damascus, and one of the 'three-per-week' trains leaving the latter point on Wednesday morning is due here, after its twelve hour run, early in the evening of the same day. If this train is missed, a wait until Saturday evening will be the result! Contrary to all precedent, however, the faithful engine puffed into Amman almost *on time*. Someone must have blundered, sure enough, but here was the train, so why worry?

After a day in the saddle the traveler will sleep soundly, even on the jerky trains of the Hejaz line, and we see practically nothing until morning. All night the train has been ascending, following for the most part the ancient pilgrim route across the desert. Judging from the appearance of the early morning landscape, we have missed but little during the nocturnal journey. At El Ma'an we find a station in the desert, and an oasis town, devoid of antiquities, a mile or so distant. With its mud brick houses and walls, mingled with poplars, palms and other fruit-bearing trees, El Ma'an seems more like an Egyptian

The NABATÆANS were a famous people of ancient days, inhabiting Northern Arabia. With the migration of the Edomites into Southern Judea after the Babylonian captivity, these nomadic Arabs seem to have taken possession of the arid and rugged stretch of country lying between the Euphrates and the Red Sea. Their history cannot be traced with certainty beyond 312 B. C., at which time they were firmly located in the mountain fastnesses in and around Petra. At that time they were a virile and hardy community, numbering perhaps 10,000 warriors, living by pastoral pursuits and trade between Egypt and the East, chiefly in spices, incense and the bitumen from the Dead Sea, greatly esteemed by the Egyptians in their processes of the mummification of the dead. They became prosperous and independent, secure in their desolate country, which effectually safeguarded their liberties. They soon controlled the Gulf of 'Akaba' and for a time their piratical traits made them exceedingly troublesome, until they were checked by the Greek sovereigns of Alexandria.

Gradually assimilating something of Egyptian and Greek culture, they began to embellish the gorges of the Wady Musa, — where was located Petra, their capital, — and extended their borders over the more fertile country East of the Jordan, while at one time their kings, Aretas III and IV, ruled far away Damascus.

They allied themselves with the Maccabees in their struggles against the Greeks, but later became jealous rivals of the Judean dynasty, and an element in the disorders which invited Pompey's intervention in Palestine. The Romans, however, made little headway against the Nabatæans, and contented themselves with a friendly intercourse and 'support' where it was impossible to subjugate. Thus things went on during the first Christian century. Petra was the center of a

little commercial world all its own and became rich in public and private buildings, while its leading men were merchant princes. But habits of luxury and familiarity with a foreign civilization gradually transformed the desert freebooters into a sober trading people, who found themselves unable to resist the aggressiveness of the emperor Trajan, who put an end to their nationality in 105-106 A. D. As a Roman province Arabia Petræa attained some degree of prosperity, but being an outlying possession, began in the 3rd century to decline. A few generations later the hordes of untamed tribesman from the deserts of the South forced out the remnants of the Nabatæans and made no attempts to perpetuate the erstwhile importance of their community.

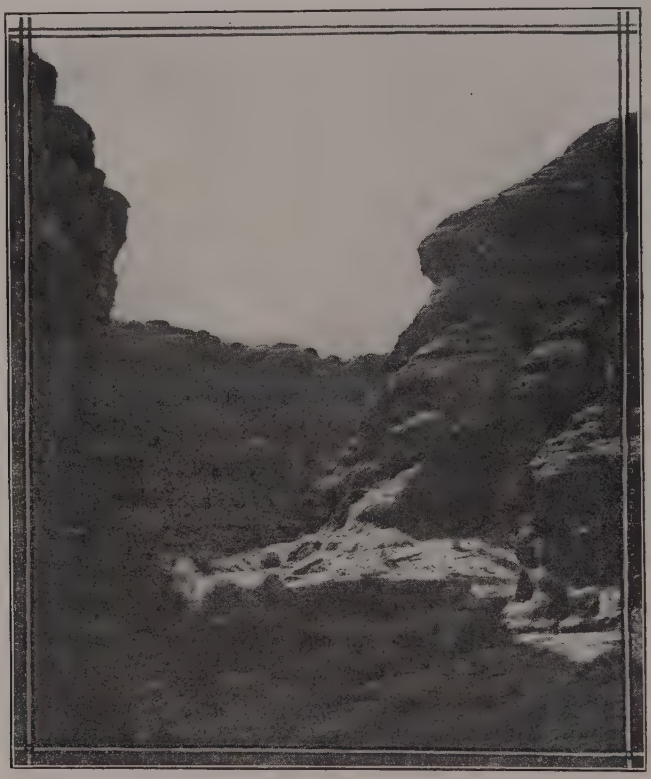
town than a part of South Palestine.

We are now on the borders of the red sandstone desert, and from this point the interesting expedition to Petra commences. Accompanied by the absolutely necessary escort of two mounted Arabs and the guide, — with whom, for once, we cannot dispense, — we set our faces toward the hills.

The wild, free life of the Bedouins possesses much of charm. The nomadic Arabs care very little about the authority of Sultan or magistrate. Their unwritten laws of justice, hospitality and tribal jurisdiction are all sufficient. The venerable sheiks exercise considerable authority in their little spheres and consider it their prerogative to provide for the 'safety' of the Europeans who may come within their territory. While this protection and friendship is quite essential, it is easily bought, and thus the Arab of to-day courteously levies tribute whereas in times past he lived by knavery pure and ungarnished. Each sheik seems to recognize the bounds of his neighbor's zone of dictatorship, and the traveler in this part of the 'Turkish Empire' must prepare himself to conciliate and mollify a succession of hoary old bandits, through the boundaries of whose territory he must pass.

The pure blooded Arabian steeds of fiction are never seen. The horses of the desert Bedouins are no better or no worse than those seen elsewhere. They do not 'arch their necks majestically as they enter the master's tent to eat from his outstretched hand' as some writers would have us believe, but are glad enough to nibble at the meanest thorny bush along the way; evidently their allowance of 'hay, straw or stubble' is exceedingly meagre. It is claimed that in

Central Arabia some of the powerful chieftains still possess a few head of pure blooded stock, but it is well nigh impossible to induce them to part with them for either love or money. On rare occasions notable persons have been signally favored by receiving a beautiful horse as a present, but



APPROACHING PETRA.

the independent spirit of these desert noblemen seems to rebel at the thought of *commercialism*. (They would rather steal.)

The atmosphere of the Petræan desert is quite different from that of the stifling plains of the Jordan, for here we are some 3500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and

the heat is tempered by a cooling breeze like that which makes the African Sahara endurable.

The mountains toward which we are bound loom up red and rugged ten or fifteen miles away. Something about their appearance and the intervening plain reminds us of the struggles of poor Habib, plodding thirsty and footsore across the desert, as recounted in the tales of the Arabian Nights.

Passing through several tent villages of Bedouins, we reach the foot-hills in due time, and enter the bed of the little Wadi Musa, which cuts through the defile of the 'Sik', the narrow pass by which we shall approach the mountain stronghold of Petra and ruins the like of which do not exist in any other corner of the globe.

Roughly described, Petra consists of a mass of rocky hills bisected by a wide valley running North and South, and again divided by a narrow and deep ravine crossing from East to West, through which runs the turbulent Wadi Musa. Thus divided by criss-cross valleys, we have a natural quartering of the mountains, on all sides and slopes of which are countless ruined tombs and temples and palaces.

The 'color scheme' of Petra's treasure valley is unlike that of any other group of ruins we have seen. Here we have reddish and rose-colored rocks, and as most of the buildings are either rock-hewn or constructed of the native stone, everything possesses the rich ruddy tinge. In the early morning, especially, when the golden glow of the Eastern sky is playing upon the variegated and tinted strata of the cliffs, and the cloudless zenith and the drop-curtain of the Western horizon are transcendent in their deepest tints of blue, we have a chromatic combination of unearthly beauty.

Along the Bab es-Sik are many preliminary attractions in the way of ancient tombs and rock-hewn sanctuaries. The rocky entrance to the Sik proper reveals the remains of a gigantic arch which formed the grand portal of Petra. The

rock walls of the gorge attain a height of from 100 to 165 feet, with the passage at the bottom, (in places artificially widened), varying in breadth from 10 to 20 feet. Beside this old Roman highway runs the Wadi Musa, with numerous traces of its old time vaulting. An interesting tunnel not far

EL JERRA — 'THE TREASURY'.

from the mouth of the ravine shows the method employed by the Nabatæans to dispose of the overflow of the stream in time of flood. This tunnel is over 300 feet in length, and carried off the surplus water into a neighboring gulley.

Visitors to Petra generally concede that the most unique and beautiful monument existing to-day is that known as

the 'El Jerra' temple facade, in the narrow entrance cut. I am indebted to another traveler for the accompanying excellent reproduction of this singular portico; a picture which could not have been obtained from the ground, but must have been taken from a ledge upon the opposite cliff. The natives imagine this structure to have been a treasury, although it is in reality a temple of Isis, and perhaps dates from the time of the Roman emperor Hadrian. Its two stories attain a height of about sixty-five feet, and, as may be seen, are elaborately adorned with columns and statuary; unfortunately, some of the sculptured figures have been intentionally mutilated. Beside this, one of the principal columns has been broken off short.

The large inner chamber and three smaller side apartments are empty, but the Bedouins cherish the idea that the inaccessible urn at the summit of the decorated lantern contains the 'treasure of Pharoah', whatever that may mean. But, like the golden plate which Philip caused to be set into the tower of the Spanish Escorial, it is out of harm's way.

It would require an entire volume to adequately describe the wealth of ruins which are strewn about the *approach* to Petra *alone*. The road passage presently widens out into the main lateral valley, after passing a semi-circular hillside theatre with 33 tiers of seats, in the construction of which it appears that many of the older tombs of the Edomites were destroyed.

The ancient town of Petra lay in the wide basin across which flows the Musa, whose banks were formerly lined with wrought stone, and in many places arched over. The majority of the dwelling houses of the city in the valley have disappeared, while it is the remains of the public buildings, temples and tombs which have survived.

A lofty spur of the Western range of hills served as an Acropolis, and was reached by a stairway cut into the rock. Upon its summit are the remains of a Crusaders' castle.

What an ideal setting old Petra would be for a historical novel; a tale of Roman intrigue, Arabian courage and Eastern love! How wonderfully Marion Crawford could have spun a narrative about these romantic ruins, or Dumas re-peopled these sculptured caverns with his sensual bacchanalians or his heroic idealists. Hall Caine and Henryk Sienkiewicz might yet find it suited to their marvelous creative powers. To my mind, the historical novel is a fit companion to biography for entertainment and education combined. I believe that the history which clings longest in our memories is the history which we have acquired unconsciously, and which we always associate with some powerful character of fiction.

Among the tombs on the Eastern slope of the Acropolis, there is one which is unfinished, showing how the old Petræans worked without the aid of scaffolding, — sculpturing from the top downwards. The 'modus operandi' of famous men and famous peoples is rarely revealed in so comprehensive a manner. This uncompleted tomb reminds one of the half finished painting by the great Michaelangelo in the National Gallery, London; which, through its very incom-

PETRA was the chief city of the Nabatæans, and of the ancient Edomites before them. It is believed by some that the 'Sela' of 2 Kings xvi-7 refers to this place. The primitive history of Petra is unknown, although some of its tombs seem older than the 5th century B. C. Petra successfully resisted the designs of Antigonus, 312 B. C. largely owing to its inaccessible position. The decline of the empire of the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ at the end of the 2nd century B. C., increased the importance of Petra. Under Aretas III, about 85 B. C., Grecian culture had prompted the erection of splendid buildings and tombs, and the isolated city must have really been a desert Athens, architecturally, at least. The Roman yoke was never laid heavily upon the inhabitants of Petra although a state of vasalage existed after Trajan's conquest. At the time of the Arab supremacy the town had ceased to be of consequence. The Crusaders constructed a fortress on the nearby 'Jebel Harun', believing the rugged hill to be Mount Sinai. From that time, however, the name of the town disappears entirely from history; the ruins were an object of curiosity in the middle ages, and are said to have been visited by Sultan Bibars. It was not until our age, however, that Burckhardt brought ancient Petra again to the attention of the world.

We may suppose that Petra was first inhabited by the Horites or dwellers in caves, and it would appear that many of its inhabitants continued to live in caves, for after the advent of Greek and Roman ideas, the natural rock dwellings of the aborigines were often enlarged and beautified, so that Petra has always been what its name imports, 'a city in the clefts of the rocks', most of its houses being hewn out of the solid sandstone. Since its discovery more than 700 tombs have been located in the rocky walls surrounding the old town site, which are mostly carved in imitation of the rude brick buildings with sloping walls in which the old Nabatæan inhabitants of the Petra *Valley* used to live, usually with domed or pylon-like tops, and often adorned with classic bits of architecture, hinting of the Greek, the Roman and the Egyptian.

PETRA, SHOWING THE THEATRE, THE WADI MUSA AND THE NORTH WESTERN CLIFFS.

pleteness, gives us an insight into the soul of its creator.

The greatest array of purely Roman tombs appears in the rocky face of the North-east division of the hills. Commencing opposite the theatre, an entire day might profitably be spent in circling the valley face of this compact and solid cliff. One row above the other, there is a wonderful collection of characteristic Roman sepulchers, some designed in imitation of temples, others in the likeness of palaces. You may be sure that all of the known tombs are *empty,* having been rifled long ago by generation after generation of chronic thieves and hereditary plunderers. The 'eighth wonder' of the world would be a Roman tomb in the Arabian country undesecrated by these desert marauders.

The 'Latin Tomb' of one of the Roman governors, Sextus Florentinus, stands in isolated grandeur. The weather worn statue of Victory over the pediment seems almost a mockery; yet who can imagine that the public monuments of our own age will even *exist,* much less tell the story of forgotten victories, after the lapse of two thousand years !

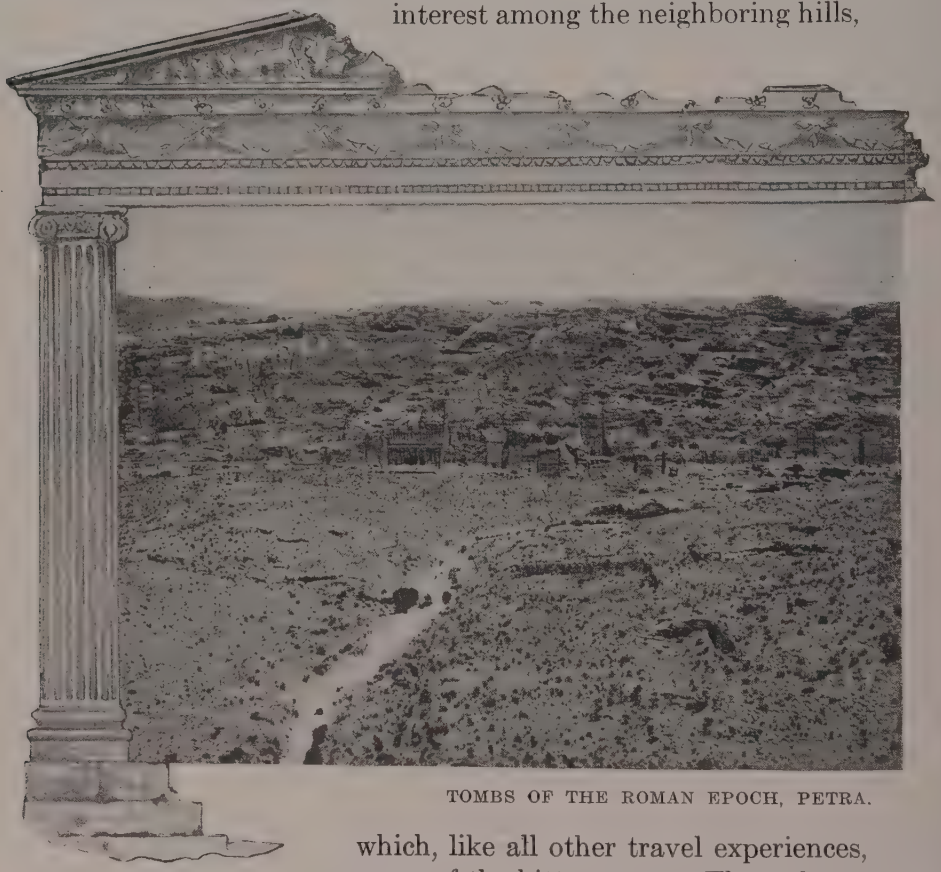
Across the main valley are still other interesting mortuary chapels, one of which bears a lengthy inscription in the odd looking characters of the Nabatæans. There are hundreds upon hundreds of similar tombs, yet each having about it something unique and slightly differing from its companions, as though reflecting the personalities of the builders.

But one becomes surfeited at last with the endless climbing and clambering, and is glad enough to lie himself down for a rest beneath his black tent, or perhaps, in the hour or so before nightfall, to make a few notes of the day's impressions while still fresh upon his memory.

If you are fortunate enough to have chosen a time of full moon for your visit, the picture of the Petra Valley by night will be unforgetable. None the less will this be so if you stand upon the crest of the rocks and peer into the sombre shadows of the valley with naught but the stars

above, twinkling in the velvety blackness of the night. An overpowering sense of awe will steal over your soul, and a voice, coming up from out the darkness, will whisper in your ear : ".....What is *man* that Thou art mindful of him ?"

There are numerous side trips from Petra to points of interest among the neighboring hills,



TOMBS OF THE ROMAN EPOCH, PETRA.

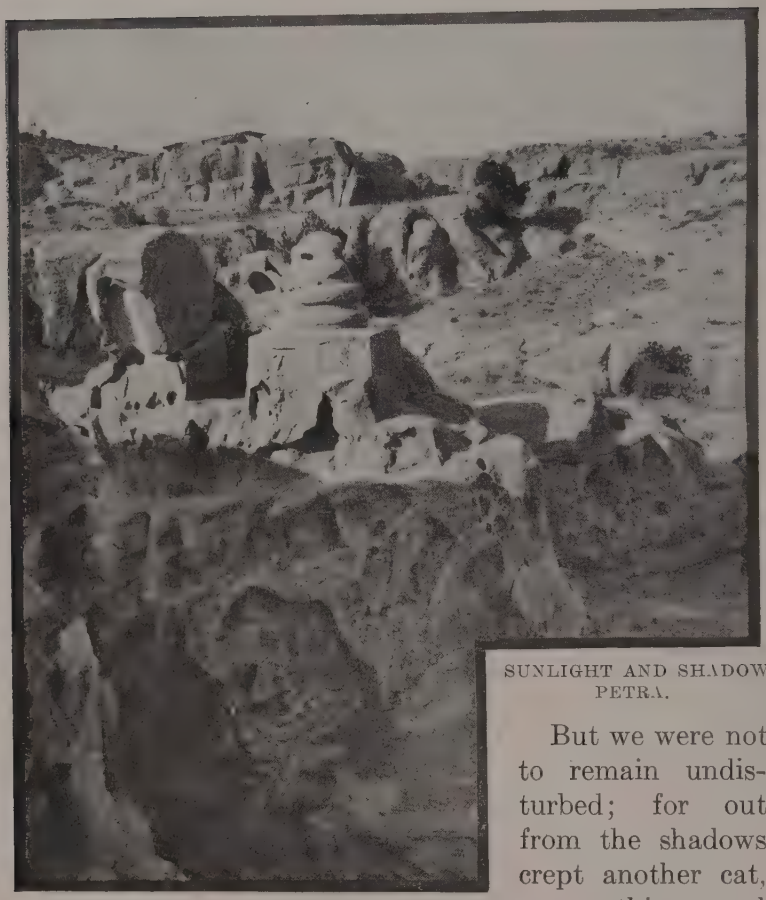
which, like all other travel experiences, savor of the bitter-sweet. The arduous climbing, the rigors of the sunny hours, the covetousness of the Arab sheik of the region, to say nothing of the demands of one's own retinue; — all tend to counterbalance, in part, the joys of these suburban jaunts. Confine yourself to Pe-

tra and you will have 'just enough'; sufficient to *satisfy* and not a super-abundance to rob you of the real joy.

We have the alternative of riding all the way back to Jerusalem by traveling overland and skirting the Dead Sea, taking in Masada and Hebron, but this latter route requires two or three days longer than will be the case if we retrace our steps to El Ma'an, and besides, it is much more expensive, for we shall have the added cost of sending our escort back to their homes from Hebron or Bethlehem. So our choice is the railway, and in due time we are again in sweltering old Jericho, with arrangements completed for making a very early start for Jerusalem on the morrow, — long before sunrise, this time, — to avoid the heat of the day.

In the small hours of the morning I am roused from slumber by a gentle knock at the door, an unintelligible remark in some unearthly 'lingo', and I hear the slippered feet of the attendant softly pattering down the hall. A few moments for dressing, and I am ready for a silent moonlight breakfast in the garden, beneath the lofty palms. It would be difficult to imagine a more 'spooky' experience. For utter loneliness, I believe it capped the climax of many days.

The usual menu of pigeon, white grapes and honey was served by a waiter with whom I could not exchange a word, and, as I was again the only guest at the hotel, it seemed likely that my own thoughts were to be my sole companions. But it was providentially ordained otherwise. In a moment my quiet reverie was broken by a plaintive 'me-ow', and there, beneath the table, was an emaciated looking feline, frantically clawing my trouser legs. Well, here was some company, at least, and I truly rejoiced in the society of my new found friend. We went 'fifty-fifty' on the pigeon, — Puss and I carrying on a little conversation meanwhile in that universal language, understood alike by man and beast, — the language of kindness.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW, PETRA.

But we were not to remain undisturbed; for out from the shadows crept another cat, more thin and hungry-looking than the first, — drawn hither, I presume, by the welcome clatter of fork and spoon and the savory odor of the cooking viands. So my fifty per cent of the 'eats' was further disseminated, and the new arrival busied himself immediately with the unexpected dainties.

I must admit that I am partial to cats. My first 'literary money' was received for 'The Autobiography of a Cat', written during odd moments of my High School 'study periods'. And I believe, with Scott and Bryron and Pierre Loti, that the companionship of our humble friends of the

animal kingdom is not to be despised. It is very easy to understand the friendships which spring up between prisoners and the rodents or even the spiders which infest their lonely cells. And I'll guarantee that if the reader had been in my position on that sultry August night in the Jericho garden, every purr of gratitude would have seemed to his ears, as they did to mine, sweetest music; far more comforting than the strains of the finest orchestra which ever graced the dining hall of Delmonico's.

So we concluded the repast together, each well satisfied with the other; the cats 'washing up' in supreme contentment, while I awaited the arrival of the carriage. At about four o'clock in the morning we started; our squeaking wheels rousing every sleeper in the hamlet, and rolled once more across the stony waste beneath the stars. My driver had picked up a companion during his stay in Jericho, a little dark-skinned chap of perhaps twelve years, who sat perched beside him on the box. He was a shy little piece of humanity, studiously averting his eyes, and evidently afraid of me. An orange colored woolen cloth was wound around his slim little body, girdling the one piece gown which covered him; while a little round knitted cap set atop his close-cropped crown like a bishop's zucchetto. I finally succeeded in persuading him to get down from his elevated vantage point and sit beside me on the more comfortable seat behind, where I gladdened his heart with a stick of chocolate, the last of a packet I had carried with me into the desert.

BEDOUIN WOMEN.

The light in the East early began to illumine the sky; the

AN ARABIAN PROFILE

Judean hill-tops first caught the ruddy light, then the slopes, and finally the misty haze over the Dead Sea lifted, and the shining water, emerging from the shadows, flashed back a greeting to the rising sun.

We reached the summit of the pass about seven o'clock; somehow even the wild valleys and hills looked less forbidding in the morning hours than when we had last passed that way. Nor was the road up from Jericho deserted. On the contrary we overtook several bands of Bedouins, and a long train of camels. Even to this day, the old caravan trade has not been abandoned, and every day these plodding convoys, laden with the merchandise of the East, make the steep ascent to Jerusalem. They avail themselves of the hours of darkness, however, and, as we know full well, the road at *noon* is deserted. Only 'fools and tourists', according to the natives, travel during the middle of the day.

We came in for a round of hearty abuse from a muleteer, ('camelateer', would be a better word,) because our rattling wheels had disturbed the order of his train. Frightened at our approach, two or three burly dromedaries broke ranks and sped down into the gulley alongside, giving the enraged driver a lively chase before he rounded up the stragglers, assisted therein by a wolfish looking dog, who took the matter far better-naturedly than did his master.

The Bedouin women share the hardships of their husbands and plod along like Indian squaws, usually bending beneath heavy burdens, or children strapped papoose-like on their shoulders. One interesting group offered a novelty in the way of a perambulator, for, while the parents and the

elder children traveled afoot, the youngest offspring was carelessly tied with a length of rope across the back of the leading donkey, upon the top of a load of rattan, having been rocked into a state of deep slumber by the constant swaying of old 'Long Ears'. This primitive method of pacification works better than soothing syrup or lullabys.

We soon overtook a man traveling alone and afoot, who, after a nod of inquiry in my direction and a word with the boy at my side, clambered upon the box. Then began a rapid fire of conversation in Arabic with the driver as we continued on our way. I had no idea as to who the stranger was, or what might be his business, until we approached the

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS.

'Good Samaritan Inn', where he jumped off, and I concluded that this was as far as he was going. He looked up as I said 'Good bye' in English, and his bronzed face expanded into a surprisingly genial smile.

"So, — you are English ?" he said, "if I know that I speak with you before." Then it transpired that he was the

proprietor of the famous wayside inn; he liked the Americans because they were liberal patrons in 'the season'; the little boy who had ridden with us from Jericho was one of his own family, (there were eleven other children beside); and the boy was to continue on to Jerusalem, providing I did not object, on some sort of an errand for the father.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF JERUSALEM.

"Of course he would be welcome", I said, "he is a nice little fellow", adding, facetiously, that "I should like to take him to America with me."

"All right, you take him" instantly replied the parent, much to my astonishment, for he was apparently speaking with sincerity. "You send him to school; he work for you till he grows up" was the substance of his offer. I laughed the matter off, regarding it in the light of a joke; we shook hands and parted; his little 'Yakoob' continuing with us to the city.

In a subsequent conversation with a Jewish merchant whom I chanced to meet, reference having been made by me to the offer of the inn-keeper, my acquaintance told me

that he had undoubtedly meant what he said; that without reluctance he would have allowed me to take the boy, relying on my promise to 'bring him up', and calculating that the opportunities accruing from an American rearing would be

JEWISH ORPHANAGE, JERUSALEM.

greatly to the child's advantage, and, in after years, a source of benefit to himself, — when the boy should return home with a first class foundation for life and perhaps a few good American dollars to boot.

And so we came up out of the wilderness.

THE popular 'jitney bus' would provide the ideal means of transportation from Jerusalem to the surrounding villages, but for one vital objection : the shameful condition of the roads. Let me say, incidentally, that there are no automobiles in Palestine. No, not one. Even the 'adaptability' of the nimble Ford would be unequal to the strenuous requirements of the steep Judean hills and the winding 'thank-you-ma'am' roads. In Egypt, on the contrary, one sees many expensive cars of European make, especially in Cairo and Alexandria, but the first has yet to make its appearance in the Land of the Prophets. Here is another chance for some motorist to engross his name upon the scroll of fame, provided a capable engineer has first paved the way by constructing a few decent roads, or *re-constructing* the once splendid Roman highways.

For the trip to Bethlehem, we decided to practice economy. I had been fortunate in finding a companion for the outing who was a frequent visitor to Jerusalem and who thought he 'knew the ropes'; so, acting upon his suggestion,

I agreed to patronize one of the Bethlehem stages; a vehicle which in point of picturesqueness far out-rivaled the dilapidated 'Deadwood Coach' of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. On the whole, we should have fared better had we hired a private conveyance, for when we finally got into motion we carried a 'super-maximum' load. Eight cosmopolitan specimens of humanity were perilously huddled together in the lumbering 'carry-all'.

We had been the first passengers to take our seats, and during the long interval of waiting had ample opportunity to study another new phase of Oriental life. Presently a

THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.
The Birket es-Sultan in the foreground, the Montefiore Colony to the right, while the railway station is situated a quarter mile further down the road in the left distance.

woman approached carrying a well-filled basket, and babe in arms beside. In she clambered, and established herself, basket and little-one, comfortably filling the opposite seat. We now expected to start, but our driver thought otherwise. By dint of much persuasion he succeeded in diverting another 'customer' from his rival's carriage. The bargain

had been sharply driven, and for *half* the price we were being charged, our miserable Jehu had agreed to convey the stranger out to the village. The newcomer was a typical Palestine Jew with fuzzy broad-brimmed hat and long alpaca coat, burdened moreover with an ancestral gripsack smelling strangely of Mosaic times.

To our great delight, and the disgust of the driver, two peasant passengers were next lost to his now clamorous neighbor. "Good," we said, and, after ten minutes further delay, were congratulating ourselves that through necessity, if not through decency, we should now have elbow room in our rickety landau. But no; here comes an imposing Turkish officer, with red fez, dangling sabre, and natty black uniform, accompanied by two business-like young Germans. "Surely," we say, "*three* more can't possibly squeeze in." But at the cost of trampled feet and cramped hips the deed is done, — *how* the good saints only know, — and off our poor mules start. I must confess that our charioteer still seemed grieved at his inability to make room for three more Bethlehemites who just then appeared on the scene.

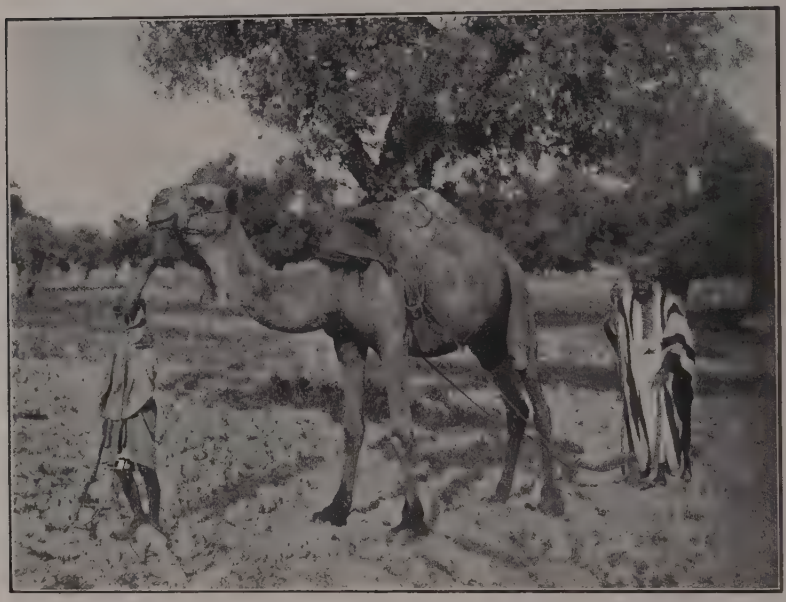
A MODERN JACOB.

The poor mules who draw the Jerusalem-Bethlehem stage are a sorry looking pair. One of them is afflicted with a wheezing, asthmatic cough, while his yokefellow is ring-boned and spavined. Outside of these ailments they are in prime condition.

Down from the citadel of Zion into the valley of Hinnom is a sharp descent. The coach gains momentum, and pushing upon the hinder-legs of the beasts, gives them no alternative but to break into a trot. Grinding breaks are applied to no avail. The gray mule on the left stumbles

haltingly onward, with an occasional look of alarm as he turns his poor emaciated neck toward the holder of the lines. One almost expects him to voice his protests in stentorian tones like the much discussed ass of the prophet Balaam.

But even pity for these abused creatures and pity for



PLOWING IN PALESTINE.

our own closely compressed bodies gives way before long to keenest interest. At the bottom of the valley, upon our right, we pass the pool now known as the Birket es-Sultan, so named in honor of a 16th century ruler who restored the ancient basin after ages of neglect. Now, alas, it is again partially filled with rubbish, and used every week-end as a cattle market. Higher up, nestled on the farther hillside, facing old Jerusalem, is the splendid modern Jewish colony, founded through the liberality of Sir Moses Montefiore. A windmill rises hospitably from the cluster of neat, tile-roofed homes, behind which are extensive vineyards; for the culture

A DONKEY 'BOY'.

of the grape has proven a most profitable industry for Europeans who have come back to dwell in the land of their fathers. Indeed, the fruit of the vine and olive has been the choice portion of the people of Palestine from time immemorial. Ancient stone wine-presses are met with among the ruins of countless deserted villages, while to-day the traveler will find upon the tables of many European hotels the selected vintages of the present-day colonists.

Ascending again, we are laboriously drawn up the winding road to the summit of the 'Hill of Evil Counsel', from which an interesting view of Jerusalem is obtained.

Who has not heard of the railway to Jerusalem ? But it stops short of the Holy City, and the terminal station is located upon this detached hill. In a generation or two — as things move slowly in Israel, even in these modern days, — the traveler may ride into the city over a massive viaduct, — but that is anticipating. We have no use for the railway

on our journey to Bethlehem, save to notice the afternoon train waiting to start for Jaffa, and to be informed that the locomotive which is ringing its bell so industriously is a friend from America, — a Baldwin, of Philadelphia.

The Bethlehem road is in no wise remarkable; the usual fine white dust rises in clouds from the heels of our team; a stone now and then is ground under our wheels to give us a jolt, which aids in settling our luncheons, and also scatters over our garments the ashes from our neighbor's cigarette. There are stony fields on every hand, an occasional mud-brick or crumbling stone house, a bit of battered wall, a camel plowing, a flock of black goats, a passing peasant bending low beneath a load; — these things are commonplace and trivial. But add to them the charm of history, and all is changed. Here passed the hosts of Israel on their way to battle with the Philistines. You can see the boy David, son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, little dreaming of his great future, marching along beside his elder brother — gaily chatting, 'fair and ruddy of countenance.'

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

Above the rattling of the wheels you may perchance hear a wild shout of victory, and lifting your eyes, see at the turn of the road just ahead a mighty host of warriors and mail-clad men-at-arms; crusading knights, with flying banners, and swords yet wet with Moslem blood,

shouting defiance and gathering for the final fray, cheered by the first sight of the coveted Jerusalem.

Have we been idly dreaming ? If such is your thought look at yonder white dome which we are fast approaching. A Moslem tomb, you say — some tribal sheik ? No indeed, it is the famous "Tomb of Rachel", the one stop for the tourist on the Bethlehem road, and revered by Moslem, Jew and Christian alike. Away back in the days of the Genesis,

BETHLEHEM.

perhaps thirty-seven hundred years ago, the devoted Rachel died, and was tenderly laid away near Bethlehem by the sorrowing Jacob. Tradition has always centered upon this spot. Long ages ago the original cairn of stones placed here by the patriarch disappeared, but the monument has been repeatedly renewed, and although altered in design, it still stands as the tribute of a broken-hearted old man.

The twilight shadows have fallen for many a long day since the saddened cortege of men and camels departed from the consecrated ground, but who dare say that the famous age-old love story of the patriarch shall not have its epilogue

in a brighter world, where partings never come?

The situation of Bethlehem is ideal. Nestling comfortably among the hills, it is just such a beauty- spot as Nazareth of Galilee. And the Bethlehem of to-day cannot differ greatly in appearance from the village of ancient times. In other portions of the Holy Land the homes of the European colonists give an impression of newness, but here only the white towers of the Greek and Latin Monasteries lend a modern touch of color. All else is the dull grey of antiquity and nature's perennial green.

To an American the social side of Eastern life is a shock. At first the shiftlessness of the people is inexplicable. Finally, however, he becomes accustomed to the filth littered streets, decaying walls and squalid children, and looks for naught else. So it was a distinct pleasure for us to see even one trace of home-like pride as we rolled into the town. Upon the flat roof of a road-side hut the aged owner lay prostrate, leaning over the edge of the parapet, attempting to pull out the weeds and bushes which had fastened their roots between the stones of his dwelling, and had evidently grown undisturbed for months.

One by one our passengers alight, and soon we find that

BETHLEHEM will ever be famous in history as the home of David and the birthplace of Jesus Christ. Today it has a population of 11,000, the majority of whom are Christians. The name of the town (signifying in Hebrew 'The House of Bread') has remained practically unchanged for thousands of years. Frequent reference is made to Bethlehem in the Old Testament scriptures. Here were located some of the scenes narrated in the book of Ruth, and here, after David's time, many of the monarchs of his dynasty resided at intervals.

Naturally, the early years of the Christian era brought many pilgrims to Bethlehem, and, as the scene of Christ's nativity, it grew in size and importance. The church built here by Constantine about the year 330, was restored and enriched by Justinian During the next few centuries many other monasteries and churches were erected in and about the town.

The first Crusaders who penetrated to Bethlehem found it destroyed in great part by the Arabs, but were not slow in rebuilding the town as well as a fortified castle close by. In 1244 the place was over-run and destroyed by the Kharezmians, and in 1489 a similar fate again befell it. For years thereafter Bethlehem remained but a straggling village, then gradually revived, and has been slowly recovering its former prosperity during the last two or three centuries. Slow indeed; for the Moslems have from time to time disturbed the inhabitants, even causing bloodshed, until in 1831 they were expelled by the Christians, and three years later their quarter of the town was pulled down by the Egyptian commander, Ibrahim Pasha. To-day, however, a small percentage of Moslems will still be encountered by the visitor.

The Bethlehemites live by agriculture, stock raising, the manufacture of novelties and souvenirs for tourists, and a little trade with the Bedouins. The town lies about six miles from Jerusalem on the main road to Hebron.

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

we too must go afoot into the town. There is but one principal road running into Bethlehem, and that does not continue beyond the outskirts of the village. A massive post, set squarely in the center of the way, prohibits further riding, and we have the pleasure of threading our way among the curious, jostling crowd who have come to meet the stage, through lane and alley, until we reach the Church of the Nativity.

If there is, in all the world, a more forlorn and hopeless looking edifice, I have yet to see it. The principal facade presents the appearance of a battered fortification; absolutely devoid of architectural beauty, with but two or three little grated windows, and a tiny entrance door not over five feet in height, reminding one of the entrance to the great pyramid of Cheops.

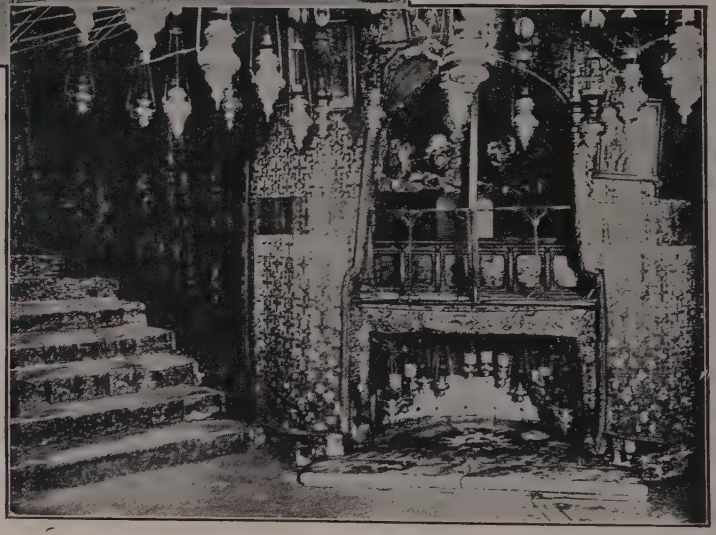
A treeless, sun-baked courtyard lies before the church, bordering which is a still more dreary enclosure; — a cemetery. Not a shady Woodlawn, with a wealth of beautiful monuments and a profusion of flowers, but a desolate, stony field, thickly dotted with those other significant heaps of stones, often piled carelessly, and usually daubed with white-wash. Beauty can soften even the bitterness of death, but the poverty stricken wretches of Egypt and Palestine are totally occupied with the struggle for existence, and have neither time nor means for the indulgence of sentiment.

As we approached the doorway of the church, a stream of people began to emerge. Was it a wedding? Or a bap-

tism ? Presently came boys garbed in the vestments of the church, bearing crosses, and finally, surrounded by an irreverent, noisy mob, a coffin ! Carelessly carried, it was covered with cheapest pink muslin, and studded with brass tacks What a spectacle—and this at the Church of the *Nativity !* Here, where the Christ was born, we were in the presence of death. Saddened and sick at heart, we bent low and entered the doorway.

We were in a strangely constructed and simple basilica, with double rows of dark red granite columns, while directly above, ancient wooden beams supported the roof. And here one notices at once the same evidences of decay, and the same curious musty odor which permeates old San Marco in

INTERIOR, CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



THE GROTTO BENEATH THE ALTAR.

Venice; the atmosphere of the garret, the old book shop and the antiquarian. Once, we are told, the church was rich in gilding and mosaic, but very little remains to-day, save a few patches of color away up near the ceiling out of reach of harm. But who can wonder? It is claimed by many authorities that this church is the identical structure erected

'THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS.' *From painting by Lerolle.*

before the days of Justinian. Beyond question it is extremely old, and an example of the earliest Christian architecture.

Here came the Crusaders, and here, on Christmas day, 1101, Baldwin was crowned king.

The old building shows its age. Who can look without emotion upon the time-stained walls and oaken rafters, or the massive columns touched by so many hands long since turned to dust?

Two flights of stairs beneath the altar lead the visitor

to the 'Chapel of the Nativity', situated below the choir, and lighted by thirty-two tiny lamps. In a recess, hung with somewhat tawdry draperies, and still other smoky lamps, a silver star has been let into the pavement, and here, we are told, the Christ-child was born. Among Church historians, the site is usually accepted as genuine; for since earliest times tradition has associated itself with the spot. But what a contrast between the 'stable', as we usually picture it, and this subterranean grotto!

The truth of the matter apparently was this: that either beneath or behind the ancient caravansary or 'inn', in which there was no room for the Holy Family, were rock-hewn caverns similar to the many which abound all over Palestine to-day. Here a shelter and a refuge was provided for the wayfarers, and this was the humble setting for the event destined to be the most momentous in all history.

As to the actual manger, a marble 'cradle' is here shown, but the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome has one also, claiming it to be the original, so the visitor is not much impressed thereby. Under present conditions, the thoughts center upon the thousands who have worshiped here, or struggled for the possession of

FROM THE TOWER OF THE GREEK MONASTERY.
The ancient roof of the Nativity Church in the left foreground.

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

the Star, bringing presents and devout adoration. A grave-faced priest passes through the chapel with swinging censer; a woman of the town, thin and shabbily dressed, who has entered unobserved, kneels and kisses the shining star of silver beneath the little flickering lights; and presently, from the church above, comes the sound of singing and the echoing of chanted responses.

And then we bestir ourselves, and wander through other galleries and passages beneath the rock, past the tomb and into the chapel of St. Jerome, who labored here in the fourth and fifth centuries upon his work of translating the scriptures into Latin.

There are other tombs here and mosaics and fading pictures, too, but we leave them at last for the ascent of the valley of the adjoining Greek monastery. Although apparently strongly built, a nearer approach to the tower reveals the characteristic flimsy construction of modern buildings in the East, and we are somewhat doubtful as to the stability of the iron stairway, which surely would be condemned in a New York tenement.

As we climb toward the top, some devout hand below pulls the bell-rope to intone the passing hour, producing an ear-splitting din, startling in its intensity, whereupon our poor trembling stairs begin to shake the more.

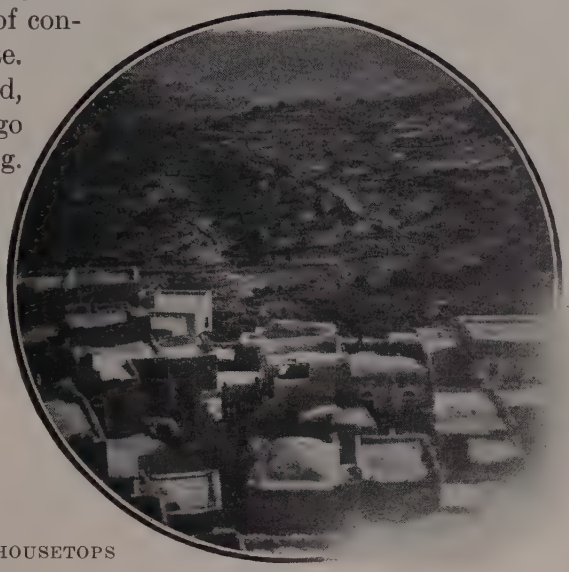
From the summit of the tower, however, a beautiful view is afforded of Bethlehem and its environs, particularly toward the South and East into the Wadi er-Rahib, and toward Tekoah and the Frank mountain. Directly below us is the ancient lead roof of the Nativity Church, while upon the opposite side are spread the cemented house tops of the village; still further beyond are the reputed 'fields of Boaz'.

Two minor incidents are indelibly associated with Bethlehem. We had neglected to bring with us from Jerusalem anything in the way of liquid refreshments, and we dropped into one of those wondrous native shops to see what could be procured. The best Bethlehem had to offer was a white powder, wrapped in blue paper like a dose of medicine, which, when emptied into an unsanitary looking tumbler, resulted in a fizzling glass of "lemonade" with a taste like 'sedlitz powders'. I wondered afterward whether such a decoction would 'get by' the stringest "Food and Drugs Law" in the homeland.

'BETHLEHEM SMILES.'

And the other incident was likewise trivial. Just a glimpse into a Bethlehem 'home'. As we awaited the stage for the return to Jerusalem, we found ourselves standing before a mean stone building. The door was open wide, revealing an interior of distressing squalor. There was but one room, with hard packed earthen floor, and nought in the way of covering or furnishings save a few mouldy mats of straw, a collection of greasy pots and pans, and a slightly elevated wicker truss, which evidently served the purposes of couch, table and bed. An exceedingly untidy woman lounged idly

around; while a boy in his "teens", with face by no means unattractive, bare legged and clad only in baggy trousers and blouse, was engaged in the absorbing task of consuming a cigarette. While yet we tarried, mother decided to go visiting or marketing. Hastily throwing a shawl over her head, she produced a key as large as that of the Bastile, locked up the massive, dust covered wooden door, and decamped with greatest unconcern, leaving her boy locked out, alone, and with nothing to do. And then I wondered what he *could* possibly *find* to do in Bethlehem, — what incentives or encouragements there were to lead him toward useful manhood. And I came to the sad conclusion that there were none. No adequate schools, no libraries, no social centers, no clean companions, no scout-craft, no acquatic sports; *nothing* worth-while. And this is the reason for the changeless, listless, degenerate East. You who have a knowledge of history, tell us, if you can, how many great master-minded men has the East produced in the last five centuries ? It is indeed a pertinent question.



HOUSETOPS OF BETHLEHEM.

Thank God, then, you men who have manly boys, and you boys of the good old "U. S. A." who have parents of refinement and culture, and whose good fortune it is to live in an enlightened and progressive land. *One year* of life 'mid

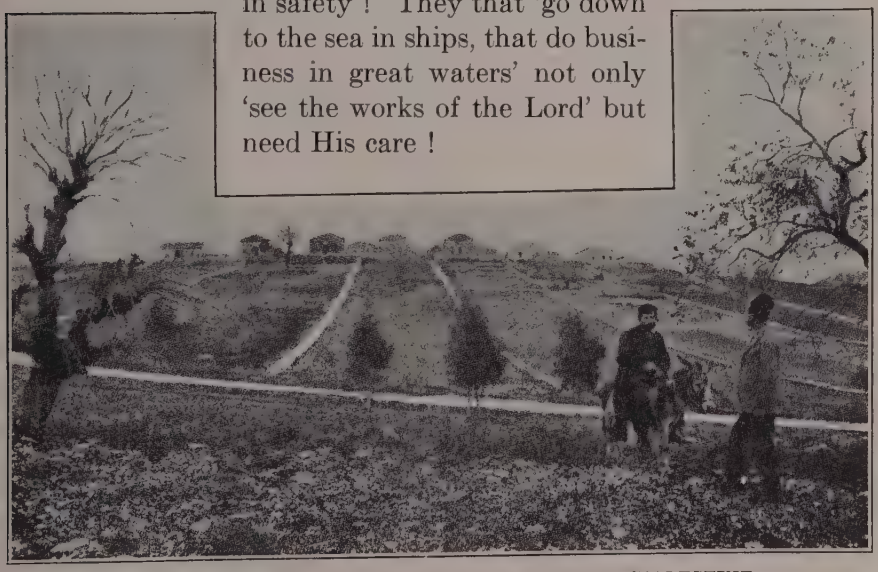
our surroundings, means more than the eight hundred years of poor old antedeluvian Methuselah ! And if ever the opportunity comes to you to help or advance in any way the condition of the unfortunate boys or girls of the Orient, do not fail to improve it.

Ere we are fairly started upon our return journey, the fast creeping shadows of evening have settled down, and turning for a last look from the brow of the hill, we see the Bethlehem of our dreams. The distant town seems wrapped in silence and shadow, but the far stretching valley is flooded with silver moonlight. And in that matchlessly clear Eastern sky every star twinkles with startling brilliance, and the milky way spreads over us like a canopy studded with innumerable gems and clusters of shimmering glory. A group of camels slowly passes, and a weary herdsman homeward bound, drives before him his flock of sheep. Then, of a truth, the beauty of the first Christmas eve dawns upon us with all its sweetness. Present day Bethlehem is wrapped in a mantle of poetry, and our too practical and often doubting hearts are filled with reverence. There comes to us once again, as in the days of childhood, the wonderful reality of it all, and the angel chorus and prostrate shepherds, the newborn Christ-child and the adoring Magi have again become part and parcel of our lives. And so may it be forever, for now *we too* have been to Bethlehem.

Excepting those who bid us Godspeed at the Olivet House, there is but one person in all Jerusalem to say 'good bye' as we set out to catch the train for Jaffa. Passing the cab stand by the German bank, whom should we espy but the driver who brought us down from Galilee. He appears to be doing 'city duty' now and stands, whip in hand, beside his rig. Catching sight of us at the same time, he smiles broadly and shouts a lusty adieu. How cheering is the sight of a familiar face! Although I had known him for but a brief three days, he seemed that afternoon like an old, old

friend, and his greeting warmed my heart. But I will not say 'good-bye' to Jerusalem, but rather 'au revoir' — until we meet again, for some day I hope to revisit the Holy City, at which time I shall no doubt behold a center of population whose progress has kept pace with the rest of the world.

A railway station is a place of heart throbs. The meetings and partings which we witness always touch a tender spot in our own make-up. The Jerusalem station is crowded; some of those leaving the Holy City intend to catch the morning steamer at Jaffa and make connections for European ports, and women and children who are to stay behind cling closely about those whom they must shortly relinquish. It is quite different to be *going home*, and while my own heart warms at the prospect of reunion, I understand exactly the feelings of the little girl who wipes away the fast falling tears with the corner of her shawl and tightly clutches father's big hand, dreading the bell which means farewell. God grant, little one, that papa may return to you in safety ! They that 'go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters' not only 'see the works of the Lord' but need His care !



ZIONIST COLONY AT EM-EL-DJMAL, CENTRAL PALESTINE.

The run to Jaffa is made in about four hours, just long enough to be enjoyable. After leaving Jerusalem we enter upon a rocky and rather barren region, evidencing however constant traces of former habitation: every mile reveals scores of crumbling and mysterious ruins, and countless piles of scattered stones lying about the fields,—the remains of ancient terraces and forgotten city walls.

It is a country rich in Old Testament lore, the 'stamping-ground' of Samson and Samuel and Saul. Dr. Benjamin L. Gordon, writing in a recent article, says that he saw roaming around among these sterile fields many small foxes, perhaps the lineal descendants of the famous three hundred, to whose bushy tails the doughty Samson tied fire-brands, and then sent them scurrying through the standing corn of his inveterate enemies, the Philistines. One cannot wonder that the foxes moved with agility, but it is also evident that there were no humane societies in those heroic days.

The train soon runs into a richer country, and the modern

The COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE by Jews does not date back more than about thirty-five years. Up to that time the love of Zion was expressed by prayer and by the hope that at some indefinite period and by miraculous means the Jewish people would be once more restored to the land of their forefathers.

The persecutions of the Jews in Russia and Roumania, which became unbearable about 1881, caused many of the Hebrews in these countries to turn their eyes towards Palestine as a haven of rest from their oppressors. They emigrated in large numbers; but the land was not ready to support them. For nearly two thousand years it had lain fallow. Of all its possessors none had cultivated it.

In these circumstances the poor immigrants suffered the direst distress. The land that they bought was in most cases quite unsuitable for cultivation, and many of them tore up the ground with their fingers in the absence of the necessary implements. But nothing could daunt the people in their eagerness to live anywhere but in the land of their oppression. Starving and almost naked they clung to the land, — not for days or weeks, but for many long weary years, — until at last relief came to them. Attention was drawn to their distressed condition and the father of Jewish Colonization in Palestine, the greatest of all Jewish philanthropists, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, came to their assistance.

With this help and with the aid of the different Chovevei-Zion societies, that were started to extend his benevolent work, the colonists have been able to emerge from the condition of misery in which their inexperience and want of means had placed them, and they have shown the world what the Jew can do in the way of manual labor when he is afforded the opportunity.

The Jewish Colonization Association, with headquarters in London and many of the German cities, was entrusted with the administration of $30,000,000 left by that other great philanthropist, Baron de Hirsch, as a legacy to the Jewish people, and took up Palestine work in the year of 1899, when they assumed the management of the Rothschild colonies. Baron Hirsch himself took no interest in Palestine during his life, not because he was averse to the colonization of that land, but because he "would not be Rothschild's rival." Hirsch also feared that Palestine would eventually fall into the hands of Russia, and for that reason he preferred the Argentine Republic as the great land of opportunity.

The Palestine colonists have 'made good' however, despite adversity and discouragements. They have called into existence farms and cottages, vineyards and wheatfields.

No Jew can regard this state of things without a glow of pride, because it shows that the old spirit is still alive; and that the people have not, through their long exile, lost the capacity for agricultural work which characterized them in olden times.

During very recent years our American Jewish philanthropists have contributed liberally to the prosperity of the settlers.

colonies begin to intersperse the native hamlets. While many of the Palestine colonies are located between Jerusalem and Jaffa, most of them are off the railway line. On a hillside about twenty miles from Jerusalem is seen Artuf, a small colony of Bulgarian Jews founded in 1896, while a few miles further on lies Akir, once the Philistine city of Ekron (Josh. XIII-3) now a Jewish colony of 300 souls founded by Baron Rothschild in 1884.

On a distant eminence are the ruins of Gezer, an ancient Canaanitish city little known to the general public, (not the Gaza of scriptural fame, which lies away to the South, a day's journey beyond Hebron). The Palestine Exploration Fund has financed recent excavations at Gezer, of which a splendid account was brought out in London in 1911 by R. A. Stewart Macalister. The diggings revealed *five* main epochs in the history of the town. Lowest of all were cave dwellings with flint implements, perhaps from a period distant 4500 years. Above this were found traces of Egyptian influence upon the aboriginal town, with jewelry and ornaments of 2000-1000 B. C. Still nearer the surface the remains of *two* Jewish occupations had been brought to light,

ORANGE GROVE, OUTSIDE JAFFA.

FARMERS OF THE EL-KASTINIAH COLONY.

presumably of periods before and after the exile, with ancient weapons of bronze. And all this was buried deep beneath ruins of Moslem and Crusading days ! Some of the graves contained clay vessels closely resembling the 'finds' on Crete and Cyprus. These, with the Egyptian relics, clearly indicate the close relations existing between the peoples dwelling along the borders of the Mediterranean, truly recognized as the center of the ancient world.

Amid luxuriant orchards and a profusion of sycamores, olives and palms, lies Er-Ramleh, fourteen miles from the coast, a town purely Moslem in its origin, and famous to-day only because of its minaret, the only remaining portion of a ruined 13th century mosque. Like that of St. Jacques in Paris, this tapering tower has survived the body of the edifice, and today dominates the district for miles around, affording a beautiful view of Palestine at its best.

At Lydda we have another town still more ancient, with an unbroken history which may be traced back to the return of the Jews from exile.

The country immediately surrounding Jaffa is a paradise of verdure, made more beautiful still by constant cultivation. It is here that many of the colonists have achieved their best results. From the windows of our railway carriage we see some of the outlying farms, surrounded by their fertile lands, interspersed with the clay villages of the natives. The railway as it enters Jaffa itself, introduces the passenger to a scene of greatest activity, with unmistakable evidences

of a lively commerce, — and 'something going on all the time.' Wherever you turn, there is hustle and bustle.

My brief stay in Jaffa is destined to be a most pleasant one, for here I am to meet a gentleman from Brooklyn, a merchant with whom I became acquainted enroute to Beyrout on the 'Elektra'. He had urged me to 'look him up' at Jaffa, so immediately upon my arrival I jumped into a cab and headed for his headquarters; — the Hotel Kaminitz. True to his word, he was ready to show me the attractions of Jaffa as few transient tourists are able to see them, and to him I am indebted for many interesting glimpses of the life of the colonists. The business in which my friend is engaged demands

VENDERS OF 'LEMONADE'.

OLD JAFFA.

an annual trip to Palestine; he has many acquaintances both in Jaffa and Jerusalem, and as I sat down with him at dinner it seemed as though his friends were mine. The Hotel Kaminitz is a distinctly Jewish institution; my fellow guests,

as a matter of course, ate without removing their little black caps, — and the meal, entirely sectarian, was preceded by the most formal personal devotions. Beside each plate was a bottle of the genuine native wine, bearing the attractive label of one of the colonies of Zion. Even though a stranger, I could not fail to be conscious of the characteristic hospitality of my hosts, unostentatious yet nevertheless sincere.

The remainder of my narrative must deal more with the present and future than with the past, for with our arrival at Jaffa it seems as if we had left the dead 'has beens' for intensely vital matters of today. And we start off with a real live proposition. The 'Ball Room' of the hotel was gaily decorated. Just an hour before my arrival a Yiddish wedding had there been solemnized, with all the impressive ceremonies of orthodoxy. The son of the proprietor of the hotel had taken to himself a bride, and even now the festivities were in progress in another part of the town. In the hall where the ceremony had been performed we saw the specially constructed dais,

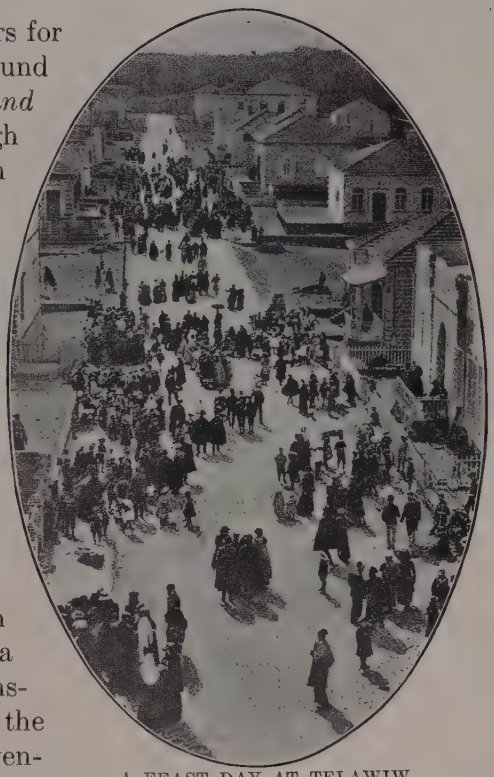
JAFFA, the JOPPA of the Ancient Greeks, is the seaport of Jerusalem. To-day it has a population of about 50,000. Originally it appears to have been a Phœnician colony in the country of the Philistines. Mythology recounts the fact that on Jaffa's rocky reef was chained the beautiful Andromeda, from which she was released by Perseus. The disobedient Jonah is said to have been cast overboard and snapped up by the whale just outside the port of Jaffa. So much for the early traditions.

In the record of the fortresses overthrown by the great Thutmosis III of Egypt, (1515—1461 B C.) we find mention of Joppa. When Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, it was to the port of Joppa that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his timbers of cedar for the construction of the Temple. Babylonian inscriptions of the times of Sennacherib, and later of Eshmunazar refer to the seaport town.

In the wars of the Maccabees, Joppa was fortified by Simon. As detailed in the 'Acts of the Apostles', Christianity was introduced here at an early date. Vespasian destroyed Joppa during the Jewish war, on account of its being a haunt of pirates. As a port, the town possesses no natural advantages, although it may have been artificially improved in ancient days. In the 5th to the 11th Centuries, Joppa seems to have been represented by bishops at various church conventions. The Crusaders held the place for years; in 1126 the port came into possession of the Knights of St. John. In 1187 Saladin took the town, (or rather his *brother*, Melik el'Adil, did so.) King Richard captured the prize four years later, but it was in 1196 or 1197 retaken by the Moslems. It was restored to the Christians in 1204, and finally despoiled by Beybars in 1267. In 1799 Napoleon found here a city of considerable size, strongly defended; which was however, successfully stormed by Kleber. Here many of the French troops died of the plague, before the First Consul saw fit to abandon his attempts against the Turks.

Modern Jaffa is surrounded by numerous groves and gardens, is well supplied with water and carries on a lively commerce; both in regard to native products and foreign imports. In the town are stationed consular agents representing most of the leading European countries, as well as our own. The numerous Jewish and Temple colonies situated on the outskirts of Jaffa have materially added to its prosperity in recent years.

with its huge throne-like chairs for the bridal couple, while around the floor were traces of *rice and confetti,* — there is just enough of the progressive element in Jaffa to give to wedding festivities the up-to-date touches, — although we didn't see any *old shoes* lying about.



A FEAST DAY AT TELAWIW.

After dinner I accepted the kind invitation of my good friends to go out to the new Russian colony, Telawiw, and participate in the reception being held in honor of the newly wedded pair. As we walked through the streets of old Moslem Jaffa after dark, we found the townsfolk beginning to wake to the activities of the Ramadan evenings. On every hand were most enlivening scenes, the brightly illuminated shops were all open and doing business as if by day, everyone was up and about; the merchants bartering and the idlers gossiping. Music and singing was heard on all sides, and the spirit of all Jaffa that night seemed to be one of unusual rejoicing and gaity. The flickering oil torches, the noisy crowds and the yelling hoodlums combined to create an atmosphere strikingly like that which permeated the old home town on the night of a political parade, in the days when 'free silver' and 'sound money' were live issues and sufficient to set things 'a going' in the village.

We presently left the confusion of the city and plodded across a short stretch of sand intervening between the old

JAFFA BY THE SEA.

town and the new colony. In the new city we found fully as much activity as that in ancient Jaffa, but of a far more refined sort. We walked upon paved sidewalks and mingled with well dressed Europeans as we wended our way toward our destination, a house brilliantly illuminated, from which proceeded strains of music and dancing and mirth, as though some 'prodigal son' had returned. Up the stairs we climbed and joined the festive throng. I shall not readily forget that evening, which marks the high water mark of Palestine life, just as the Jordan had seemed to me to be the spot most desolate. There could not possibly be a greater contrast.

The house was crowded with visitors, and to all intents and purposes I was a life-long friend of the bridal couple. Every one was in fine feather. The good natured guests never murmured nor showed the slightest evidence of disgust when, as often happened, some ungainly and booted dancer trod upon their feet. The capacious punch bowl was repeatedly emptied, and as many times refilled. The perspiring musicians also appeared to be enjoying their work immensely, in as much as they were stimulated in their worthy efforts by the 'good cheer' which was instantly diverted to

their corner whenever they showed signs of weakening or fatigue.

I believe we witnessed every variety and style of Russian folk dance, all executed with characteristic agility, and as much grace as the narrow limits of the crowded rooms would permit.

As to the bride, of course she was pretty, although rather 'fussed up' with the excitement of the evening, and blushing delightedly and continuously in response to the oft-repeated congratulations.

TYPICAL COLONIST'S HOME.

The groom looked rather uncomfortable in his formal and unwonted finery, nevertheless he appeared to regard himself as the lion of the evening, and strutted about among the company with an air of infinite importance, keeping an eye ever upon his newly acquired treasure, as though fearful lest she become 'lost in the shuffle'. He was a good looking young swain, stalwart and fit 'as a strong man to run a race'. God grant, old scout, to bless you and your attractive little bride; may your life's journey together be a prosperous pilgrimage, with the 'blue bird of happiness' ever singing by the door!

In a far corner, apart, sat an old, old woman, thoughtfully smoking a long-stemmed pipe and musing of other days. I was informed that she was a great-grandmother of the bride. As she sat thus, quietly enjoying the merry-making of the younger generation, it would have been interesting indeed to have heard the expression of her thoughts. She had witnessed far different scenes in years

SCIENTIFIC FARMERS.

gone by. In her youth she had seen much of persecution in her native village. Perhaps she pictured even now the brutal Cossacks or the secret police of the Czar, for whose suspicion and spite every Jew was a ready victim. To this old 'mother in Israel' then, more than all the others of that assemblage, must have come feelings of most profound gratitude. With Russian tyranny a thing of the past, it was now her happy lot to spend her declining years in peace, surrounded by children and children's children. Frequently I saw the younger guests approach and inquire solicitously as to her welfare. Although old and unlovely she was not ignored.

All honor to the Jews for their filial affection ! They teach us all a sterling lesson. How many Jewish 'Homes for the Aged' does one hear about ? Few indeed; for as a race the Jews take care of their old folks, and the aged forebears are ever welcome at the ingle side. The old admonition, 'Honor thy father and thy mother' has surely been obeyed; never 'grudgingly, or of necessity, but as the Lord hath prospered'.

Next morning we set out to see the town. The only antiquity of note in Jaffa is the 'house of Simon the Tanner', which all travelers know is but a 'catch penny' device, yet which all seem to visit. The stone tan-vat here shown is nothing new, that is certain, but we have seen just such old troughs may times before, particularly among the ruins of resurrected Pompeii. The Palestine tanners of the present

THE 'HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.'

day, however, follow the same methods as those employed by their sires forty generations back, but I suppose the smiling old Turk thinks this ancient tub really belonged to Simon in days gone by, for he exhibits no outward manifestations of a guilt-stricken conscience as he pockets the customary 'present.'

Jaffa itself is most amusing; for an insoluble mixture of diverse peoples and tongues and garbs, this old seaport

town offers a peculiar problem. Jaffa is an anthropological crazy quilt. In America the sight of a straw hat in October will cause a craning of necks, we even turn for a second look as a soldier or a sailor passes us on the street, but here in Jaffa I believe that nothing short of a Zeppelin would cause a word of comment or a look of curiousity. For centuries Jaffa has been the port of entry into Palestine for all the peoples of the world, and the consequent familiarity with strangers and strange habits and customs has been bred into the bones of the inhabitants. Yet, despite its commerce, Jaffa has not even a landing wharf : half a mile out to sea, beyond the ugly rocks and breakers, we see the ships riding lazily at anchor. By means of small boats passengers and merchandise are conveyed through the surf between the city and the vessels moored outside the reef. I question whether any other government but that of decrepit Turkey would permit such a pitiable state of affairs to exist, but after the war we shall see a marked improvement, whichever way the tide turns. What Russia could do at Archangel she can do again at Jaffa; what Germany could effect in the construction of the Kiel Canal she can repeat here, and what Britain accomplished at Fishguard or Liverpool she may achieve at the commercial door of the Holy Land. No matter what may be the outcome of Europe's titanic struggle, there is bound to be a more pronounced European influence in Palestine, and Jaffa's harbor will quite naturally present a case for immediate and drastic action. I have heard but one *fear* expressed, and that by some of my Jewish friends, who believe that a *Russian* government would mean intolerance, and a repetition of the restrictions practiced in times past by that power. It is my personal opinion, however, that the present crisis has taught Russia many needed lessons; she has proven among other things that the Jew can be a most loyal subject, for thousands of them have shed their blood for her. And, moreover, Russia, feeling at present the developing influences of an alliance with more liber-

al peoples, — with whom as a nation she has never before been so closely associated, — must be blind indeed if she refuses to mend her ways and revise her code of internal administration. Beside, a war crisis brings a nation's *best* to the forefront; there is more of democracy and less of czar and despotism : the old regime is passing. Not only Russia,

THE ROCKS AT LOW TIDE.

but all of Europe, will emerge from the awful cataclysm of war more truly religious and more truly brotherly.

Jaffa has its public square, its white Serai, its old, rag-shaded bazars, its 'tourist traps' full of Eastern merchandise, prosperous enough in times of peace; its coffee houses, — round which lingers the aroma of Turkish tobacco and good old Mocha; — and in addition thereto, the foreign commercial element, — merchants who have established themselves permanently here, and whose warehouses and salesrooms give evidence of the extensive commerce of which Jaffa is the center.

On the mornings when a steamer is about to depart, the

FARM-LAND OF THE GERMAN TEMPLE COLONISTS, NEAR HAIFA.

carriages laden with tourists rattle through the streets, and hand carts, piled high with trunks and bags, are wheeled about by burly porters, across the breasts of whose blue jerseys we see in big red letters the names of some of the hotels and tourist agencies.

Down by the water's edge, where the big, clumsy boats are pushed out from the sandy beach by brawny and sunbrowned Arab longshoremen, there is always plenty of excitement. The chain of black rocks which stretch along the shore for a quarter of a mile, foam flecked and glistening in the sun, are best seen when the tide is running out.

Old Jaffa is compactly built upon a hilly slope, facing the sea; but on all other sides the town is hedged about by orange groves, vineyards and orchards. A short walk beyond the limits of the town in any direction will lead you through a fragrant and beautiful countryside, where singing birds and drowsily humming insects each add their note of song and color to the charming vista, while the delightful breeze from the ocean, close at hand, leaves little to be desired, and creates an almost perfect blending of nature's charms.

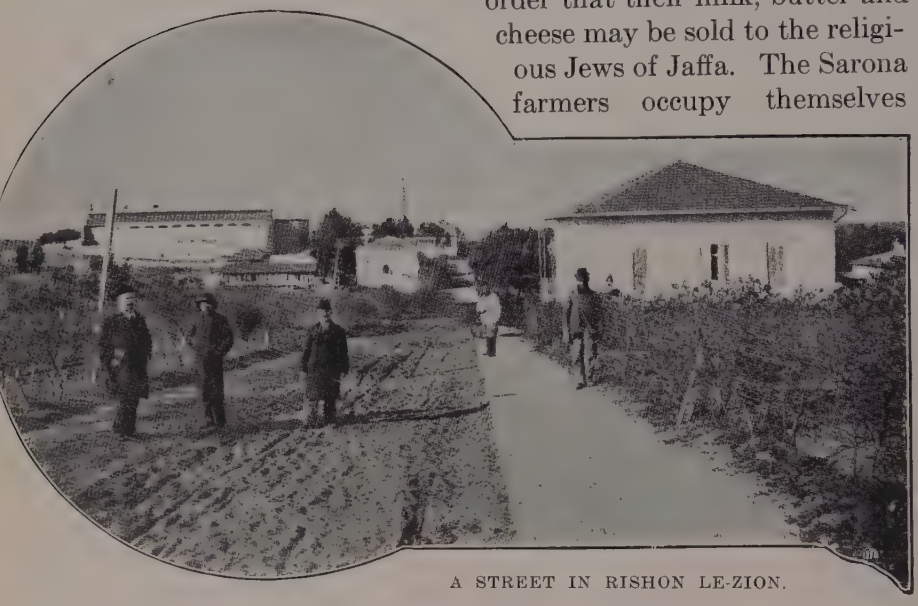
On the outskirts of the city of Jaffa are two German 'Temple Colonies', 'Wilhelma', founded in 1902, and the older colony of 'Sarona', which was established by the Temple Society of Wurtemberg in the early 'sixties'. The Jews have not alone been the pioneers in this project of colonization in Bible lands. The Protestant Templers came to Palestine to await the arrival of the Messiah, and to endeavor to set up, meanwhile, an ideal communal life, based upon principles somewhat akin to those of modern Unitarianism. We find about 1200 of the Templers to-day, scattered in six little groups here and there in fertile spots adjacent to the coast between Haifa and Jaffa, their communities not so large as those of their Jewish neighbors, but evincing, nevertheless, much of solid comfort and a measure of financial success.

Sarona, about a mile and a half outside of Jaffa, lies on the borders of the ancient plain of Sharon, famous in all ages for its fertility and pastures. The principal thoroughfare is fringed by magnificent rows of eucalyptus trees, which have been proven to be highly salubrious, and a wonderful help in combating the malarial fevers which at certain seasons threaten the European settler.

HAIFA.

The little cottages of the settlement spell neatness itself, most of their exteriors

had been freshly whitewashed : the beautiful and orderly vineyards, the forest-like trees, and vast meadows and the plump cattle, all combine to make a striking picture of prosperity and peace. A significant and pleasing indication of common sense and good comradeship is evinced by the fact that the Sarona colonists employ a *Jewish overseer* in order that their milk, butter and cheese may be sold to the religious Jews of Jaffa. The Sarona farmers occupy themselves



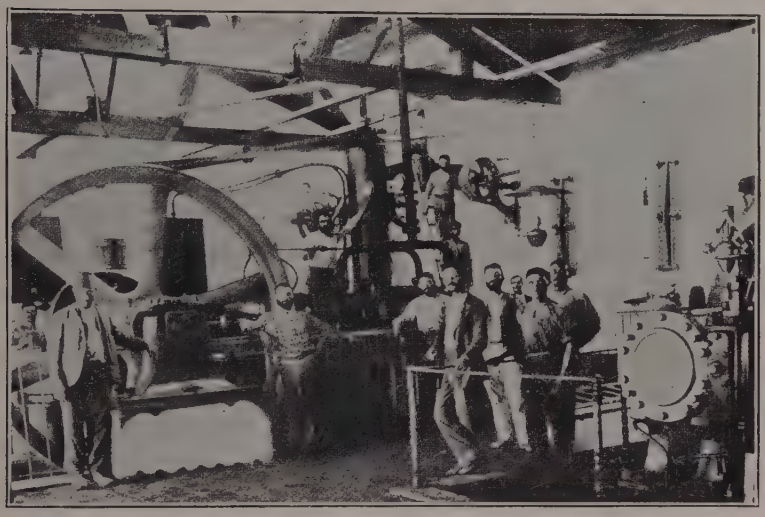
A STREET IN RISHON LE-ZION.

mainly with dairying, in which they have met with more success than their Jewish colleagues, and in Jaffa they find a ready market for their products. As planters and vine growers, singularly, the Templers are far behind the Jewish settlers.

It is to be regretted that the climate of lower Judea has exacted a heavy toll of life from the German colonists in years gone by; among the young folks, particularly, the mortality has been very high, and even to-day, with unusually careful attention to hygenic and sanitary regulations, they do not share the comparative immunity of the Jews, who seem temperamentally and physically fitted for the land. I

am informed, from reliable sources, that many of the Temple colonists leave the country for German South Africa or other German colonies, which accounts in part for the slow growth of their communities in the Holy Land.

And now for the Jewish colonists themselves. Who is not interested in the Zionist movement ? — the romantic idea that the children of Abraham shall one day dominate



RISHON LE-ZION; MACHINERY IN THE WINE CELLAR.

Palestine ! In the little marginal note accompanying, I have sketched with great brevity the progress of the Hebrew colonists. Now we shall obtain some first-hand glimpses of conditions as they are to-day. Out along the Jerusalem road are situated two of their most interesting communities, Mikweh Israel and Rishon le-Zion. The former, about an hour distant from Jaffa, possesses an agricultural school founded on the initiative of Charles Netter about 1869, which is at present under the jurisdiction of the Alliance Israelite of Paris. The area covered by the school and its grounds is about 600 acres, and here 150 young Jewish lads receive training along agricultural lines as well as other use-

ful and secular knowledge. Attached to the school is a large 'cellar', where wines are manufactured according to the most approved methods. The grave of the founder, Netter, with an attractive monument, is shown to visitors in the adjacent cemetery.

Another hour brings us to Rishon le-Zion, a most beautiful colony situated on a gently rising hillock amid richly cultivated meadows. Founded about 1882 by Russian immigrants, it occupies the site of the ancient Ein Hakoreh. The colony embraces, all told, about 2000 acres of land, producing chiefly wine and cognac. Here over a million and a half vines are planted, and an enormous cellar, equipped with the latest and best machinery, takes care of the vintage of these fields as well as the grapes from many others of the smaller colonies. There are besides about 200,000 mulberry trees for the nurture of silk worms, and a very large number of almond and fruit bearing trees. Lately these colonists have gone in for the production of perfumes; they have planted large patches of the fragrant geranium-rosa, and have put up a distillery. In Rishon le-Zion there are at present about 600 inhabitants, all of whom are intelligent and hospitable, and some of them highly educated. There is a synagogue, a school, a town-hall and a splendid library, besides a band of music. Last, but by no means least, they have a hospital, which serves all the surrounding villages. The colony was at one time under the protection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, but the settlers were given the opportunity to repay the funds which he advanced. To

YOUNG VINEYARD AT PETACH TIKVOH.

THE HOME OF A WEALTHY COLONIST.
—PETACH TIKVOH.—

all practical intents and purposes, Rishon le-Zion is a part of Europe, — both in appearance and as regards the character and dress of its citizens. After having visited this colony I do not see how anyone can be skeptical as to the ultimate success of the scheme, or gloomy as to the future.

But this is but the beginning of our sight-seeing. The Southernmost colony, El-Kastiniah, is away down toward Gaza, fully a day's journey from Jaffa. It was founded in 1896, and has a population of but 100 souls. Here each colonist has an allotment of 60 acres, given over entirely to the culture of wheat.

The *largest* Jewish colony in Judea is Petach Tikvoh, lying a few miles to the North-east of Jaffa. For this excursion it is advisable to board a diligence, which traverses the Nabulus road, passing through the already mentioned German village of Sarona. After leaving this settlement the road is not in the best condition. The fields along the way appear to be neglected and the soil poorly cultivated. But nature seems to have made up for human carelessness, and has brought forth a vritable sea of wild flowers of the dain-

tiest variety and most exquisite colors. Look in whatever direction you will, and you behold a world of bloom.

In about two hours the road strikes the banks of the river Aujeh, next to the Jordan the largest in Palestine. Here a typical Oriental picture presents itself. A caravan of Bedouins has halted, and the drivers are sitting near, cross-legged, while their loaded camels kneel nearby under the old willow trees on the bank. Dark Arab shepherds are watering their flocks, men and women sit gossiping, children splash around in the water, and young girls pass to and fro carrying on their heads large vessels, to which they hold on with both hands, displaying on their naked arms bracelets made of coins and bangles. Most of the older women were not veiled, and their clothes consisted of loose, simple dresses striped in many brilliant hues. The vari-colored garments worn by children were customary in Bible days, and, it was as we recall, a 'coat of many colors' which caused all the misfortunes that befell poor Joseph.

On this little trip we are somewhat off the beaten track, and the simple greetings of the natives and friendly smiles of the fair water carriers give us an inkling into the true spirit of the people who have not as yet been spoiled by the tourist and his lavishness.

The first impressions of Petach Tikvoh are very favorable. As we approached the village through rich grazing lands, closely cropped by herds of healthy looking sheep and cattle, with the sandy hills of Ephraim in the distance; and then passed through a zig-zag lane lined with hedges of prickly-pear, thorny acacia and brilliantly blooming oleanders, we

'WHOA, DOBBIN'.
A bit of rural life in Palestine.

thought with admiration of the *perseverance* of the colonists. Many of the cottages are now surrounded by pretty flower gardens, with gaudy red poppies, lupines of red and yellow and blue, and countless white and yellow daisies, reminding us forcefully of home. In many intances creeping shrubbery overhang the porches and windows, and the mimosa, bearing golden balls of tiny flowers, is seen on every hand.

In the history of the Petach Tikvoh colonists we have practically the experiences of all the pioneers. The settlement was established in 1878 by inhabitants of Jerusalem. Being very inexperienced, they settled near the lake Odja and suffered much because of the unhealthy atmosphere from the many marshes. Most of them were obliged to run away for their lives, and about 1883 part of the land was bought from them by immigrants from Russia. Baron Rothschild planted all around the swamps thousands of Australian Eucalyptus trees, in consequence of which the air became speedily purified, and it is now a very healthy place. It possesses about 3500 acres of good land and has a population of 1600.

The modern Arab farmer, like his forefathers, depends upon the rain from heaven for his little harvest of grain and figs. If he happens to be a bit progressive, and wants a crop of oranges or limes which require more moisture, he has recourse to the primitive well-sweep 'shadouf' so popular in Egypt, or the 'sakiyeh' (water-wheel), usually operated by oxen or camels driven round and round a windlass, which brings up the water by the bucket-full and distributes it into irrigating trenches. (Oranges and citrons, by the way, were probably brought into Palestine by the Jews returning from captivity in Babylon.)

It will be seen at once that the colonist finds himself in a land capable of wonderful possibilities, from which, at the same time, it requires unceasing energy to obtain the best results. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of victory', — and the

Jews of Petach Tikvoh have surely gotten the most out of the land. Here we see the finest orange grove in Palestine, and a most decided improvement upon the primitive irrigation schemes of the Arab. A large reservoir for water has been provided, with modern pumping appliances, operated by gasolene motors, as well as an elaborate system of clay conduits. Around each tree there are little dams to prevent the precious water from escaping. Here too we see a few young bamboo trees, which have been imported from the tropics and are still in the experimental stage.

In normal times, over a million and a half boxes of oranges are exported annually from this colony alone, but since the war a large part of this crop has gone to waste. While great hardships have consequently come to the colonists, and further progress is out of the question until a cessation of hostilities, they manage to exist upon the produce of their fields, and with such financial help as may come in to them from the outside world, they will, we trust, be able to 'weather the storm'.

Many of the colonists here occupy themselves with wheat culture, bee raising, and the development of the silk worm, to say nothing of the vines which here, as everywhere else, form one of the main sources of revenue. A good deal of hay is also harvested as a sort of auxilliary crop.

The town boasts of a public square; and before the stone houses, of an evening, one sees the farmers at ease, enjoying the trusty old pipe for solid comfort and the accordion or guitar for inspiration. At the 'hotel' the visitor can usually obtain a meal of the 'quick lunch' variety, and a good clean bed if he proposes to remain for the night.

One of the leading men of the colony is Dr. Kahan, the famous Zionist, who gave up a lucrative practice in Kishinef in order to minister to his people on the field. In his dispensary in the village he treats daily upwards of a hundred patients with most scrupulous care, — not only those of 'the flock', but *all* who need his services, — Jew, Gentile or Arab,

NOT PENNSYLVANIA, BUT PALESTINE.
The distilleries of Zichron Jacob.

— from the region nearby. When one sees an example like this he gets a new conception of religion. It is not only practical Judaism but practical Christianity. Malaria and trachoma, the latter a common affliction of the eyes, are the diseases most vigorously to be combatted, and both are now being kept under control and gradually disappearing, thanks to the heroic efforts of Jewish philanthropists and men of the type of Dr. Kahan.

The Zionists, however, have not restricted themselves to the immediate neighborhood of Jaffa. Zichron Jacob (Memorial of Jacob), sometimes referred to as Zammarin, and accounted by many to be the *prettiest* of all the settlements, lies much nearer to the port of Haifa, in a beautiful region of rolling hills, somewhat like the Mohawk valley. Hither, in 1882 came a company of Roumanian Jews. After locating themselves in this spot they had a difficult time of it, until Rothschild, that good angel of the colonists, took them under his wing. Here we find to-day 5000 acres, supporting perhaps 1000 inhabitants, engaged in viticulture, wheat growing and the cultivation of silk worms. In the village there is a beautiful park, a pretty synagogue, and all

THE ADMINISTRATION HOUSE, ZICHRON JACOB.

the other adjuncts of an up-to-date colony. Another small hamlet, that of Em el-Djmal, with fifty farmers, lies a few miles away. Each land-owner in this community was a 'picked man' selected by Rothschild from among the laborers on his other colonies, and individually provided for.

Then there is the little Motza colony near Jerusalem, another near Mt. Hermon, where tobacco is being cultivated with success, still another on the Jordan; and near Safed we find Rosh Pinah, with a large silk manufactory employing 60 hands. And these places which I have enumerated do not comprise more than half of the interesting settlements which dot the hills of Palestine.

But to my mind the most impressive of all the modern Jewish enterprises in the Holy Land is the Telawiw Colony, where we had recently attended the marriage fete, and the adjoining Achusath Baith. In reality these suburbs are a part of Jaffa itself, which, seen by day, present a surprising picture of newness as well as permanence and beauty. Here are artistic and substantial residences of stone, built upon wide and well-paved asphalt streets, with young shade trees, carefully protected with wire fencing, planted before each gate. At the end of 'Herzelstrasse' an imposing new school building has just been completed, of which any American city might justly be proud. We pass neatly dressed and good mannered children walking hand in hand, or playing with hoople and ball, after the manner of all little folks; — or sometimes we see them investing their pennies at the

corner refreshment booth, for all the world like the children of our own free land. This suburb of Jaffa is just as different from the old Moslem town as is Riverside drive from the Ghetto of New York. And this is not a colony of farmers, either, — but a quarter occupied by the homes of well-to-do merchants and professional men, just as select and desirable from every standpoint as the residential section of a European city. Nowhere is there the suggestion of the Turk; he would be out of his element here. I can give no better conception of this 'New Jaffa' than to liken it to one of our recently developed Long Island towns, which have come into being through the activity of the real estate promoters. There is not much in the way of shade as yet, but the new trees have a good start and give promise of ever increasing beauty as the Summers come and go.

Here then, I think we get the answer to one of the world's greatest questions, the future of the Jew in Palestine. At the old wall of the Temple in Jerusalem we have seen a remnant of God's chosen people asking repeatedly with averted faces : "How long, Oh Lord, how long ?" For centuries has this cry gone up, apparently to be hurled back by heavens of brass. But in the mean time other Jews, none the less devout, but with faces toward the light, have been ceaselessly working to hasten the answer to these prayers. When, therefore, one comes, — like myself, a stranger open to conviction, — and sees these new homes and institutions, hundreds of them, built *by* Jews and *for* Jews, he asks himself if indeed the dawn is not at hand, and the great Jehovah, hearkening to the cry of His first love, is not beginning to pour out His promised blessings upon the Children of Israel !

The morning of our departure arrived at last. From the window of our hotel we see the little 'Menzalah' of the Khedevial line riding at anchor : ere another night falls we shall be homeward bound. So we stow away our belongings as compactly as possible, and after the final stuffing process

kneel upon our old suit cases and tighten the creaking straps to the point of bursting. Then we stack them by the door, ready for the busy Yemenite porter when it shall suit his fancy to come for them.

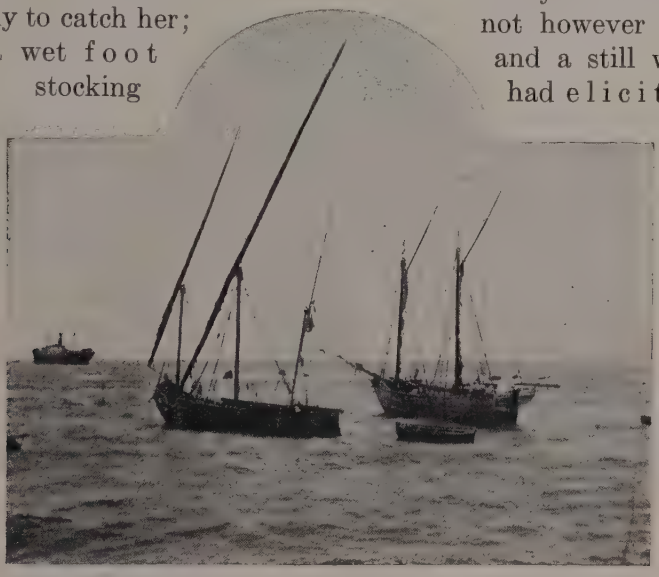
"Well", says my good friend, "so you are going home ? I wish I were sailing with you, but I must remain for yet

'HERZELSTRASSE' IN THE TELAWIW COLONY, JAFFA.

another week to conclude my purchases. But I'll go down with you as far as the Custom House, at any rate, and see if there is a letter from home". He tells me that I have ample time, that my boat will not be ready to heave anchor before the middle of the afternoon. This turns out to be the case, and we have time for a farewell luncheon together.

It was indeed well on in the afternoon before our luggage was gathered up, and we took our places in the long boat for the crossing of the bar. A last handshake with big-hearted Saland, a farewell word, and off we go. Skillfully the husky boatmen pilot the heavy tub through the surf, and after ten minutes of rising and falling on the incoming billows we are alongside the steamer and scrambling up the gang-way stairs; the rowers meanwhile holding fast with the very necessary boat-hooks. Just a little agility is re-

quired to make the lowest step in safety, and we saw one excited young lady, who had deliberated a moment too long, receive the benefit of an unexpected swell. The small boat gave a lurch, she lost her balance and fell with a cry of alarm. But two brawny arms were ready to catch her; not however until a wet foot and a still wetter stocking had elicited



OUR STEAMER BEYOND THE REEF.

another expression of supremely feminine disgust. In rough weather I am told that it is often impossible to make a landing at Jaffa and passengers in that case must go on to Haifa. It certainly appears to be exciting sport for the boatmen, but even this is not quite so bad as the conditions existing at some of the South and Central American ports, where they strap you in a chair and lower you into a boat with block and tackle like so much freight, dangling from the arm of a derrick.

Cargo is still being taken aboard, — barge after barge brings its load of crated oranges to be emptied into our hold, — then comes alongside a vast load of cases and boxes. It is fully four o'clock before everything is under cover and we pull away. The engines 'chug' and the ship begins to

quiver, — the foamy trail behind us lengthens and then vanishes into the ocean's blue, — like the days which are gone and a tale that is told. The white town soon loses itself in the outlines of the fast receding shore; in a little while the shore itself has faded into the grey haze of the horizon; then nothing remains but sea and sky, and our little ship's company, alone upon the bosom of the deep amid the gathering shadows.

A few months ago a striking cartoon appeared in one of our Jewish dailies. A boy is shown looking over his father's shoulder as he pores over an outspread map. The lad points inquiringly to the chart as he asks eagerly, "Father, where is *our* Land ?" No answer is given; father and son regard each other in silence.....

The Palestine of the *past* belongs to the ages. It has given to the world its wealth of history and poetry, its laws, its heroes, and its living *Christ,* through whom all the nations of the earth are blessed. But the Palestine of the *future* belongs to the *Jew,* to re-people, to enrich and to place among the potential nations of the twentieth century; from out the ruins of the past and the struggles of the present to create a brilliant to-morrow, radiant with the sunshine of prosperity.

Land of the Prophets, thy hills and valleys have echoed with the songs of Solomon, the pleadings of Ezekiel, and the beatitudes of Jesus ! And to-day there comes to us from out the far distant past, the voice of Amos, faintly heard, yet now, methinks, clearly understood :

"And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."